

The Lives of
Eighteen from Princeton

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TO THE MEMORY OF
V. LANSING COLLINS

Biography, in its purer form, confined to the ended lives of the true and brave, may be held the fairest meed of human virtue—one given and received in entire disinterestedness—since neither can the biographer hope for acknowledgment from the subject, nor the subject at all avail himself of the biographical distinction conferred.

HERMAN MELVILLE

Foreword

THE casual visitor to Princeton is certain to be struck by the beauty and impressiveness of the campus, set in what is for America an ancient village; the aura of history surrounding Nassau Hall; the neo-Gothic splendor of dormitories and chapel. His eyes tell him at once that Princeton has been richly dowered in the two hundred years of its existence. And so it has, though its endowment, contrary to general belief, is inconsiderable when compared with that of universities with which it is usually ranked. Princeton, among American colleges, is the faithful servant unto whom two talents (not five nor one) have been given. To the nation, whose senior it is by thirty years, it has made a rich return. Faithful over the few, but essential, things it has tried to do well, it has been set over many things.

We are proud to show our guests through our handsome house, but what we take most pride in are the sons of that house. This book was planned to do them honor; and not these eighteen alone but all the sons of Nassau Hall who have accomplished Woodrow Wilson's ideal for the University—that it should stand, in days of quiet and trouble alike, “for the nation's service.”

In our search for a title we thought at one time of calling our book “Representative Princetonians.” The idea was abandoned because it seemed a shade immodest in view of the fact that two of these representative men are the two Princeton graduates who became Presidents of the United States. All the same there would have been point in such a title. Paterson and Rush and Madison represent those amazingly brilliant days of the College of New Jersey when it was in fact a “seminary of statesmen,” providing more of the genius required to found the Republic and make it secure than any other of the colonial colleges. Kirkland and Lindsley are only the most notable of the early founders of academies and colleges which established the humanism of the Princeton New Lights on distant frontiers. “Light-Horse Harry” Lee stands for that line of southerners, still streaming north to Nassau Hall, a company already so numerous in Jefferson's day that he hastened to found the University of Virginia, among other good reasons, in order to

keep at home the best young minds of the Old Dominion. There could be no fitter man to represent the typical graduate of the College of New Jersey during the years of its subserviency to the Princeton Theological Seminary than Charles Hodge, the only begetter of the Princeton Theology which was a major force in nineteenth century American intellectual history. Parke Godwin is here, in the first place, because he, better than any of the other seventeen except the professional statesmen, exemplified the life of the ideal Princeton graduate as Woodrow Wilson was later to define it. He stands, too, disguised by his urbanity and his beard, for the Princeton radicals, from "that rascal Freneau" (as Washington petulantly called him) to Paxton Hibben whose ashes the Soviet government inurned with honor in the Novo-Devichy Monastery.

To those enlightened friends of Princeton who will wonder why we included Rush and not Stockton (another Princeton signer of the Declaration of Independence), Dallas and not Nicholas Biddle (also an eminent Philadelphian), Henry Lee and not Aaron Burr, Joseph Henry and not John Torrey, it is only fair to say that there was, in every instance, a sufficient reason. We who have written these lives wished to show what Princeton, through her graduates, has meant in the life of this country, generation after generation, in the several professions, and in different regions. We have balanced names well known, like Witherspoon and Wilson, against those of men like Pater-son and Blair whom their countrymen have ungratefully forgotten. In some cases the preference of the biographer determined the choice—an excellent way for an editor to be sure he will get a labor of love and not of duty only.

Two members of the Princeton Faculty who were not Princeton graduates, Joseph Henry and Paul Elmer More, have been deliberately included here, the first to represent Princeton's great tradition of teaching and research in the sciences, the second to represent her humanists from Jonathan Edwards and Samuel Davies to Capps and Osgood and Morey. It has seemed to us that there was a special significance in the relations of these men to the Princeton traditions which they represent. Both owed as well as contributed much to these traditions, and both were men of action as well as distinguished scholars. Henry, with a reluctant backward look, left his Princeton home

and laboratory at the height of his fame as a creative scientist to accept a public trust; More, after turbulent years on the literary hustings, came to Princeton to find the peace in which he did his finest writing. Both felt that "no task, rightly done, is truly private. It is part of the world's work." That both found their intellectual home in Princeton tells us something about the traditions they here represent which we could not otherwise know.

For sentiment's sake the lives of these eighteen Princetonians have been written by twenty others from Princeton, graduates, sometime students in the Graduate School, past and present members of the Faculty. The discerning who read the "Who's Who of Contributors" will note that biographer and subject are in many instances elective affinities.

This book would have been richer in content and wider in scope if Hoyt Hudson, James Boyd, and David Bowers had lived to write the chapters they had planned. If they had lived our title would have been "The Lives of Twenty-One from Princeton."

WILLARD THORP

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The chapter on Joseph Henry, by the Messrs. Wheeler and Bailey, appeared in the October 1946 issue of the *American Scientist*.

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William Paterson [1745-1806]

FORERUNNER OF JOHN MARSHALL

BY JULIAN P. BOYD

MR. PATERSON," wrote William Pierce of Georgia in one of his incisive pen portraits of members of the Federal Convention of 1787, "is one of those kind of Men whose powers break in upon you, and create wonder and astonishment. He is a Man of great modesty, with looks that bespeak talents of no great extent, but he is a Classic, a Lawyer, and an Orator;—and of a disposition so favorable to his advancement that everyone seemed ready to exalt him with their praises." William Paterson was forty-two when Pierce cast an appraising eye upon him. He was a member of the most brilliant assemblage of talent and worth ever gathered in America. Even in such a setting, Pierce was able to see Paterson as history would see him: a man of modest demeanor, generous friendliness, warm loyalties, and with a disposition to live usefully and harmoniously with his fellow man, all of which may have evidenced an admirable character rather than an aggressive and forceful personality, had it not been that now and again his powers would "break in upon you and create wonder and astonishment." Even William Maclay, that keen chronicler of Federalist foibles, was deceived by the difference between what Paterson appeared to be and what he was. Of all the members of the Senate, declared Maclay, "the conduct of Paterson surprised me most. He has been characterized to me as a staunch Revolution man and genuine Whig; yet he has in every republican question deserted and in some instances betrayed us. I know not that there is such a thing as buying members, but, if there is, he is certainly sold." It was Maclay's judgment that had betrayed him, not Paterson.

For Paterson was indeed a "staunch Revolution man." He was equally staunch as a framer of the Constitution, as a Federalist senator, and as a member of the nation's highest court. Like John Marshall, Alexander Hamilton, and others, he had plunged into the Revolution with "wild and enthusiastic notions." But, like them, he came to fear that liberty might lead

to licentiousness, to insurgency and rebellion, to attacks on courts and lawyers, to paper-money evasions, and to stay laws on debts and mortgages, all likely to be as unsettling in peace as revolution had been in war. He was an eighteenth-century liberal, but the democracy that James Wilson advocated in the Federal Convention left him as unconvinced as it did most of the framers of the Constitution. What Paterson wanted most was the assurance of law and order and the peaceful progress toward a nation of free citizens, led by a natural aristocracy of "persons eminent for station, learning, and genius," and with protection alike to property and to the rights of men. He was a zealous revolutionary when these values seemed threatened by a British parliament. Quite as plausibly and quite as zealously, he was an advocate of federal strength when the same values seemed threatened by the demoralization of peace and by the intoxication of individual states with the idea of their own sovereignty.

From his earliest youth Paterson was under the eyes of those who "seemed ready to exalt him with their praises" and to advance him from one post of public service to another. For his Irish immigrant father, peddling tin wares and other utensils, chose to settle in Princeton in the spring of 1750 rather than in Philadelphia, New Castle, New London, Norwich, or the other towns to which his journeyings carried him. By this fortuitous move Richard Paterson gave his five-year-old son such an opportunity to see and be seen by the great of the colonies as could scarcely be found elsewhere in America. William Paterson lived his formative years on the main street of Princeton, the principal highway between the two most populous centers in British America. Along this thoroughfare moved the traffic of commerce, as well as such symbols of empire as colonial governors and British generals. What is more, at the age of nine or ten, Paterson saw the laying of the foundations of Nassau Hall, directly opposite his father's house. Nowhere else in America in the 1750's could an impressionable boy of ten have witnessed so enlightening a spectacle. The very size of Nassau Hall, its importance as a topic of excited talk in the town, and the reality of its growth from foundation to cupola must have impressed upon Paterson at a very early age the wonder of a world beyond the village world.

Other boys in other colonial towns could be impressed only by the size of a brickyard, a tannery, or an inn, and reflect upon their value in the business of living. But here before Paterson's eyes was growing a symbol that had no obvious connection with farming and merchandising and innkeeping. Learning must be important if its scale dwarfed everything having to do with the processes of life as young Paterson saw life. Learning must be vitally important if it attracted the attention and received the support of the town leaders such as the Stocktons, the Boudinots, the Tennents, the FitzRandolphs and others, and if, moreover, it brought into its orbit the wise and learned from many places—men such as Aaron Burr, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, Samuel Finley, and, speaking the language of Scottish philosophy and breathing its sturdy independence, John Witherspoon. Governors, trustees, distinguished clergymen, and students from many colonies were drawn to this new edifice. Princeton had been a small village world when Paterson first saw it, its gateways leading to the North and South. Now it was one of the colonial nerve centers, a centripetal force, not merely a post-town for a change of horses to accommodate passers-through. Men came from New England and from the South to preside over and to teach in this new seat of learning. Paterson, observing what he called "the pomp of parade of a commencement" from across the way, could scarcely avoid this compelling force. The road on which ambition beckoned to a village tinsmith's boy no longer led northward to New York or southward to Philadelphia, but directly ahead to Nassau Hall.

Paterson was one of the first of a long line of Princeton townsmen who possessed the advantage of intimate association with college life extending beyond the customary four years of undergraduate experience. All who entered Nassau Hall in the 1760's gained four years of association with fellow students who, to a remarkable degree, were destined for public life. For Paterson this advantage was not confined to his undergraduate years, but extended from 1756 to 1769. In those years he knew many students whose later public careers touched his own at many points. The men who were in college during his undergraduate years included Benjamin Rush, David Caldwell, Thomas Henderson, Ebenezer Hazard, Jonathan Dickinson

Sergeant, and others who became leading public figures. He was easily the most distinguished member of his own class of 1763, with the possible exception of Tapping Reeve, who became one of the great law teachers of America. But it was with the college students of the five years following his graduation that Paterson, a sort of elder statesman among the undergraduates, found his closest friendships. Among these were John McPherson, who lost his life at the opening of the Revolution, Samuel Kirkland, David Ramsay, Theodoric Dirck Romeyn, Jacob Rush, and three who would become colleagues in the Federal Convention—Luther Martin, William Churchill Houston, and Oliver Ellsworth. He was absent from Princeton, beginning a rural law practice, when the distinguished class of 1771 was graduated, but he must have known Bedford, Brackenridge, Freneau, and Madison, who were its brightest ornaments. He was back in Princeton in 1772 and Aaron Burr, who was graduated in that year, became one of his close friends. Paterson counseled him and others in oratory and wrote graduating orations for more than one aspiring student. "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, Philip Fithian, William Bradford, William Linn, Morgan Lewis, Brockholst Livingston—who succeeded Paterson on the United States Supreme Court bench—William R. Davie, Jonathan Dayton, and others who passed through Nassau Hall on the eve of the Revolution, belonged to the generation that would be called upon, as Paterson was, to help create a new fabric of nationality. No less than eight of Paterson's classmates sat with him in the Federal Convention.

He graduated in the fateful year 1763, the year that brought peace and with it the beginnings of dissent and disunion. It was the year that closed the struggle between England and France for the domination of North America and marked the beginning of a type of imperialism that seemed logical enough to the statesmen at Whitehall, but was viewed with other eyes in America where the word "Liberty" was coming to mean the sum of all values. During his first year in college, Paterson had no doubt witnessed the unveiling of a portrait of George II in Nassau Hall and had listened to President Davies' sermon on the death of that monarch, a sermon ringing with protestations of loyalty to the Crown of England. But within a decade the germinating influences of Princeton, spread by talented young



WILLIAM PATERSON

men throughout the length and breadth of the colonies, would cause one distinguished Loyalist to refer to the college as a seminary of sedition.

As an undergraduate, Paterson acquired Latin and Greek, some natural philosophy, and a great deal of rhetoric. He devoted an uncommon amount of time to monthly orations, acquiring a public reputation as an orator, and delivering in 1766 a speech on patriotism in which, according to the *New York Gazette*, "elegance of composition and Force of Action were equally conspicuous." He filled his commonplace book with maxims, quotations, and aphorisms from Shakespeare, Pope, Addison, Epictetus, the *General Magazine*, and a variety of other sources, bracing these genteel and sometimes gloomy observations on love, honor, friendship, marriage, and conduct with sharp-edged passages from Swift and Voltaire, together with such heresies as "The Unbeliever's Creed" and such flippancies as "The Statutes of the Drinkomanni." In the mass of records that he left, Paterson provided us with as comprehensive an insight into the collegiate mind of the 1760's as can be found anywhere. He declaimed in defense of the polite amenities, including dancing and the theater, he spoke on music criticism, he debated the subject of "gravity" in a manner that was far from grave, he moralized in the best manner of the newly awakened intellect over the degeneracy of public life and over the indifference of the world to matters of taste and learning. Along with Tapping Reeve, Luther Martin, Oliver Ellsworth and Robert Ogden he founded The Well-Meaning Club, he wrote poems on the "Belle of Princeton" and a "Satire on Betsey's Suitors," and engaged in long and affectionate correspondences with his former classmates.

He was in short a typical college youth of the 1760's, a little more accomplished as an orator than the average, a little more engaging in the geniality of his disposition than most, a little more apt to win the commendation of his elders for his sense, sobriety, and observance of the current conventions. Most of his classmates chose the ministry, but Paterson chose oratory and law. His choice was wise. For the commencement of 1763 signaled for Paterson, as it did for all America, that the decades ahead, involving the creation of new governments and the ordering of new concepts of law, would set a premium on those

skilled in jurisprudence. Princeton, by drawing under her guidance some of the best youths of the colonies in this critical juncture, gave the young men of Connecticut and of the Carolinas a sense of their common identity as Americans. It was not merely a college diploma that Paterson received in 1763: it was a passport to fame as one of the founders of a great nation.

2

As he entered upon his apprentice years under Richard Stockton, his eye was no doubt focused on the summits achieved in his profession by Mansfield, Blackstone, Camden, and other great names in the law. These were the remote gods of his early ambition, but in the towns of the British colonies in America, from Boston to Charleston, there were names that also called forth admiration and gave a public stamp of dignity to the profession he had chosen—Otis, Dulany, Dickinson, Ingersoll, Henry, Andrew Hamilton, and many others, some of whom had sat in the Inns of Court and had brought back to the colonies some of the luster of that ancient seat of law. Paterson was an industrious student and a discriminating one.

Six years of arduous law practice in the village of New Bromley, traveling about to attend the quarter sessions courts, supplementing his meager income by keeping a general store, drawing up wills and deeds, brought Paterson to the threshold of his career. His was an irksome rural apprenticeship. His total fees for four terms of court in 1770 amounted to less than a pound sterling. But there were other compensations. He was slowly coming to the notice of the leading men in the province. He had ample time for study and, through correspondence with his former college-mates, he kept in touch with the increasing tempo of American affairs. By 1775, though he had scarcely established a professional livelihood, Paterson was ready to embark upon a career as a public servant. In that year he was appointed a delegate to the New Jersey Provincial Congress, later becoming its secretary through various sessions. He plunged at once into the task of organizing the defense of the province. With President Witherspoon and Jonathan D. Sergeant he was associated in the drafting of the New Jersey Constitution of 1776, a charter of government that lasted longer

than any of the other fundamental laws adopted by other states during the Revolution. After more than a year of responsible authority in the transition to full statehood, Paterson, at the age of thirty-one, was appointed attorney-general of the state, an office which he filled until the close of the war in 1783.

He could scarcely have chosen a more thankless office anywhere in the American union. Even in such overwhelmingly united commonwealths as Virginia or Massachusetts, the two lodestones of rebellion, an office charged with the responsibility of prosecuting treason in time of civil conflict was not an easy one. But New Jersey was a middle ground, a thoroughfare for spies and double-dealers, a tragic symbol of the divisive cruelties of revolution. Families and friends were separated by their allegiances, and Paterson must have known that former college-mates, friends, and clients, some of them of great influence, would come under suspicion of treason and that it would be his duty to investigate and punish. Even his former preceptor, Richard Stockton, signer of the Declaration of Independence who had been imprisoned by the British, was reported to have abjured his oath of allegiance to the American cause. New Jersey, Paterson declared in a remarkably forthright speech, was particularly unfortunate because the depredations of the enemy had encouraged timid patriots to demand a moderate course. Whigs had been mistreated by government, and Tories had been allowed to pursue their treasonable practices. He would temper firmness with mercy, but he called public authorities to witness that "all the Whigs who have been plundered or driven from their homes; all who have been taken and carried into captivity, all who have been starved to death or murdered" owed their fate to the "weak, timid and ill-judged policy which has been pursued by the several public bodies of this state." Nests of disaffected persons in various parts of the state had been allowed to pursue their course with nothing more serious to answer for than a reprimand. "The Tories, insured in their estates, have not borne arms, have not so much as paid anything by way of equivalent. . . . In short they have nothing to fear from the enemy if they should prove successful, and they have nothing to fear from us." This speech, coming as it did at a critical point in the Revolution, is one of the remarkable utterances of the war. Paterson, as others did, could have chosen a less aggressive course. That he

did not do so is a testimony of the purity of his devotion to the patriot cause.

His activities during the critical war years, committing and trying disaffected persons for high treason, journeying from one court to another, continued almost without interruption, a "mere round of drudgery . . . intricate and disagreeable." It was so arduous that by 1780 he was moved to declare: "I am tired of writing, tired of reading, tired of bustling in a crowd, and by fits heartily tired of myself—alas, that I cannot be more at home." Though he was a conscientious public prosecutor, he was not intolerant: in 1779 he married the daughter of a prominent Loyalist who would thereafter hold "no communciation with his daughter after her marriage to so staunch a patriot." And, as many another had done in New Jersey and elsewhere, he purchased the confiscated estate of a Tory, making it his home.

In the midst of this strenuous life, he yet found time to teach law to Frederick Frelinghuysen, William Churchill Houston, John Young Noell, Robert Troup, Aaron Burr, Andrew Kirkpatrick, and others, most of them Princeton graduates who had turned to him for instruction. In 1780, he was elected to the Continental Congress, but he declined the office on the ground that his duties as attorney-general, involving an "intricate and expensive" round of criminal prosecutions, claimed prior attention. The close of the war and his resignation as attorney-general caused him to think of "new connections to form, new politicks to enter upon" in New York or elsewhere. In the end, exhibiting an inclination to which he gave expression throughout a busy life, he concluded: "I wish to pass the remainder of my life in quietude." Retirement, however, was only an illusory hope. He was soon immersed in one of the most active law practices in the state, secure in his position at the bar, esteemed by his fellow citizens, and active in public affairs.

3

With the realization of the dream of independence, the cohesive bonds of an exalted purpose that had united Americans during war began to loosen. The ensuing years provided a salutary lesson for Paterson and many other thoughtful leaders on the advantages of a strong union. No state was in a better

position to heed the lesson. Impoverished and laid waste by war, New Jersey saw its reviving commerce strangled by the hostile tariff laws of New York and Pennsylvania. The debt-ridden people of New Jersey demanded laws suspending the payment of debts and laws for the printing of paper money. Lawyers and courts, whose business was the protection of property and the enforcement of contracts, received the aroused hostility of a debtor class. In consequence, from the very beginning, New Jersey assumed a position of leadership in the advocacy of clothing the national government with more of the attributes of national power. On the matter of the sanctity of contracts and the importance of paying creditors in money of the same value received by the debtors, Paterson was as eloquent as he had been in the great cause of human rights for which the Revolution had been fought. His publications on paper money voiced a position that men of property have held before and since, but it was not a popular doctrine: "Where the guards set upon property are liable to be removed at the whim or pleasure of the supreme power in a state, a person has not anything that he . . . is sure of for a moment. . . . What encouragement can there be for industry, when a man having gleaned together a little money, and, confiding in the certainty and stability of the law, has put it out upon use in expectation of receiving a full return of the principal at the day appointed for payment, is paid in paper which, though its nominal value is equal to the sum he lent, in fact represents not more than one third of it? Why be industrious? A set of drones, or of idle, extravagant wretches live upon earnings of others, run in debt, unable to pay, and then make a noise and clamor about the scarcity of money. Will the legislature aid them in getting rid of their debts?"

There were many changes rung by Paterson and others upon this single theme, changes that gave small consolation to the farmer ridden by debts and facing attachment of his property or to the widows of Revolutionary patriots scraping together their meager remnants to satisfy a landlord who perhaps had no need to scrape. But this theme, no matter how often or how variously stated, pointed in one direction only—to the need of a strong federal government. (Paterson would one day deliver one of his stirring orations on the Fourth of July, pointing to

the fabled origins of commonwealths whose beginnings were shrouded in the mists of unrecorded history, but hailing the glory of a great people, who, for the first time in history, had banded together in defense of freedom and liberty to create a new nation. That was an exalted ideal and would remain so. But its fruits were harsh and realistic.) Paterson in 1786 inveighing against the evils of paper money and the threat to law and order in the violation of contracts was speaking the same language in support of the same principle when, in 1798, he attacked the excesses of Jacobinism and Jeffersonianism. The ideal of the rights of men incorporated in the Declaration of Independence included equal rights before the law, but it included neither the tyranny of autocracy nor the tyranny of the majority. Liberalism of the age of enlightenment demanded balance—balance in the powers of government, balance in the delegation and exercise of power, balance between the rights of men and the rights of a man. But this was not perfectly understood either by the individuals or by the states that had created this new nation and so a decisive step was necessary—a reordering of the powers of government. Paterson and his colleagues of the Federal Convention of 1787 would have thought of themselves as men of liberal views. But history, for all the greatness of their achievements, has stamped them conservatives. They were conservators engaged in redressing the balances. The war had been fought in defense of freedom. Stability, order, and property had suffered in consequence. It was time to protect these without damage to the gains that had been made.

Paterson's instructions as a delegate to the Federal Convention informed him that he was appointed "for the sole purpose of revising the articles of confederation and reporting to Congress and the several legislatures." On the margin of the rough draft of the plan that he himself drew up and submitted at one of the critical points in the Convention, he pledged himself "not to support opinions of my own. Not to say what is the best government or what ought to be done. What can we do consistently with our powers; what can we do that will meet with the approbation of the people, their will must guide." What Paterson meant by "the people" was not necessarily what subsequent generations would think he meant. But it is important to note that

here, in the most important task that a representative could ever be called upon to face—that of framing a fundamental law for a whole nation—Paterson entered upon his duty with a complete and literal acceptance of a theory of representation that would have made impossible any fruitful outcome of the Federal Convention and a theory that stands in marked contrast to one he underwrote when elevated to the judiciary.

It must be admitted that Paterson's part in the Federal Convention consistently reflected the views and interests of the state he represented. The central problem facing the Convention was that of balancing the necessity of what Hamilton had called a "solid coercive union" against the necessity—or what was thought to be the necessity—of preserving the powers of the sovereign states. The Articles of Confederation, though described as a perpetual union, was only a loose-knit alliance of states. It had no taxing power, no power over commerce, no compulsion over the citizens within its borders. Because of these defects, the Continental Congress had called the Federal Convention together merely for the purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation so as to make them "adequate to the exigencies of the union." But the great powers in this assemblage of delegates from states that thought themselves sovereign nations—Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia—revealed a concerted purpose that profoundly disturbed Paterson, Ellsworth, Martin, and many of the other delegates who represented smaller states. This purpose, disclosed almost at once, was to create a new organic law, one that would provide a national and not merely a confederate government. "Patching up the old federal system," bluntly declared George Read, "would be like putting new cloth on an old garment." It was this disregard for the instructions of the political authority that had called the Convention into being that caused Patrick Henry and many another states-rights recalcitrant to say, "What right have they to say, *We, the People?* . . . Who authorized them to speak the language of *We, the People?* Instead of *We, the States?*"

Paterson, voicing the same view in the Convention, stuck narrowly to the instructions that he had received from his state. On June 15, two weeks after the Virginia plan for a strong national government had been introduced, Paterson laid before the Con-

vention the so-called Paterson or New Jersey plan. "I came here," he declared, "not to speak my own sentiments, but the sentiments of those who sent me. Our object is not such a government as may be best in itself, but such a one as our constituents have authorized us to prepare, and as they will approve." If the confederacy was radically wrong, the delegates should return to their respective sovereignties and obtain enlarged powers, "not assume them of ourselves." Legalistically, his position was unassailable. The Thirteenth Article of the Articles of Confederation provided that no alteration should be made without unanimous consent. Declaring that "we have no power to vary the idea of equal sovereignty," Paterson proposed amendments to the Articles that would give Congress the right to levy taxes in proportion to population, to control foreign affairs, and to implement its power by a legislature representing states, voting equally as states regardless of wealth or population.

This plan, opposing itself to the Virginia proposals, plunged the convention at once into a dramatic and perilous conflict. There were other lawyers in the Convention, James Wilson and James Madison being among the ablest, but they took no narrow legalistic view of their authority. With regard to the power of the Convention, declared Wilson, "he conceived himself authorized to *conclude nothing*, but to be at liberty to *propose anything*." Pinckney of South Carolina went further and impugned Paterson's sincerity: "The whole comes to this . . . give New Jersey an equal vote, and she will dismiss her scruples and concur in the national system." And Randolph of Virginia, employing the rationalization that statesmanship as well as political trickery finds so useful, declared, "When the salvation of the republic was at stake, it would be treason to our trust, not to propose what we found necessary."

It was at this critical juncture that Roger Sherman, William Samuel Johnson and Paterson's friend and classmate, Oliver Ellsworth, came forward with the Connecticut Compromise. This was the great compromise of the Convention which solved the insoluble problem of "putting salt on the tail of sovereignty" by leaving the decision to the future. It provided neither a confederacy of sovereign states nor a purely national government, but what Paterson himself ten years later referred to as a gov-

ernment bearing a "mixed character": a national government clothed with all of the essential powers of nationality, with local governments reserving all undelegated powers to themselves, and with a national legislature representing individuals in one part and representing states in another.

Paterson left the Convention shortly after his plan was defeated. But he was not so intransigent as his college-mate Luther Martin, who refused to sign the completed Constitution. Paterson not only returned to Philadelphia to sign the document but he also fought for its ratification in New Jersey. Moreover, his plan had brought forward one provision which turned out to be the bolt that held the whole together: the provision that acts of Congress and treaties were to "be the supreme law of the respective states."

Paterson's phrase became "the supreme law of the land" as finally adopted. It was this concept of the supremacy of the national law that Paterson devotedly upheld throughout the remainder of his career. His espousal of a narrow view of state sovereignty had no doubt reflected the views of his constituency and it certainly had foreshadowed one of the central themes of American political growth for the next three-quarters of a century, but it had come near wrecking the Federal Convention. On that fateful July 17, 1787, when the representatives of the large states delivered what amounted to an ultimatum and met in caucus to determine what steps to take, Paterson in a letter to his wife revealed his true sentiments, sentiments that would have astonished James Madison, Edmund Randolph, and those other ardent nationalists whose views he had opposed: "The business is difficult; it unavoidably takes up much time; but I think we shall eventually agree upon and adopt a system that will give strength and harmony to the union and render us a great and happy people. This is the wish of every good, and the interest of every wise man." He did not, as some historians have supposed, become a convert to Federalism after the Constitution was established. His course from the very beginning was that of a believer in the solidarity and harmony of the union. But his public course in the Convention had been that of a lawyer representing a client. If he had not been so good a lawyer, he would have been a better statesman and truer to his own convictions.

When he became senator in 1789, his most important and undoubtedly his most congenial task had to do with the framing of the Judiciary Act. His old friend of The Well-Meaning Club at Princeton, Oliver Ellsworth, was a colleague in the Senate. Both were members of the committee on the judiciary. Paterson and Ellsworth were chiefly responsible for the famous twenty-fifth section of the Judiciary Act, authorizing writs of error to the Supreme Court on judgments of state courts and thus, by implication, giving the Supreme Court power to pass upon the validity of state legislation. What John C. Calhoun, the greatest of all spokesmen for the doctrine of state sovereignty, had to say about the twenty-fifth section is the most eloquent testimony to Paterson's support of the doctrine of national supremacy: this, he declared, was the entering wedge, destroying "the relation of coequals and coordinates between the Federal government and the government of individual states. . . . Without it, the whole course of the government would have been different."

This was Paterson's chief service during a short term in the Senate, but it was a service that buttressed the "strength and harmony of the union" more securely than any other single act of his. His ardent Federalism went further in this epochal First Congress: he supported the entire funding and fiscal policies of the Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, so enthusiastically that Maclay declared him to be "A *summum jus* man, a lawyer—and retained by the Secretary." No action by Paterson as senator could have given comfort to the supporters of state sovereignty. "We are laying the foundation of a great empire," he wrote to his wife when the Funding Act was up. "The prospect widens and brightens as we proceed; and to every enlarged mind must give the highest pleasure." His use of the term "empire" was significant, not because it was unique with him but because Hamilton, Marshall, Washington, and other great advocates of national supremacy used it constantly in this bright dawn of power.

If Paterson as senator was a *summum jus* man to the end of the chapter, as Maclay declared, his subsequent course was no less so. He resigned as senator in 1790 to become Governor and

Chancellor of New Jersey. Even in this office his most conspicuous act was one of service to Alexander Hamilton—the granting of a perpetual monopoly of almost unprecedented liberality as to tax exemption and as to control of water power at the Great Falls of the Passaic. Hamilton's Society for the Establishment of Useful Manufactures, under this grant, continued uninterruptedly to control water power in the town of Paterson and on all the headwaters of the Passaic until recently. It was unquestionably the most successful monopoly in the years of "the foundation of a great empire." As governor and chancellor Paterson also undertook the codification of all statutes of Parliament that ran in New Jersey prior to 1776, the codification of the criminal law, and, in short, the complete revision of the legal system of the state. What he did in discharging this monumental task was so complete a restatement of the colonial experience with English law as to reflect both his own and his state's satisfaction with the traditional forms. Those scholars of the law who wish to implement the frontier theory of a distinctive American jurisprudence, inaugurated in the "formative period" following the Revolution, must look to such things as the great legal reforms of Jefferson, Wythe, and Pendleton in Virginia, not to the work of William Paterson in New Jersey. His codification was a restatement of the law, not a reform. There was, indeed, in his revision of the applicable British statutes, a passage in vehement language prohibiting any court of law or equity from receiving as law, evidence, or precedent, any English decision, law, or commentary subsequent to July 4, 1776. But this extreme expression of anti-British feeling was that of the legislature, not of Paterson. Even the legislature thought better of it two decades later.

In 1793 Paterson assumed the scarlet-and-black robe of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. For the next twelve years he gave judicial support on every proper occasion to the doctrines of Federalism. Respected for his probity, he was not so ardent a political judge as some of his colleagues in the federal judiciary. But he did all in his power to enhance the prestige of the Supreme Court, to promote the influence of the federal government, and to protect the interests of the propertied group. The case of *Van Horne's Lessee v. Dorrance*, which brought forth Paterson's most fa-

mous decision, gave him what seemed a unique opportunity to embrace all three objects in a single cause.

This was a test case involving the long and bitterly fought contest between Connecticut and Pennsylvania claimants to lands along the North Branch of the Susquehanna. The real litigants before Paterson were not Van Horne's Lessee and John Dorrance, but groups and forces contesting for the instruments of power. A few wealthy Philadelphia land speculators with paper titles in their pockets were arrayed against several thousand small farmers who had brought schools, churches, and settlements to the upper Susquehanna and who, at the cost of many lives, had defended their possessions against Tories and Indians, against the land speculators, and against the Pennsylvanian government. On one side of the case were Paterson's friends, clients, and colleagues on the Supreme Court, such as Robert Morris and James Wilson, all men of substance and influence. On the other side were few men of prominence, but all were independent and quite determined that "If the laws will not do us justice, our muskets shall." These were important litigants and their cause urgently needed to be settled. It had dragged on for more than a quarter of a century, had cost many lives and large sums of money, had retarded the development of Pennsylvania, and more than once had threatened the Union itself. A simple and ancient legal maxim would have brought all this to a close—in *aequale jure melior est conditio possidentis*. But this easy, expedient, and probably just recognition of rights established by uninterrupted possession would have barred the cause of the most powerful of all the unseen litigants in *Van Horne's Lessee v. Dorrance*—the power and prestige of the federal government against its opponents, and, above all, the supremacy of the judicial power against the instruments of legislation. On all three—invested wealth against individual farmers, Federalism against anti-Federalism, judiciary against legislature—Paterson, with eloquence and ringing phrases, found for the plaintiff.

Other federal judges had already declared some state laws unconstitutional, but Paterson in his charge to the jury in *Van Horne's Lessee v. Dorrance* was the first to elucidate the concept of judicial review in bold and unequivocal terms. Disregarding a quarter of a century of possession and improvement

of the property of the defendant, Paterson found "the keystone of the defendant's title" in the so-called Confirming Act of 1787. In his opinion, this Act, repealed by the Pennsylvania legislature in 1790, opened "an extensive and important field for discussion." Thereupon Paterson delivered not so much a charge to a jury as an address to the American people on the nature of written constitutions and the rightful duties of courts in determining the bounds of legislative power. "In short, gentlemen," he declared, "the Constitution is the sun of the political system, around which all legislative, executive, and judicial bodies must revolve. Whatever may be the case in other countries, yet, in this, there can be no doubt, that every act of the legislature repugnant to the Constitution, is absolutely void." What this implied, of course, was that only one of the sun's satellites—the judiciary—could say what the constitution, "reduced to written exactitude and precision," meant when its clauses permitted more than one interpretation.

Few judges ever made a longer reach to drag in an *obiter dictum* on the doctrine of judicial review, though the decision itself was popular with the Philadelphia land speculators who crowded the courtroom. They caused it to be printed in pamphlet form and distributed throughout the country. It was again brought forth in 1801 when Jeffersonian Republicans attacked the doctrine of judicial review. At that time it was commonly reported that this decision, which foreshadowed the more famous statement by Marshall in *Marbury v. Madison*, cost Paterson the chief justiceship and gave it to Marshall. This ironic twist belongs more to gossip than history. Even so, there was irony enough. Cornelius Van Horne's lessee, awarded the title by Paterson's direction to the jury, never acquired the land that John Dorrance and his descendants continued to occupy. More, the solidity of the Union was again endangered by a movement to create another Vermont in Pennsylvania as a direct result of this decision. Finally, the Pennsylvania legislature settled the great controversy in 1799 in precisely the manner that Paterson had declared was a "shame to American legislation" and comparable to "the mandate of an Asiatic Prince." The real settlement of this dangerous issue was brought about not by the court over which Paterson presided, but by the collapse of land speculation which drove Robert Morris to a debtor's prison and

Associate Justice Wilson to an absconder's death. All that Paterson achieved in his effort to embrace three great objects in one cause was a place in the encyclopedias giving him credit for being the first to declare a state law invalid. Even this small primacy was erroneously awarded.

In 1795 Washington offered Paterson the portfolio of the State Department and, shortly afterwards, the office of attorney-general, both of which he declined. He had obviously reached that station in government in which he believed he could do most for the union relatively free from the turmoil of partisan politics. Above all, his love of the law and his devotion to the judiciary committed him to the strengthening of that branch of the government. In 1796 in the case of *Ware v. Hylton* he again underscored the supremacy of the judiciary by invalidating a state law that contravened a treaty. Here he was in reality interpreting a provision of the Federal Constitution which he had first introduced in the Federal Convention as a part of his New Jersey Plan, a provision which declared that treaties should be the supreme law of the land. The decision was not only an unpopular one but also had led to partisan attacks. Such valiant anti-Federalists as Patrick Henry, aiming to protect American debtors against British creditors and at the same time to strengthen the states-rights' position, had made this a celebrated cause. Henry had argued the case in the circuit court of Virginia in one of his greatest orations. The court, almost overcome by his eloquence, had in the end decided that the statute of Virginia was invalid as contravening the treaty with England. On appeal, Paterson and his associate justices reaffirmed this decision. Again in the following year, the case of *Hylton v. the United States*—a case remarkable for the fact that it was a moot trial arranged by agreed-upon fictions for the purpose of testing the constitutionality of an act of Congress—gave Paterson an opportunity to affirm again the doctrine of judicial review with reference to Federal legislation.

Within the next few years, Paterson was required to construe a series of laws that Thomas Jefferson thought "to be a nullity as absolute and as palpable as if Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image." Confronted with these laws, he showed, as on other occasions, that judges do not always look upon partisan legislation with Olympian detach-

ment. "The constitution of a state is stable and permanent," Paterson had declared in the *Van Horne* case, "not to be worked upon by the temper of the times, nor to rise and fall with the tide of events; notwithstanding the competition of opposing interests, and the violence of contending parties, it remains firm and immovable, as a mountain amidst the strife of storm, or a rock in the ocean amidst the raging of the waves." What this implied—indeed, what the whole philosophy of judicial review implied—was that legislatures either did not understand their constitutional powers or would not refrain from transcending them. What it further implied was that the courts both understood and would respect the substantive law.

In the summer of 1798 Congress, disturbed by a wave of anti-Jacobinism, enacted a series of Alien and Sedition Laws, under which undesirable aliens were liable to deportation and anyone guilty of publishing anything false or malicious against the President, the Congress, or the government exposed himself to a heavy fine and imprisonment. The Court, ruling that the British common law ran in the jurisdiction of the United States, had already sowed the seed of a widespread assault upon the entire judicial system by punishing crimes and offenses not recognized by Congressional enactment or by Constitutional provision. But it was the enforcement of the Alien and Sedition Acts by Paterson and his colleagues that built up the opposition to mountainous proportions. The first to be convicted under the Sedition Law was Matthew Lyon of Vermont, a Congressman who charged President Adams with a "continual grasp for power . . . and unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation and selfish avarice." This brought forth the charge that Lyon had tried "to stir up sedition and to bring the President and government of the United States into contempt." Under Paterson's charge to the jury he was convicted, sentenced to four months in jail and the payment of a fine of one thousand dollars. Anthony Haswell, Thomas Cooper, James Thompson Callender, Charles Holt, and others, hounded by a judiciary frightened at the specter of Jacobinism and Jeffersonianism, followed Matthew Lyon to jail. To this palpably unconstitutional infringement of the right of free speech Paterson and his Federalist colleagues interposed no objection. Not only in his decisions, but also in his charges to grand juries and in his

public speeches, Paterson, in common with his brother judges, "lectured and preached on religion, on morality, on partisan politics," always warning of the dangers of democracy. At least it can be said that Paterson did not go so far as some of his brother judges in their effort to stir up indictments against publishers who sought to criticize the Federalist regime. But his respect for a stable order would never have permitted him to join Thomas Jefferson in declaring: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinions may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

Even such loyal service to the party as a Supreme Court judge did not bring Paterson the Chief Justiceship when Ellsworth resigned in the fateful year 1800. "With grief, astonishment and almost indignation," wrote Jonathan Dayton to Paterson, "I hasten to inform you, that, contrary to the hopes and expectations of us all, the President has this morning nominated General Marshall, the present Secretary of State, for the office of Chief Justice of the United States. The eyes of all parties have been turned upon you, whose pretensions he knew were in every respect the best, and who, he could not be ignorant, would have been the most acceptable to our country." John Marshall himself, according to Dayton, had exerted his influence with President Adams in behalf of Paterson. But "the President alone was inflexible, and declared that he would never nominate" Paterson. It was small comfort to Paterson that so ardent a Federalist as Dayton, exhibiting in private the kind of language that Paterson had sent men to jail for publishing, declared Adams to be a "wild freak of a man" whose "debility or derangement of intellect" would have exposed the country to destruction if he had been permitted another four years' administration. Others declared it a "pity that the feelings of so honorable and able a judge should be wounded . . . by having a younger lawyer, not more eminent in that line, put over his head." The real reason was probably that given by Thomas Jefferson—that the Federalists, scurrying before the Revolution of 1800 that Paterson and his fellow judges had done so much to foment, "have retreated into the judiciary as a stronghold." In that citadel, so Adams must have thought,

the doctrine of national supremacy would need a judicial statesman of the first order, sound in his Federalism, unflinching in his devotion to the consolidation of national power, and resourceful in withstanding the onslaught of Jeffersonian democracy. Paterson was a faithful and loyal supporter of all these doctrines, but he was not a fearless leader. John Adams had correctly taken the measure of the man needed for the post, and no one realized it more acutely than John Marshall's great antagonist, Thomas Jefferson.

5

But even with such an oak to lean upon, Paterson was far from happy in the midst of the turbulent blasts in the Jeffersonian capital. "I avoid politicks," was his constant refrain in private letters, varied occasionally by a wish to retire into quiet seclusion and by such expressions as "I hate noise." Noise there was aplenty, especially for Federal judges who had used their high office for a decade as an instrument of partisan politics. The effort at impeachment of Judges Pickering and Chase, the stormy debate over the repeal of the Judiciary Act of 1801, the demand in many of the states and even in Congress for constitutional amendments authorizing the removal of Supreme Court judges, and the total rejection by Jefferson and most of his followers of the doctrine that the judiciary was the sole organ of government empowered to pass upon the constitutionality of legislation—these and many other straws in the wind caused Paterson to fear for his country's liberties.

There is little doubt about the purpose of the Judiciary Act that had been passed in the closing days of Adams' administration. Its design, declared Jefferson, "was too palpable to elude common observation"—the design of entrenching Federalism in the judiciary. When that act was repealed early in 1802, Chief Justice Marshall corresponded at length with Paterson and the other associate justices, asking in private correspondence whether the law should be obeyed or declared unconstitutional. The Act of 1801 had abolished the hated circuit duty of the Supreme Court judges; the Act of 1802 restored that duty. Chase, violent as usual, declared that Congress had no right to assign circuit duties to Supreme Court judges. No doubt

Paterson would have been gratified at the opportunity to invalidate a statute so objectionable. But his way was blocked. He not only had helped to draft the Judiciary Act of 1789 which was precisely similar in respect to Circuit Court duty but, from 1793 until 1801, he had ridden the circuits and thus had given tacit approval of the constitutionality of such an act. His opinion in private correspondence was, therefore, the same as that which he announced for the court in *Stuart v. Laird*: "Practice and acquiescence . . . for a period of several years, commencing with the organization of the judicial system—has fixed the construction. It is a contemporary interpretation of the most forcible nature. This practical exposition is too strong and obstinate to be shaken or controlled. Of course, the question is at rest and ought not now to be disturbed." In a private letter to Paterson, before this case came on to trial, Chief Justice Marshall had declared: "I have no doubt myself that policy dictates this decision to us all. Judges, however, are of all men those who have the least right to obey her dictates."

Though Paterson and other judges may have felt frustrated on this occasion, he must have taken a profound satisfaction in the great *obiter dictum* in *Marbury v. Madison* running to more than nine thousand words and setting forth the doctrine of judicial review as expounded by Paterson himself years earlier. He would have been even more gratified if he had lived to witness the great extension of the authority of the national government under Marshall's doctrine of inherent power—a concept that Paterson had hinted at in 1800 in *Cooper v. Telfair* when, in the absence of constitutional definition, he had invoked "a power that grows out of the very nature of the social compact . . . inherent in the legislature." But his judicial career closed on a less hopeful note—the disagreeable one of hearing a case with a Jeffersonian Republican on the bench and of witnessing the refusal of Cabinet officers and even department clerks to obey the summons of the august tribunal. In the face of this mounting tide of indignity, Paterson "in disgust immediately left the Bench on the plea of ill health." The plea was valid, but the disgust was no less real.

Devoted to his country, unswervingly loyal to his colleagues, generous, kindly, and steadfast with family and friends, Paterson was a man of unimpeachable integrity. If the major part of

his career exhibits a fear of the dangers of democracy, it should not be forgotten that he stood as steadfast as any in the days that tested the two fundamental doctrines on which the American republic was erected: that all government flows from the people for the protection of certain inalienable rights and liberties and that the power of government is limited by the source that created it. On these great propositions, Paterson was as bold and uncompromising as Thomas Jefferson or Thomas Paine. But, these rights having been won, the enduring problem of establishing, in the words of Hamilton, "that happy mean which marks the salutary boundary between *power* and *privilege*, and combines the energy of government with the security of private rights" found Paterson on the side of Hamilton and Marshall. He was a political judge only because he feared the tyranny of the majority. Nor, in any just appraisal, should the influence of Blackstone be omitted. On the eve of the Revolution, when young lawyers were forsaking the black-letter Whiggism of Coke for "the honeyed Mansfieldism of Blackstone," a turning point in the history of the American legal profession was at hand. Paterson, no less than John Marshall, followed the prevailing trend. Perhaps the most revealing commentary on Paterson's public career is his statement that he intended to administer to his own law students "the drug of Coke and the tonic of Blackstone." This was his doctrine when he himself had lately been graduated from a "seminary of sedition," long before he began jailing men for seditious utterances.

Samuel Kirkland [1741-1808]

MISSIONARY TO THE SIX NATIONS; FOUNDER
OF HAMILTON COLLEGE

BY WILLARD THORP

SAMUEL KIRKLAND was late in arriving at the College of New Jersey for the winter term of 1762-1763. The passage from Chelsea (via New London) to New York was so stormy that he feared he might never set foot on shore again. The ship put in at Old Fields Point on Long Island, and Samuel went ashore. He "eat nothing but twice in said time," and he was still queasy after three days of seasickness. He reached Nassau Hall finally on November 17. The future founder of Hamilton College met with a kind reception there, as one might expect, for he was a protégé of the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, whose religious views resembled those of the "New Light" Presbyterians who were nurturing the infant college in New Jersey.

At Mr. Wheelock's behest young Kirkland asked for admission to the sophomore class. According to the rules he should have been examined and required to undergo a two weeks' trial before being permitted to recite with the class of 1765, but he told the Reverend President, Dr. Finley, and the tutors that if they insisted on the examination he should not attempt to stand for the sophomore class, as he knew himself "to be in no measure prepared as to the languages." The faculty waived the examination. Perhaps they sensed already the power and virtue of their candidate. Possibly they wished to do the Rev. Mr. Wheelock a favor.

Young Kirkland got quickly to work. He bought himself a copy of Thomas Salmon's "geography" [probably his *New Geographical and Historical Grammar*] and *Modern Universal Gazetteer*, a Tully, John Ward's *A System of Oratory*, a singing book, a treatise on logic, and an English grammar. The curriculum for the sophomore year required the student to "pursue the study of the languages, *Homer, Longinus*, etc., and

enter upon the sciences, rhetoric, logic, and the mathematics." Kirkland reported to Wheelock on January 20, 1763: "I recite with my class in Geography; in the Greek Testament [a freshman subject which he was having to make up] at present by myself to S^m. Blair, our Tutor; I shall likely joyn with them in *Longinus*, in the Spring; and in those Latin Authors, which they shall study." In the same letter he notes that the college is in a flourishing situation and the "Labours of Mr. *President* and *Tutors* for its welfare are indefatigable."

Because he was a charity student Kirkland kept a careful account of his expenses during his first year. Every item is put down in his "Account with the Christian World," dated from Princeton June 29, 1763. We know from this what he paid for a year's tuition and board (£17-7-6), for "calicoe for 2 summer gowns," for mending his old blue coat, for pulling a tooth (one shilling), and for inoculation for the small pox, dieting, etc. (£5-14-6). One is glad to observe that he permitted himself tea—by the rules of the college the young gentlemen were "indulged to make a dish of tea in their apartments provided it be done after evening prayer." Once during the year he purchased a quart of rum (one shilling, four pence), and there is an item of four shillings, two pence, for pipes and tobacco. He was also out of pocket seven shillings, eleven pence, for curing a "filthy Disease call'd the Itch."

Nassau Hall and the President's House, designed by the eminent Philadelphia architect Robert Smith, had been made ready for their occupants only five years before Kirkland came to Princeton. In the meantime the seventy students who removed from Newark in 1757 had increased to more than a hundred, so that a second floor of Nassau Hall had been finished and a kitchen building erected to release more space for students' rooms. The college building was the largest and handsomest of its kind in the colonies. The library of nearly 1,300 volumes was so notable—though defective in books about the mathematics and the Newtonian philosophy—that the trustees had issued a proud catalogue of it in 1760.

Through its graduates the College of New Jersey was already beginning to play an illustrious role in the intellectual life of the nation to be. Their company would be augmented by men who were studying at Nassau Hall with Kirkland. In his class

were three other young men who would help to establish new colleges in the land: Theodoric Dirck Romeyn, a "son of thunder" in the pulpit, who would found Union; John Bacon, destined to be one of the original trustees of Williams; Jonathan Edwards, Jr., son of the greater Jonathan, who, in 1799, would become Union's president. At six o'clock morning prayer Kirkland sat in the "elegant hall of genteel workmanship" and at evening prayer sang psalms to the "exceeding good organ" in the company of a future president *pro tem* of the Continental Congress, David Ramsay of the class of 1765; a future delegate to the Constitutional Convention, William Paterson, 1763, whose name belongs to one of New Jersey's great cities; a future Chief Justice of the United States and Envoy Extraordinary to France, Oliver Ellsworth, 1766. There were future senators also, Revolutionary officers, jurists, and theologians. In their midst was one incipient "traitor" who would take the side of King George and find it convenient to seek refuge in England.

Samuel Kirkland was born December 1, 1741. His father, the Rev. Daniel Kirkland, a graduate of Yale, was at that time minister in the township of Norwich, Connecticut. Samuel was the tenth in a family of twelve children and the harassed father must have welcomed, in 1760, the opportunity of having him educated at the school in Lebanon, Connecticut, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Wheelock. Moor's Charity School, so called in honor of the benefactor whose name headed the list of contributors to its foundation, existed for one purpose—to train missionaries to the Indians. There is no way of knowing whether young Kirkland would have chosen that vocation but from his early letters we judge that he was more than reconciled to it. He learned the Mohawk language from three Indians who were his fellow pupils and in the year before going to Princeton made an exploratory trip into the Mohawk country.

Since for the first ten years of his adult life the fortunes of Samuel Kirkland are inextricably bound up with the missionary enterprises of Eleazar Wheelock, it will be useful to consider for a moment the career of his patron and future rival. The founder of Dartmouth College was a Yale graduate of 1733. Quite without humor and often without the tact which a successful promoter requires, he was possessed by a domi-

nant passion, the desire to convert to Christianity the Indians of the Six Nations and to civilize them in the interests of peace on the white man's frontier. He was an active participant also in the Great Awakening which in the 1730's, with the aid of Jonathan Edwards and the saintly George Whitefield, was shaking dissenters out of their spiritual apathy.

Wheelock was pastor of the church at Lebanon from 1735 until 1770 but his heart was entirely in the school for Indians and whites he founded in 1754. Between 1761 and 1768 he trained at Lebanon eight white missionaries to labor in the field in New York; between 1754 and 1768 he educated, or tried to educate, forty to forty-five male Indians, about a third of whom he also sent west as missionaries or schoolmasters.

Kirkland as a pupil in the Lebanon school had impressed his master and he impressed in the same way his teachers at the College of New Jersey. President Finley speaks warmly of him in a letter to Wheelock dated April 3, 1764:

"P.S. April 6. having a few more minutes I broke open the letter, to tell you, that not only your son has done well, but also Kirkland, for whom you have been concerned, gives me pleasure, and raises my hopes. It grieves me, that his circumstances are so strait, and had I not been so constantly hurried as to cause me to forget again and again, I would have tried to get him some small assistance here, before now; but I still resolve to do so."

Wheelock's son Ralph, an epileptic, was enrolled in the college during Kirkland's stay, and it is evident that he had been requested to watch over the unfortunate boy for his letters to Wheelock contain careful reports of Ralph's condition.

There is further evidence that Kirkland's Princeton record was exceptional. Without dissent by faculty or trustees his degree was granted *in absentia* at the September Commencement of 1765. He had been away from the college for ten months on a difficult mission to the Seneca Indians in western New York. While his classmates were concluding their studies by "revising the most improving parts of the Latin and Greek classics, part of the Hebrew Bible, and all the arts and sciences," and carrying on public disputation on Sundays "before a promiscuous congregation," he was enduring cold and hunger

and the danger of death by treachery in the untracked regions lying between the Mohawk River and Lake Geneva.

2

This momentous journey Kirkland began on January 17, 1765, setting out from Johnson Hall beside the Mohawk River where Sir William Johnson, the *seigneur* of the valley, ruled over a whole region. Taking an affectionate leave of Sir William, Kirkland headed into frontier country. His first miles were measured along the placid Mohawk River, then, as now in the days of the Barge Canal, a convenient waterway for travelers. German settlers from the Palatinate had penetrated this region as early as 1723. At German Flats (Herkimer), seventeen miles southeast of what is now Utica, a few scattered farmers offered hospitality. Beyond them stretched the "wilderness," inhabited only by the Oneidas whose life centered in two principal "castles" near the present village of Vernon.

To secure this region the British in 1725 had built two forts, replaced in 1758 by Fort Stanwix from which the city of Rome has grown. This bastion was strategically placed. Travelers by water customarily left the dwindling Mohawk River under its protection and made the one-mile portage to navigable Wood Creek which flows westward into Oneida Lake. Beyond the Oneidas was another tribe of the Six Nations, the Onondagas, who inhabited the region around modern Syracuse. Still farther west, visited only by explorers and traders, lived the Cayugas and the Senecas. The Senecas in particular had resisted sullenly the slight efforts that had been made to Christianize them. Kirkland was the first Protestant missionary who sought to live among them and win them for the Lord. It was a bold undertaking for a youth of twenty-three.

A born woodsman, Kirkland adapted himself quickly to the ways of the Indians. Later he was reproached for lowering the dignity of his office by conforming himself to their modes of eating and dressing, but much of his extraordinary power over them evidently came from his lack of fastidiousness and pride of office. He describes the second night of his two hundred mile journey as calmly as if he were setting forth on a camping trip: "My convoy [two Senecas] unslung their packs and were very

active in making the necessary preparations for a comfortable night's repose. One of them went with his little axe to cutting wood for a fire, the other shovelling away the snow, and then gathered an armful of hemlock boughs for my bed. I was forbid to do anything but sit on the log near by and rest myself. . . . We sat round our dish, and ate like brethren, and a better supper I have seldom made. Could I have conversed freely with them, we should have had a sociable evening."

Arriving at Kanonwalohule, the principal village of the Oneidas, Kirkland explained to them the purpose of his mission to the Senecas. The chief begged him to spend a year in their midst before going on. He replied that he could not relinquish his design till Providence stopped the path, or hedged up his way. Two years later Providence did "stop the path" and bring him back to the Oneidas to whom he ministered during the rest of his life.

At Onondaga, where the central council fire of the Six Nations burned in the long house, Kirkland delivered the substance of the message he was carrying to the Senecas from Sir William Johnson. His speech, interpreted by one of the Indians in his convoy, was constantly interrupted with the cry of "Athoo toyeske"—"It is so; very true." When the speech-making was over, the old chief, who had spoken like a Demosthenes, came to Kirkland, took him by the hand, and kissed him on one cheek and then the other. The young man was equal to the occasion: "I supposed I must return the compliment. I accordingly kissed his red cheek[s], not disgusted at all with the remains of the paint and grease, with which they had lately been besmeared. He gave me many benedictions while he held me by the hand. Then came one after another to shake hands with me, perhaps nearly one hundred in all. The board of Sachems all gave me their benediction in different ways."

On the seventh of February Kirkland and his guides reached Kanadasaga, the Seneca village at the foot of Seneca Lake, nine miles from their sacred Bare Hill, where the Creator caused the ground to open and the ancestors of the Seneca nation to emerge into the world. The remains of the village now lie within the boundaries of the city of Geneva.

The next day at noon the council convened. The chiefs applauded Sir William's message, though Kirkland noted that a

small minority kept silent. The head sachem thanked him for showing so much love for Indians by traveling those many miles in winter to teach them. In the house of the head sachem, where he was then placed, a stream of visitors came to stare at him and to ask "what put into his mind to leave his father's house, and his country." With the help of a Dutch trader in the village Kirkland answered these queries as well as he could. A few weeks later he was adopted into the family of the head sachem. At the ceremony, which moved Kirkland deeply, he could not keep back his tears "of joy and gratitude, for the kind Providence which had protected me through my long journey, brought me to the place of my desire, and given me so kind a reception among the poor savage Indians." His adopted father's house being crowded, Kirkland was sent to live with a "sober and temperate man and honest," his wife, and niece. Beginning with a vocabulary of two words, "otkayason"—"what do you call this?" and "tointaschpayati"—"speak it again," he learned the language rapidly.

The scene which had opened so auspiciously was soon clouded. Shortly after Kirkland moved to the house of the sober and honest Indian his host died suddenly in the night. The crowds which came to view the corpse looked "very forbidding" toward Kirkland. Though the head sachem tried to reassure him, plainly there was trouble in the air. Runners had gone out to the other villages and a council was soon in session. The night of the funeral Kirkland slept with his "elder brother" in a blockhouse built by Sir William in 1754 or 1755 but never garrisoned with white soldiers. The next day his "youngest brother" gave him a gun, took one himself, and the two of them went off into the woods under the pretense of shooting partridges. Their destination was a distant sugar-hut where they hid out for several days.

When the council broke up, Kirkland's "family" reassembled in the blockhouse. Visitors assured him "all is now only peace." But it was made clear to him that he must not try to communicate with Sir William without interpreting his letters for the chiefs. From Mr. Wemp, a Dutch trader in the confidence of the Indians, Kirkland learned that the head sachem had opened the council with an eloquent defense of the preacher and words of caution to the Senecas to take counsel, "under our great loss, with a tender mind." Onongwadeka, a chief possessing

great influence, had then tried to inflame the Senecas to kill the white man as satisfaction for the death of their brother, warning them that if they received men like Kirkland the spirit of the warrior and the hunter would no longer be among them. "Brothers, attend," he had pleaded, "we shall be sunk so low as to hoe corn and squashes in the field, chop wood, stoop down and milk cows, like the negroes among the Dutch people." The widow of the dead man had then been questioned. Did Kirkland ever "come to the bedside, and whisper in your husband's ear or puff in his face?" She replied: "No, never; he always sat or lay down on his own bunk, and in the evening, after we were in bed, we could see him get down on his knees and talk with a low voice." The head sachem then spoke again, long and persuasively, concluding with the sobering words: "Who among us can lift up his hand to smite an innocent man? I should [rather] die myself than wish to live and see the evils which would fall upon our nation, should such a thing take place." His wisdom prevailed and the council fire was raked up.

Though Kirkland returned to the village and lived in harmony with the Senecas thereafter, his troubles were by no means at an end. By March provisions were "exceeding scarce." He sold his shirt for four cakes which he would have devoured at once if prudence had not restrained him. For several days he lived on white acorns fried in bear's grease, which diet brought on a severe colic. At last hunger so far reduced him that he could endure to eat, though tears dropped into his spoon as he did so, bear soup from which white animalculae fell to the floor and scampered "about like lusty fellows."

At the end of April food was so scant that Kirkland resolved to take his "brother" Tekanada and his family to Johnson Hall. The streams were swollen, so the trip could be made entirely by water. A bark canoe was built for the party of two men, two women, and four children. In crossing Oneida Lake a sudden storm overtook the travelers and the canoe began to leak. Tekanada untied a squirrel skin containing a magic powder useful in such crises, but the grains he cast on the water did not calm the storm. Kirkland prayed and his prayer was answered; half an hour later they ran up on the shore, the canoe breaking to pieces the minute they struck. At the campfire that evening Kirkland used their deliverance as an occasion for pointing up

the story of Jesus on the lake of Gennesaret. Tekanada generously admitted that his sacred white powder had failed and that the Great Spirit had heard Kirkland's prayer. When the party struggled through to Johnson Hall, Kirkland showed his devotion to his foster family by living with them in the lodge Tekanada built "some two or three miles" from the Hall. There Tekanada's wife died of a quick consumption.

When Sir William saw the emaciated young missionary for the first time after his return (May 3, 1765) he greeted him with astonishment: "Good God, Mr. Kirkland, you look like a whipping post!" He gave him every assistance in making ready for the return journey, presenting him with a bateau which would carry him more safely than a birch canoe.

Kirkland's tender care of Tekanada's wife and the fact of his having preferred to live with his family in the lodge near the Hall were bruited about Kanadasaga, and life went easily with him for a time. Soon his old enemy, the chief who had sought to have him killed, began to make trouble on the pretext that Kirkland was poisoning the minds of the young warriors with white men's notions. As Kirkland was returning home one evening, "trotting along on his pony and singing hymns," he saw one of Onongwadeka's men picking the flint of his gun behind a clump of bushes. Looking over his shoulder he saw the gun raised and heard the lock snap. The Indian called after him to stop. Setting his horse into full gallop Kirkland got safely away through the willow swamp.

At this point Kirkland's journal of his life among the Senecas breaks off. From letters covering the remaining months of his stay, we know that though he was forced to take up quarters in a mean house in the woods in January 1766 he was in the main treated with kindness and permitted to do his work. He had completed a Senecan grammar and dictionary when a letter came from Wheelock bidding him come to Connecticut to be ordained. Wheelock instructed him to persuade the tribe to empower him to be their minister and, if possible, to bring along their chief sachem and some boys to add to the impressiveness of the ordination ceremonies. On June 19, 1766 Kirkland was ordained at Lebanon. That same day he received his commission as an Indian missionary from the Connecticut

Board of Correspondents for the Honorable Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

3

Kirkland's commission from the Board of Correspondents stated only that he was to instruct, teach, and preach the gospel to the Indian tribes and others wherever the providence of God should call him. From his own preference or by Wheelock's direction he returned, not to the Senecas, but to the Oneidas. Some effective missionary work had been done with this tribe, and it was doubtless considered advisable to strengthen what had already been established and to use the mission as a base for further enterprises in the western country.

Kirkland set out from Lebanon on July 7, 1766 accompanied by a Yale undergraduate, David McClure, Aaron Kenne who had been studying with Wheelock, and four Indians, one of whom was Tekanada. McClure's diary of the journey contains a detailed picture of their adventures. Kirkland taught his novices how to live in the woods and the etiquette of the Indian campfire—that it was not good form, for instance, for white men to lie down when Indian women were in camp. The mission came first to Old Oneida Castle, a settlement of fifteen or so log or bark houses. Their destination was the upper castle, Kanonwalohule, ten miles distant, where, in the midst of forty dwelling houses, there was a small church of logs. Here Kirkland preached for a few sabbaths with the aid of an interpreter. He and McClure at once began to compose a grammar of the Oneida language. Kirkland soon was instructing his charges in their own tongue while McClure busied himself in organizing an English School. In November McClure departed to take up his studies in Lebanon. Kirkland was left alone to wrestle with the recurrent problems of famine, drunkenness, and the corruption imported by cruel and unrighteous traders, "Dutch Christians," he called them, "whose constant aim was to destroy the poor Indians as fast as possible."

In his semiofficial reports to Wheelock and others, one reads of Kirkland's progress in his warfare against the devil: the chiefs have agreed to help him destroy all the liquor they can find; in that dark corner "which a few months ago was a habi-

tation of cruelty and gross paganism, there is now a blessed nest of Christians." From his more intimate letters one senses the loneliness and feeling of inadequacy of the young man of twenty-five. Writing to David McClure in December, 1766, he speaks from a heart which often felt a dangerously unchristian despair.

ONIDA 2D DECEMB. 1766¹

My dear Friend,

Your animating Lines by Johnson from Shoemakers came safe to hand,—was glad to hear you arriv'd there well, as I fear'd a bad time thro the woods. I hope you may have a kind Journey home, wth some agreeable Reflections of your tower [tour] among these savage mortals. Yesterday, my dear Sir, the first leisure Moment since 90 days labour upon my house,—oh how sweet was the retired hour! how Soul reviving the Study of Gods precious word. I cou'd not refrain a tear for joy,—tho while I walk'd musing thro my little Room, turning my Eyes from Corner to Corner, found the absence of a dear friend, whose company while present, I cou'd not enjoy, I *sigh'd*, and dropt a second Tear—But alas how soon the scene changes. I am now ready to shed a Thousand. I must be depriv'd of this so long hop'd for and wish'd for [?] Retiredness, and denied a smile from you or a little sympathy to cheer a drooping Spirit. I go to-morrow like a poor forsaken pilgrim alone thro' the Desert, to seek after meat. I go without money, no purse, no staff, little Bread; broken shoes, ragged coat, no blanket,—*poor pilgrim* indeed. Methinks I see you drop a Tear and offer your self to bear the hardships of this Journey,—comforting tho't, tho' a million of Tears cou'd not fetch you here. Heaven forbid you shou'd have my fortune,—not that I complain of more than I deserve,—far be it, vile wretch! I recall my thoughts; one smile from the dear saviour wipes every tear dry, and gives Joy unspeakable. Oh may you begin in season your acquaintance wth the Father of Spirits, and not let a day pass wth [out] knowing something of the transforming Power and

¹ This letter, from which the sixteen-line postscript is here omitted, is in the Princeton University Library.

Efficacy of the holy Spirit, renewing and sanctifying the Soul, wth the Love of it shed abroad in your heart [?] constraining you to every good work. I desist, having six Letters to write this evening and set out for the Flats and Kagnawage [Fonda] at tomorrow's dawn.

Yours most affectionately,

S. KIRKLAND

Kirkland was for a time in such extreme poverty that his lowly way of living hurt his character and influence among the Indians. Some thought he must be a poor, worthless fellow since he lived more like a dog than a Christian minister. In the first months of his mission he was dependent on such bounty as Wheelock could, by begging around, provide him. Early in 1769 a Scotch admirer sent him £30, "having, from good authority, a most savory account of his uncommon labor and love in his Master's service." In thanking this distant friend Kirkland noted that it was the first money he had ever had, that he might in any sense call his own "except a few dollars given me last spring by the liberality of some friends in Boston, to procure books."

In October 1770 Kirkland began negotiations which transferred him from the care of the Connecticut to that of the Boston Board of Correspondents. They granted him an annual allowance of £100, with a further allowance of £30 for his having, at great pains and expense, learned the principal dialects of the Six Nations so that he did not require the service of an interpreter. His reputation was high with the Boston Board and he procured for his Oneidas many benefits which would help to civilize them: in particular a sawmill, a grist mill, farming utensils, and a blacksmith shop where the boys could learn the craft.

One of Kirkland's reasons for placing himself under the Boston Board was to free himself from the increasingly irksome patronage of Wheelock. The differences between them had been steadily growing. The roots of their quarrel were many. Though Wheelock never himself preached to or taught the Indians in New York he was constantly making plans to extend his influence among them, plans which Sir William Johnson, who

would have preferred to have only Church of England missionaries in his domain, did not intend should be carried out. Meanwhile, Kirkland, by his devotion to their good, won the allegiance of most of the Oneidas, who desired to have their children instructed by him and his assistants rather than send them to Wheelock's school in Lebanon. Kirkland chafed under the kind of subservience in which, it seemed, Wheelock was trying to keep him and resented the jealous meddling of Ralph, Wheelock's epileptic son. Ralph, he learned, had said before several persons: "Mr. Kirkland is to have no salary; we think it best to keep him dependent." In 1766, 1767, and 1768 Wheelock sent his son to report on the state of the mission in New York and accepted the untruths he brought back. Not until 1771 did he learn that Ralph had behaved so insolently toward the Indians that Kirkland's patient work of years was nearly undone. In Kirkland's own words, the chief cause of the disaffection between him and Wheelock was "the misunderstanding and variance between his son and me."

In the interests of Christian harmony the quarrel was patched over. After reporting to the Boston Board in the fall of 1771, Kirkland went on to Hanover where a document was drawn up entitled "Articles of Agreement between the Reverend Dr. Wheelock and the Reverend Mr. Kirkland." It contained seven declarations in which concessions and explanations were set forth. The two signers agreed never to receive ill reports of each other without consulting to learn exactly what had been done or said.

The quarrel was in some respects a family as well as a clerical row. In September 1769 Kirkland had married Wheelock's niece, Jerusha Bingham, a woman of "uncommon energy of character and of sterling good sense." Wheelock was jealous of her loyalty to her husband. Jerusha went at once with Kirkland to the Oneida country, waiting, until her husband's log house could be rebuilt and enlarged, at the home of General Herkimer in German Flats. There the following August she gave birth to twin boys whom Kirkland named in honor of his English patrons and friends, George Whitefield and John Thornton. When the mother took the babies to Oneida, the Indians adopted them into the tribe, giving George the name of Lagoneost, and John, the future president of Harvard, that of Ahganowiska or Fair



SAMUEL KIRKLAND

Face. In the summer of 1772 Mrs. Kirkland returned to Connecticut where a daughter was born to her and thereafter, since the state of Indian affairs was very unsettled and the Revolution was imminent, she continued to live in New England. She bought a house at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where Kirkland visited her when he could and where she reared their six children. She died in 1788.

4

In those scenes of the Revolution which were played in eastern New York Kirkland performed notably in several patriotic roles: as adviser on strategy at councils held with the Indians, as treaty maker, and as brigade chaplain. Though he, along with General Schuyler and General Herkimer, worked valiantly to hold the Six Nations to the side of the colonists, only the Oneidas and Tuscaroras resisted the enticements of the British. That these two tribes were faithful was owing to their regard for Kirkland. But for his influence in the region, Indian depredations on the Mohawk frontier would have been even more bloody than they were.

What Kirkland and the generals had chiefly to work against was the power of the Johnson name. The seigniorial Sir William, Bart., had served excellently as His Majesty's Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Though he did not approve of Kirkland's Calvinism, he had evidently liked the man from the time when, still a senior at Nassau Hall, he first came into that country. When Sir William died in 1773 his power descended to his son-in-law, Colonel Guy Johnson, a zealous Anglican and loyalist. Kirkland bore with remarkable patience Colonel Guy's efforts to turn the Oneidas against him by planting and circulating false charges. On one occasion Johnson sent a message to the Oneidas to "inform" them that Kirkland had asked the governor to grant him four thousand soldiers to thrash the Indians, "in order to bring them to repentance . . . for nothing but force of arms would ever humble them."

As late as the fall of 1775 Kirkland, who had been attending Indian councils in Albany, German Flats, Oneida, and Onondaga, still hoped to keep the Six Nations neutral. The following March, however, he wrote to Schuyler that Colonel Johnson's

reiterated lie that the colonists would, if victorious, turn on the Indians and destroy them had taken effect; there was fierce dissension among the Six Nations, and it was now certain that the western tribes would go over to the British.

After that the Indians were a terror in the Mohawk valley until St. Leger was defeated in the fall of 1777 at Oriskany by the combined strategy of Herkimer, Colonel Gansevoort (grandfather of Herman Melville), and Benedict Arnold. During those anxious months Kirkland's Oneidas, as well as the Tuscaroras, remained neutral. Later they insisted on fighting for the colonists, and a force of about 250 was organized under Kirkland's devoted admirer, the Oneida chief, Skenandoa.

The Continental Congress having commissioned Kirkland a brigade chaplain, he served for a time at Fort Schuyler (Utica) and in 1779 with General Sullivan in the campaign to destroy the Iroquois power in western Pennsylvania and New York. He lived in the general's family and had the great satisfaction of assisting him in the preparation of a little treatise proving the existence of a Supreme Being. Sullivan had declared that he would convince "any Deist (of which there is no want in the army) from principles of reason, that the Scriptures are of divine origin."

While the war was on, Kirkland did what he could to keep Christianity alive among the Oneidas. As soon as peace came he made plans to resume his mission. In February 1784 he reported at length to the Board of Correspondents in Boston on his activities during the war, noting precisely at what times he had been absent from his mission in the service of the new nation. His request for reinstatement was supported by letters from several eminent men and an address from the Oneida sachems. The board was well pleased with the report and advised the society in Scotland that Kirkland should be paid for his missionary work during the decade 1774-1784. This the society did though, properly enough, they counted out the time he had acted as brigade chaplain, arguing "that they could allow no salary to him or to any person who had been in any shape in the service of those that were in arms against Great Britain." On his petition Congress paid what was due him as chaplain and made him an additional grant of £250 for the special services he had rendered in treating with the Indians.

In 1786 the Corporation of Harvard College granted him £313.6.8, lawful money, from Dr. Daniel Williams' legacy and voted that there be allowed him annually £66.13.4 (£50 sterling).

The penniless missionary who twenty years earlier had gone into the wilderness a poor, forsaken pilgrim, "without money, no purse, no staff," was beginning to be a man of substance. He was soon to be a landed proprietor as well. Under patents confirmed February 3, 1790 the Indians and the state of New York granted Kirkland and his two sons a tract of over 4,000 acres on the western side of the line of the Oneida territory which ran from the northwest to the southeast a dozen miles west of Utica. In 1789 he had already taken possession of part of his land, cleared seven acres, and built himself a log house twenty-two feet by twenty-six.

Although his time was now chiefly occupied in mending the shattered economy and the depleted spiritual estate of his dear Oneidas, Kirkland was still called upon to perform many services for the new state and the new nation. In the treaty of peace which concluded the war between England and America no provisions were made for settling Indian affairs, although sovereignty over the vast Indian lands in New York had been vested in the United States. Land speculators and even the state government itself showed no disposition to respect the old Indian titles. If the federal government had not intervened, the Six Nations might have been ruthlessly expelled from the region. At the council held at Fort Stanwix in the autumn of 1784, at the behest of General Washington, Kirkland was placed in charge of the preparations and acted as interpreter. In 1788 he was again asked to help in negotiations between the Indians in western New York and Messrs. Phelps and Gorham who had "purchased" from Massachusetts a tract of over 6,000,000 acres in the Genesee country. Though in traveling to Buffalo Creek, through country he had first seen in his mission to the Senecas in 1764, Kirkland was acting as the agent of the new proprietors, he protected the rights of the Indians and won the unanimous commendation of their chiefs when the treaty was concluded.

Late in 1790 he was called to Philadelphia to assist the Seneca chiefs who had grievances to lay before Congress and

to advise the government about Indian hostilities in Ohio. Heading the Indian delegation was the famous chief Cornplanter whom Kirkland had first met during the negotiations at Fort Stanwix in 1784. The missionary held many conversations on points of Christian doctrine with the warrior and had the pleasure of converting him. Cornplanter left Philadelphia, so he said to his teacher, with a rich "store of spiritual food, out of which he could take a portion for his mind to feed upon and digest every day through his long journey."

In letters which Kirkland wrote in the 1790's to Timothy Pickering, Postmaster General and later Secretary of War, one can see that he was in close touch with Indian affairs from Oneida Castle to the Mississippi valley. The invaluable information which came to him by letters from his Indian friends and visits of chiefs to his Clinton home was always at the disposal of the government.

5

It was ever in Kirkland's mind that the condition of his Indians could be improved only if they could be weaned by education from their primitive life to the habits of civilized men. From his knowledge of the inadequacies of Wheelock's school at Lebanon and of the vicissitudes of the many elementary schools for the Indian which missionaries like himself were incessantly establishing and then having to abandon when support dried up, he knew what all the difficulties were and where hope for success might lie. The recent success of Captain Joseph Brant, "Thayendanegea," in educating the Mohawks encouraged Kirkland to try again with a bolder and more comprehensive plan.

He wanted a school for Indians and whites where the studies should be both practical and what would now be called liberal. It was to be in the Oneida territory because time and again the chiefs had refused to send their sons far from home to be educated. Children of the white settlers were to be admitted for two reasons: their tuition money would help pay the costs of the school; and, more important, if the Indian boys were constantly with the children of "civilized" parents they would learn the white man's arts easily and naturally. Yet they must be

near home and continue to study their own language lest the translation from the savage state be so abrupt as to induce a sense of hopelessness and the "torpid indifference" from which many Indians suffered while seeking "to discern the difference between a state of nature and a state of civilization."

In his early planning, the academy which came to be was only one item in his scheme. He first proposed the establishing of three schools, one each for the Tuscaroras and the Onondagas, and a "principal school" at Kanonwalohule for his favorite Oneidas. In addition a "resident" carpenter and a blacksmith, both of whom were to be good farmers, well supplied with tools and gear, were to settle in the region and teach their arts under the inspection of a superintendent who would visit each village and tribe at least once a month during the spring and summer. The masters and scholars in the three schools were to "exercise themselves one or two hours every day in improving and cultivating some part of the glebe." This, in essence, was the scheme which Kirkland submitted to Washington's Secretary of War, Henry Knox, in December 1791.

Two months earlier he had drawn up a "Plan of Education for the Indians, Particularly of the Five Nations," a general statement of aims which is masterly both in its philosophical comprehension of the problem and its common sense approach. During the next three years Kirkland presented his "Plan"—which speaks chiefly of the academy—to many influential men. Soon he had the supporters he needed, a group who could not resist the powerful appeal of his concluding words: "After more than twenty years' observation, I am not able to discover any other repugnancy in the Indian mind to civilization, than what arises from the mere force of an *Indian* or *pagan* education. That they want capacity cannot be urged, for they discover in many things great ingenuity and address; and some marks of original genius are found among them. That they have such a viciousness and depravity of disposition as forbids their civilization, is not true; for their ideas of right and wrong in many cases, if known, would do them honor. What I have seen among them, instead of weakening, confirms to me the opinion of most philosophers, that the difference between one nation and another is not so much owing to nature as to education. I think we have every reason to believe that the present inhabitants of the United

States owe all their superiority over the native savages of the wilderness in point of dignity to the cultivation of their minds in *morals* and in the *civil* and *polite arts*.

"I cannot but believe that this plan, or some one similar to it, may with the aid and countenance of Government be executed. . . .

"It may be one way in which the United States are to express their gratitude to Heaven for raising them to such wealth and eminence, and putting them into quiet possession of so extensive a part of the territory, once claimed and occupied by the Aborigines of America."

Early in 1793 Kirkland began to forward his plan. On January 3 he waited on several gentlemen of the Honorable Board of Regents of New York State. Five days later he was received by President Washington in Philadelphia who expressed "his approbation of the proposed Seminary, as well as that part of the Plan which has been adopted, for introducing and promoting agriculture among the Indians." The same day Mr. Hamilton cheerfully consented to be a trustee of the seminary and promised to afford it all the aid in his power. Back in New York again on the twenty-sixth, Kirkland conferred with the regents about the petition for chartering the seminary (now officially named the Hamilton Oneida Academy), his plan of Indian education, and the "Rules for Regulating the Academy" which he had drawn up under eleven heads. The charter, immediately granted, bears the date January 31, 1793.

For his original group of sixteen trustees Kirkland had secured several gentlemen of importance in state and national affairs in addition to worthies of the region who were substantial donors to the enterprise. Heading the list is the Hon^{ble} Alexander Hamilton who seems to have contributed only his name to the academy. The third name is that of a stout supporter of Hamilton in the national government, the Hon^{ble} Egbert Benson, one of John Adams' "midnight judges" and reputed to be second only to Hamilton in legal learning. He follows the Hon^{ble} John Lansing, whose long judicial career in New York, begun in 1790, led to his succeeding James Kent as chancellor of the state.

While legal negotiations were proceeding Kirkland had busied himself in getting promises of contributions which would make

the academy a physical reality. The seventy-seven subscribers for the building and establishing of Hamilton Oneida vary in the munificence of their contributions from Jedidiah Sanger who gave 100 acres of land in the Unadilla purchase to Silas Phelps who promised £2 "payable in blacksmith's work." Oliver Phelps, the over-bold speculator in western New York lands, was considered to have done well by the academy in furnishing £10 in cash. Kirkland himself gave 300 acres of land "to be leased and the product applied towards the support of an able instructor." Several promised clapboards, shingles, and nails. A handsome contribution was made by the twenty-nine men who offered their days of labor in getting up the building.

The date of July 1, 1794 was remembered in the region. A notable company assembled in the cleared space on the hilltop which the academy and the college have ever since dominated. In the throng were the Honorable Stephen Van Rensselaer, eighth patroon of his line, and Colonel William North, aide-de-camp to the Baron von Steuben in the Revolution and his adopted son. Most observed of all was the great Oneida chieftain, the aged Skenandoa, once a drunkard but after his conversion to Christianity Kirkland's devoted adjutant. He was "much delighted and affected" by the ceremony of laying the cornerstone, by Mr. Kirkland's prayer, and by the address of von Steuben. With the devotion of a naturalized American, the Baron praised the people of his adopted country who, dreading famine less than ignorance, were erecting seminaries of learning even while they were converting a wilderness into a garden.

Though the beginning was auspicious, difficulties arose immediately, chiefly because the subscribers, in the stringent times which followed, could not fulfill their pledges. Loans were sought in 1794 and 1795, but the frame of the building stood unenclosed for several years. In 1799 Kirkland released the trustees from all obligation for debts due him, on the condition that the sum of \$2,000 be applied to finishing the building.

Despite these delays elementary instruction had been given intermittently. In the winter of 1793-1794 Ebenezer Caulkins, schoolmaster to the Indians at Oneida, took charge of instruction at the academy school, which included some Indian youths, but the session was interrupted by the burning of the school-house and the Indian boys did not return. The trustees were at

length able to inform the regents at their meeting of March 5, 1799 that so much of the academy was finished as was sufficient for the accommodation of a large group. Mr. John Niles, recently instructor at Greenfield Academy in Connecticut, whose virtue and learning were vouched for by the Rev. Dr. Dwight of Yale, had arrived to take charge of the twenty scholars admitted on the previous December 26. More students were matriculating daily. By November 1799 there were "upwards of fifty scholars and two learned and respectable instructors."

Kirkland must soon have realized that his Indians would profit little from his academy. Some of the Oneida chiefs were skeptical from the beginning—murmuring that it was not to be a free school and that Kirkland's proportional plan, under which boys from other tribes must be admitted, was not fair. But his main difficulty was with the former supporters of Indian education, both in America and Scotland. Kirkland admitted that his plan was the "last expedient to be tried, and the last effort to be made, together with agriculture, and the gradual introduction of the civil arts," for the happiness of the Indians.

In his efforts to get help from the Boston Commissioners for Propagating Christian Knowledge among the Indians and the parent society in Scotland he was thwarted by John Sergeant, the commissioners' missionary to the Indians at New Stockbridge, about ten miles distant from the academy. Sergeant professed to the Boston board to be very happy over the establishment of the academy, but he could not think it would ever be of much advantage toward civilizing the tribes of the Six Nations. He urged continuance of the old way of supporting elementary schools in the Indian villages. An occasional young "genius" might be sent from his tribe to the academy. Evidently the views of Sergeant, the saboteur, prevailed. Kirkland admitted to the board in 1799 that there was only one Indian boy among the academy's fifty scholars. "A few hundred dollars annually for the support of some Indian boys is all that is wanting to make it answer every purpose with respect to the Indians that either I or anybody else ever proposed." A few grudging contributions were put into his hands. In 1803 the Corporation of Harvard College granted him \$100 out of Indian moneys in its Treasury. Probably the funds had to be used in some way. The Society for Propagating the Gospel set aside an equal

amount. The Harvard Corporation also voted to support Isaac Sologwaston one quarter at the academy, but it required a very particular account of Isaac's behavior and moral character. Asking the Great Head of the Church to bless Kirkland's work among the aborigines, the corporation at the same time admonished him to "look out for assistance from other quarters."

In the annual "Return of Academics in the State of New York" made to the regents in the early years of the new century Hamilton Oneida shows itself to be at last in a flourishing condition. Between 1804 and 1808 the students increased from 64 to 121. In line with other American institutions of higher learning everywhere and any time, the price of board has gone up; the income for teachers' salaries has gone down. English grammar and arithmetic are the subjects most in request though the dead languages are pursued. In 1807 one scholar is struggling with irregular verbs in French. Moral and natural philosophy are unfortunately neglected. But the time was not far off when the school would be raised to the rank of a college. In 1812, four years after Kirkland's death, his academy, founded in the faith that it would "meet the approbation of Him who made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth," became Hamilton College.

6

With the founding of the Hamilton Oneida Academy Kirkland's most important public services came to an end. In 1792 he cleared a few acres at the foot of College Hill and built the little story-and-a-half house which now stands, after two removes, next to the College Commons, across the quadrangle from the site of his academy. In that autumn he moved his family from Stockbridge. His fixed abode was thus a mile from the newly settled village of Clinton, but he seems to have been seldom there for any length of time; he still considered himself the pastor and special protector of the Oneidas. For a man nearing sixty his vitality is amazing. His journals for these years show him constantly on the move, preaching in Indian villages where there is no stated pastor, exhorting the backsliders to give up drink and lechery, composing quarrels, interpreting Indian harangues at councils held with state officials. Preaching at Oneida

early in 1796, he reminds his flock that he has been with them more than thirty years, and that he has only once been absent from them for more than six months.

Although in the early 1800's one third of Vernon township, in which New Oneida Castle [Kanonwalohule] was located, was still in the possession of the Oneida and Tuscarora Indians, white settlers had penetrated the region with a rapidity Kirkland could scarcely have believed possible. In 1784 Judge White of Middletown, Connecticut, settled near Fort Schuyler and presently gave his name to the town which for years dominated the Utica to which it has now become a suburb. Clinton was settled by twenty families in 1786. The New Hartford settlement on the Utica road was planted in 1787 by Judge Sanger. Finally the improvement of the Seneca turnpike at Fort Schuyler turned the current of emigration from Rome in that direction, and Utica, so named in 1798 by pulling a name from a hat, began to grow apace. Kirkland's energy flowed into these settlements. He helped their first pastors to organize their congregations. Speaking to Indians or to whites as the occasion demanded, he sometimes preached and taught eight hours on a Sunday.

Kirkland's strict Calvinism was often difficult to maintain against the growing competition of those who could show an easier way to heaven. The recalcitrant Quakers vexed him by refusing to assist in straightening out Indian quarrels and by saying no to his request that they lease him a house in Oneida. Still worse were the Baptist lay teachers and Methodist exhorters, who did not "support the best character" and by whom the Brothertown Indians were "torn to pieces." While the burdens of founding the academy were weighing him down, he had had to contend with the efforts of a French trader named Peter Pennet to introduce Catholicism among the Oneidas. In the spring of 1789 a French Jesuit had boldly established himself near Oneida Lake. His cause was being supported by Pennet who claimed to have been sent thither by the French ambassador in New York and at the request of the Indians. A letter from Governor Clinton counseled the chiefs not to listen to Pennet's speeches or pay attention to his "dreams." Pennet had dreamed that the Oneidas had given him a piece of land five miles square and he had contrived to obtain a deed making his dream a reality.

The governor's letter did the trick but the Pennet "party" had a hand several years later in an attempt to get Kirkland removed from his post. In January 1794 the Board of Commissioners in Boston received a communication from the Indians, signed by eleven chiefs, complaining that Kirkland had neglected them, had often been absent from them, and requesting that a Mr. Crosby be sent to replace him. A committee of the board came to the Oneida country in 1796 to investigate the charges and Kirkland, who was ill with pleurisy at the time of their visit, was completely vindicated. He subsequently reported at length on the affair, pointing out that two of the signers were "boys in years but not in vice" and that most of the others were "pagan in faith" and some of them infamous and profligate in character. The "pagans," Indian and white—to Kirkland all who were not good Calvinists were pagans—did not cease to vex him.

Other troubles drained his life away but could not restrain his activity. The faithful Jerusha had died in 1788.² His youngest son, Samuel, who had been entrusted to Mr. Wheelock's Dartmouth, died while still in college; in 1806 George Whitefield Kirkland died at Jamaica. Kirkland's ill health at times required trips for recuperation to Ballston Springs, which was famous earlier than Saratoga. In 1792 he suffered a blow on the eye as he was pushing through the woods on his way to Clinton from Old Oneida. Doctors in New York and Philadelphia finally relieved the pain and cured him after months of suffering. In 1800 he was ill of the gravel. Most humiliating of all his vicissitudes was his constant financial stringency. In 1797 Harvard ceased to honor his drafts. In the same year the Society in Scotland withdrew their support of him as missionary to the Indians, considering, no doubt, that since he was now a landed proprietor he could manage without their help. There is evidence that John Sergeant, the society's missionary among the Stockbridge Indians, by his misrepresentations of Kirkland's work, influenced the society's decision to cast him off. Certainly their vote of dismissal gave scant recognition of his thirty years of arduous labor in the cause. Apparently the recommendation of the Boston commissioners that Kirkland be given an annuity received no attention from the society, though it should be noted

² Kirkland married again in 1796, taking care to explain to his Indians why a good Christian might take a second wife.

in extenuation that about this time they brought to an end most of their missionary enterprises in the United States.

The debts of his son George were so heavy that Kirkland was seriously embarrassed. In September 1798 he addressed a plea to the Messrs. Charles R. and G. Webster of Albany not to seek a judgment against him. He stated that cash was so scarce in the Oneida region that he might be stripped of his land while they might receive only a tenth of their claim. Two years of sickness had so deranged his farm business that more than a year would be required to get his land into production again. He had advanced the academy upwards of \$1,500 for which he had given the trustees a full discharge. Evidently Kirkland's plea was met with Christian charity, for he kept his land. Whether the incidental suggestion in his letter that his creditors, "well known," as they were, "for public spirit and benevolence," should do something for the "infant institution," met with an equally favorable response the records do not show.

In spite of his troubles with the "pagans," bereavement, sickness, and debt, Kirkland must have known in his last two decades as much satisfaction with his achievements as a man can hope for. He had served his country well and his academy was beginning to flourish. He was mitigating to his Indians, as far as was humanly possible, the injustices of the white man's civilization. For himself, he was the most noted man in that gateway region. The good and the great and the merely curious who passed by sought information from him. In August 1790 the Italian nobleman Count Adriani brought letters of introduction from General Schuyler and lingered to hear a congratulatory address made to him at a grand council of the Oneidas. He noted that the melody of their music and the softness and richness of their voices "were equal to any he ever heard in Italy." In September of the next year John Linklaen, agent for the Holland Land Company, visited Kirkland. In 1799 no less a personage than Timothy Dwight, illustrious President of Yale, compared to St. Paul by the orthodox, known to the irreverent as "Pope Dwight," stopped in at the Clinton house. These last two set down impressions of their visits which give a fine picture of Kirkland's life at the time.

Linklaen heard Kirkland preach to the Oneidas in their language and was surprised at the attention he received. The Indian

Good Peter explained the sermon "more particularly" when the minister finished. Linklaen was especially impressed by the fact that French Peter (Peter Ot-se-quette), whom the Marquis de la Fayette had educated in Paris for three years, had returned to settle among his people and be a leader of them. Kirkland observed to his visitor that the Indians still disliked farming and preferred to permit Americans to settle on and work their lands, providing they gave the Indians one third or half the yield, but he did not despair of their eventually "reaching a condition of prosperity and happiness."

The Reverend Dr. Dwight was on his way to western New York in the fall of 1799 when he turned aside, because of the mud, at New Hartford (which he admired as the most New England village he had seen since he left Connecticut) to call on Mr. Kirkland and investigate the state of the Indians in the region. With the missionary's nephew he visited the Brothertown Indians settled on lands given them by the state in the township of Paris. He found their husbandry inferior to that of the white people but was cheered to note that they were universally "civil in their deportment. The men and boys took off their hats, and the girls courtesied, as we passed by them."

Dwight lingered a week in the well-watered, well-forested region, exploring landmarks and collecting anecdotes of the Revolution and endeavoring to estimate the state of agriculture and morals among the settlers. One afternoon he spent at the Hamilton Oneida Academy, discussing with several of the trustees "its present state, its prospects, and the means of increasing its usefulness and reputation." His report is favorable:

"This Seminary is already of considerable importance; and contains fifty-two students, of both sexes, under the care of two instructors. The scheme of education, professedly pursued in it, includes the English, Latin, and Greek languages, and most of the liberal arts, and sciences. An academical building is erected for it, eighty-eight feet long, and forty-six wide, of three stories, on a noble healthy eminence, commanding a rich and extensive prospect. It is, however, but partially finished."

On his return journey Dwight was joined by Kirkland at Canajoharie and they traveled together as far as Albany. As the two reverend gentlemen walked their horses up the gentle hills which form the Mohawk valley, the missionary filled the college

president with tales which he would later spill into his famous *Travels in New-England and New-York*: how Brant, the Tory Indian chief, prevented Butler at Cherry valley from butchering a woman lying in childbed; how the mild and hospitable Fonda got an Indian knife in his breast at Caghnawaga (now the valley village of Fonda) because he had thrust a Seneca Indian, heated with drink, from his door.

To the end Kirkland kept faith with his Indians. He had lived among them, eating their disgusting food, sometimes wearing their dress, his life many times in danger from renegades among them, preaching in their languages, exhorting and forgiving, always asking the authorities, civil and religious, to give his charges another chance. In the appendix to his Journal of 1796-1797 he put down in four pages his present thoughts of his relations with them and his plans for future service. It is a profoundly moving document.

He wishes to try once more to instruct and reform the Oneidas, to complete his Journals, including those covering the two first years of his mission which, in order to save his life, he was obliged to burn while in the Seneca country. He wishes to compose a work on Indian traditions and a vocabulary of their language. He expresses an "unconquerable reluctance to give them up for lost," for, as he says, "these poor creatures have dwelt on my heart by night and by day."

He did not give them up. The last entry in his journal, written on February 1, 1807, shows him still studious of his pastoral care:

"**LORD'S DAY.** At Oneida. Met with a number at a private house. The weather being very cold and the church open, we did not think it expedient to repair to it. The Indians told me they had been trying to procure a house for me, in order that I might reside a part of my time among them. They have succeeded in getting one, which, if they can fit it up, I shall probably occupy for a quarter or perhaps a third of my time."

Kirkland died a year later, on February 28, 1808.

In the Hamilton College cemetery, where sleep his successors in the academy and the college, high above the valleys of the Oriskany Creek and the Mohawk, stands his simple monument. A few feet away is a still plainer stone on which is cut only the name "Skenandoa."

Benjamin Rush

[1745-1813]

UNIVERSAL DOCTOR

BY J. KENDALL WALLIS

AMERICA'S most distinguished eighteenth century physician, the only Doctor of Medicine to sign the Declaration of Independence, the first American Professor of Chemistry, the writer of the first American text in psychiatry, graduated from the College of New Jersey in 1760, when he and the College were both fourteen years old.

Benjamin Rush's father was a farmer, with five hundred acres in Byberry, near Philadelphia, and also a gunsmith and blacksmith, having "inherited both his trade and his farm." He was known for "strict integrity in all his dealings." At his death, aged thirty-nine, he left a wife and seven children, of whom Benjamin was the fourth. Benjamin's mother moved into Philadelphia and opened a store at Second and Market Streets. Her son describes her as "distinguished by kindness, generosity, and attention to the morals and religious principles of her children."

Two years after his father's death Benjamin, then eight years old, and his next brother, Jacob, were sent away to the school of his mother's brother-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Finley. Dr. Finley had come from Ireland twenty years earlier, graduated from the Log College, and taken a church at Nottingham in Maryland. There he established an academy to prepare young men for the ministry and in ten years' time made it "the most respectable and flourishing of any in the middle provinces of America." The curriculum combined practical agriculture with the classics and several of the arts and sciences usually taught in colleges. "His government over his boys was strict, but never severe or arbitrary," writes his nephew pupil, who remembered the following scene: "I once saw him spend half an hour in exposing the folly and wickedness of an offence with his rod in his hand. The culprit stood all this while trembling and weeping before him. After he had ended his admonitions, he lifted his

rod as high as he could, and then permitted it to fall gently upon his hand. The boy was surprised at this conduct. 'There go about your business (said the doctor). I mean *shame* and not *pain* in the present instance.' "

Benjamin encountered "one disadvantage" as a city boy at this country school: "the facility with which the amusements of hunting, gunning and the like are to be obtained is so great as to overpower the relish for study." Yet when, after five years at Nottingham, he removed to the College of New Jersey, he was admitted to the junior class.

The Rev. Samuel Davies, who shortly thereafter assumed the presidency of the College, was dignified but amiable. He introduced new subjects and "gave old branches of education a new and popular complexion," a mode of teaching which, Rush said, inspired him with "a love of knowledge." Davies taught him also to record in a *Liber Selectorum* passages which struck him in his reading of the classics, a habit which, Rush said, led him to the perpetual noting down of facts and opinions which made his later medical writing so effective. Rush worked to good purpose during his two years at Princeton though he confessed that he was still "idle, playful, and I am sorry to add—sometimes a mischievous boy."

Since the dominant purpose of the College was the preparation of ministers for the Presbyterian church, it naturally seemed to the young Benjamin that "every pursuit of life must dwindle into nought when divinity appears." Yet he lacked, he felt, the capacity for the ministry though he could say that "to spend and be spent for the good of mankind is what I chiefly aim at." His ability as an orator inclined both him and Dr. Davies to believe that he should study law. His mother made arrangements for him to enter a lawyer's office in Philadelphia, but his uncle, Dr. Finley, did not agree. He told Benjamin that the practice of the bar was full of temptations and advised him instead to study physic. " 'But before you determine on anything,' he said, 'set apart a day for fasting and prayer and ask of God to direct you in the choice of a profession.' I am sorry to say I neglected the latter part of this excellent advice, but yielded to the former, and accordingly obtained from Mr. Davies, whom I saw soon afterwards in Philadelphia, a letter of recommendation to Dr. John Redman to become his



BENJAMIN RUSH

pupil On what slight circumstances do our destinies in life seem to depend."

The fifteen-year old student of physic had "an uncommon aversion to such sights as are connected with its practice" and his conflict of interest among the ministry, law, and medicine was never wholly resolved, to his own dis-ease perhaps, but to the great advantage of the young American nation.

2

Rush's medical apprenticeship lasted five years. The first formal medical teaching in the colonies had just begun in Philadelphia with a course in anatomy and surgery offered by Dr. William Shippen, Jr., and Rush was one of ten students in regular attendance. In 1765 Dr. Shippen's course and a new course in *Materia Medica*, given by Dr. John Morgan, became the medical department of the College of Philadelphia (later the University of Pennsylvania) and Rush was enrolled. He lived, while he studied, in the household of Dr. Redman and was permitted to accompany him on his rounds at the Pennsylvania Hospital, which the ever-present Franklin had been instrumental in founding in 1752. After the first year he was allowed to take full charge of certain cases.

Till late at night Rush studied in his room, translating the *Aphorisms of Hippocrates* from the Greek and reading Sydenham's and Boerhaave's systems of medicine. Adapting the *Liber Selectorum* method that President Davies had taught him, he made notes on the yellow fever epidemic of 1762.

In 1766, when he was twenty, Rush sat up every other night for several weeks with Dr. Finley, then President of the College of New Jersey, and "finally performed the distressing office of closing his eyes." The following year he experienced a religious conversion which he describes in an autobiographical memoir written in 1800. "The early part of my life was spent in dissipation, folly and in the practice of some of the vices to which young men are prone. The weight of that folly and those vices has been felt in my mind ever since. They have often been deplored in tears and sighs before God. It was from a deep and affecting sense of one of them, that I was first led to seek the favor of God in His Son in the twenty-first year of my life."

In 1766 Rush went abroad for three years' further medical study. In anticipation of the trip he brushed up his Latin and Greek and studied German; in the first summer in Europe he mastered French and added a reading knowledge of Spanish and Italian. He was also tutored in Latin and mathematics, "in each of which I advanced with a rapidity and pleasure I never had known before."

On the advice of Dr. Redman, Rush went to Edinburgh, then the medical center of the world, where he sat at the feet of a group of as great teachers of medicine as have ever been gathered together in one place "The two years I spent in Edinburgh," he wrote, "I consider as the most important in their influence on my character and conduct of any period of my life.

"The public lectures and private conversations of the Professors not only gave me many new ideas, but opened my mind to enable me to profit by reading and observation.

"The easy and friendly intercourse which I kept up with my fellow students was a constant source of excitement to my mind. Every meeting in the University and in the Infirmary and every visit and walk with them was productive of more or less knowledge upon some subject of taste or science. The students of medicine at that time were collected from several parts of the continent of Europe, as well as from every part of the British Empire. . . . Our friendships were warm and disinterested, for there was no competition of interest to divide us."

Rush's doctoral thesis, prepared under the direction of Dr. William Cullen, was on "The Digestion of Food in the Stomach." He used his own digestive system in heroic experiments, again and again taking an emetic three hours after dinner in order to demonstrate "acetetous fermentation." He received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1768 but stayed on for another summer to attend a private course of lectures on the Practice of Physic.

Rush was deeply impressed by Dr. Cullen who was the founder of a new system of medicine and the leading light of the University. The great teacher was friendly and the range and breadth of his mind was a revelation to the twenty-two year old student. After Cullen's death, in 1790, Rush wrote a eulogy of the physician-teacher which is not only a tribute to his master but a statement of the ideal he set for his own career :

"Dr. Cullen's reading was extensive, but it was not confined wholly to medicine. He read books upon all subjects; and he had a peculiar art of extracting something from all of them which he made subservient to his profession. . . . His memory had no rubbish in it. . . .

"He was intimately acquainted with all branches of natural history and philosophy. He had studied every ancient and modern system of physic. He found the system of Boerhaave universally adopted when he accepted a chair in the University of Edinburgh. This system was founded chiefly on the supposed presence of certain acrid particles in the fluids, and in the departure of these, in point of consistency, from a natural state. Dr. Cullen's first object was to expose the errors of this pathology; and to teach his pupils to seek for the causes of diseases in the solids. Nature is always coy. Ever since she was driven from the heart, by the discovery of the circulation of the blood, she has concealed herself in the brain and nerves. Here she has been pursued by Dr. Cullen; and if he has not dragged her to public view, he has left us a clue which must in time conduct us to her last recess in the human body. Many, however, of the operations of nature in the nervous system have been explained by him, and no candid man will ever explain the whole of them, without acknowledging that the foundation of his successful inquiries was laid by the discoveries of Dr. Cullen."

Cullen was concerned not only to explode useless remedies but to teach the importance for health of proper diet and dress, of fresh air and exercise. He believed, also, that the mind influences the physical condition of the body. He took great pains to make his pupils think for themselves, to destroy the superstitious veneration for antiquity and encourage a just evaluation of modern medical theory.

"In his attendance upon his patients," writes Rush, "he made their health his first object, and thereby confirmed a line between the mechanical and liberal professions; for while wealth is pursued by the former, as the end of labor, it should be left by the latter to follow the more noble exertions of the mind. So gentle and sympathizing was Dr. Cullen's manner in a sick room, that pain and distress seemed to be suspended in his presence. Hope followed his footsteps, and death appeared frequently to drop his commission in a combat with his skill. He was compassionate

and charitable to the poor; and from his pupils, who consulted him in sickness, he constantly refused to receive any pecuniary satisfaction for his services."

Rush's political awakening also dates from Edinburgh. He credited it to a fellow student, John Bostock, of whom he writes:

"He was well informed upon all subjects, particularly upon history, biography and belles lettres. In the course of our acquaintance he informed me that his father [*sic*] commanded a company under Oliver Cromwell. I told him that my first American ancestor held the same rank in Cromwell's army. This was a discovery of relationship between persons who had previously behaved as strangers to each other. He now opened his mind fully to me, and declared himself to be an advocate for the republican principles for which our ancestors had fought.

"Never before had I heard the authority of kings called in question. I had been taught to consider them as essential to political order as the sun is to the order of our solar system. For the first moment in my life I now exercised my reason upon the subject of government. More reflection led me to renounce the prejudices of my education upon it; and from that time to the present all my reading, observations and reflections have tended more and more to show the absurdity of hereditary power and to prove that no form of government can be rational, but that which is derived from the suffrages of the people who are the subjects of it."

These radical opinions Rush held for the present as ideals only. He enjoyed them in theory but they had "no effect upon my conversation or conduct."

To Rush's years at the University of Edinburgh, Princeton is indebted in part for the administration of one of her greatest presidents. Richard Stockton, who traveled from Princeton to Edinburgh to invite John Witherspoon to the presidency of the College of New Jersey, introduced Rush to the great exponent of Common Sense. Witherspoon declined the presidency because, as Rush saw it, the Doctor's wife was unwilling to leave her native land. It was Rush, visiting the Witherspoons at Paisley, who persuaded her to change her mind.

In the fall of 1768 Rush went for six months to London to attend the medical course of the famous William Hunter at St.

Thomas Hospital. He learned much of future value to him and to America from Sir John Pringle, the court physician, who was an expert in military hygiene. Rush also visited factories with a chemist and took notes, for he intended to teach chemistry, and perhaps natural philosophy in Philadelphia. His acquaintanceship was not confined to men of science. At Benjamin West's he dined with Sir Joshua Reynolds who in turn took him to dinner with Dr. Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. He lived during his stay with Benjamin Franklin who gave him a generous loan for a trip to Paris, but the serious young man could find no brighter adjective for the French capital than "instructing," and he thought French medicine not up to the British standards.

3

Upon his return to Philadelphia Rush set up shop in a house with his brother Jacob, now in law practice, and began at once, moved by expediency as well as by inclination, to devote his diligent attention to poor patients. There was a brief period of waiting before he was appointed by the College of Philadelphia to the chair of chemistry which Dr. Morgan had held open for him. At twenty-three he became the first formal professor of chemistry in America. A year later, 1770, he brought out a *Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on Chemistry*, the first text on the subject written in this country. His election to the American Philosophical Society placed him close to some of the best thinkers of the day, Franklin, Jefferson, and David Rittenhouse, the astronomer.

Rush's practice increased, in size if not in remuneration, when he introduced the Suttonian puncture method of inoculating for the prevention of smallpox which he had observed in London. Some of his other innovations were less felicitous in their results since they implied criticism of old and established physicians. His patients liked the simplified methods of Dr. Cullen, the use of few drugs and the emphasis on diet, but Rush was perhaps too outspoken about the errors of Boerhaave. However overloaded with patients they might be, his elder confreres, during the next seven years, would pass no patient on to him.

In 1772 Rush managed to secure an appointment as one of the

physicians of the almshouse, called the House of Employment, whose clinic became the nucleus of the Philadelphia General Hospital. In 1773 he gave an address before the American Philosophical Society which, with a series of public lectures on chemistry delivered a year later, brought him favorable recognition from laymen. In 1774 he presented a second oration before the Philosophical Society, "An Enquiry into the Natural History of Medicine among the Indians in North America, and a Comparative View of Their Diseases and Remedies, with those of Civilized Nations." In the same year he became an original member of the Society for Inoculating the Poor Gratis, which required him to be at the State House every Tuesday morning.

Rush wrote also for the public press, though frequently under pseudonyms. His "Sermons to Gentlemen upon Temperance and Exercise," published in 1772, were well received but the response was very different to his next venture, an article on the iniquity of the slave trade. His thought and style are never more vigorous than when he is pamphleteering in behalf of the oppressed.

"I need hardly say anything in favour of the intellects of the negroes, or of their capacities for virtue and happiness, although these have been supposed, by some, to be inferior to those of the inhabitants of Europe. The accounts which travellers give us of their ingenuity, humanity, and strong attachment to their parents, relations, friends and country, show us that they are equal to the Europeans, when we allow for the diversity of temper and genius which is occasioned by climate. We have many well-attested anecdotes of as sublime and disinterested virtue among them as ever adorned a Roman or a Christian character. But we are to distinguish between an African in his own country, and an African in a state of slavery in America. Slavery is so foreign to the human mind, that the moral faculties, as well as those of the understanding are debased, and rendered torpid by it. All the vices which are charged upon the negroes in the southern colonies and the West-Indies, such as idleness, treachery, theft, and the like, are the genuine offspring of slavery, and serve as an argument to prove that they are not intended for it. . . . There are some amongst us who . . . plead as a motive for importing and keeping slaves, that they become acquainted with the principles of the religion of our country.— This is like justifying a highway robbery because part of the

money acquired in this manner was appropriated to some religious use.—Christianity will never be propagated by any other methods than those employed by Christ and his Apostles. Slavery is an engine as little fitted for that purpose as Fire or the Sword. A Christian slave is a contradiction in terms.”

This publication had a wide circulation and did some good, Rush thought, in removing errors and prejudices but it did him harm by exciting the resentment of many slaveholders. “It injured me in another way, by giving rise to an opinion that I had meddled with a controversy that was foreign to my business. I now found that a physician’s studies and duties were to be limited by the public, and that he was destined to walk in a path as contracted as the most humble mechanic.”

Rush declined to be limited in his interests or actions and took part in the organization of the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery and the Relief of Free Negroes Unlawfully Held in Bondage, the first anti-slavery society in America.

In a third direction he stepped over the bounds prescribed by society: he began to put into practical operation the republican theories he had adopted in Edinburgh and published several newspaper essays in support of the colonies’ claims to exemption from taxation by the British Parliament. The essays attracted the notice of those men who “governed the public mind in Pennsylvania,” John Dickinson (author of the Farmer’s Letters), Charles Thompson, Thomas (afterwards General) Mifflin, George Clymer, James Wilson, and Edward Biddle. Rush’s profession gave him an opportunity of discovering “the errors and prejudices which hung over the minds of the middling class of our citizens upon the subjects of liberty and government,” and these errors he and his friends proceeded to combat in vigorous pamphlets and articles. Rush wrote under a variety of signatures “by which means an impression of *numbers* in favor of liberty was made upon the minds of its friends and enemies.”

In September 1774 when the first Congress met in Philadelphia, Rush went to Frankford to meet the delegates from Massachusetts and rode back into town in the same carriage with John Adams and two of his colleagues. Adams asked him many questions on the state of public opinion and the characters

of the most active citizens on both sides of the controversy. This acquaintance expanded into a lifelong friendship, on Rush's side probably the most esteemed of all his connections. During the next few years he often sat close by John Adams at meetings of state and marveled at how "he saw the whole of a subject at a single glance."

After the first Continental Congress convened, Rush was drawn further and further into its orbit. For nearly six years his own interests and activities were subordinated to the affairs of government. As the crisis developed, he found many opportunities to help the cause, employing his ideas, his abilities, and his professional services.

Events were now moving rapidly. In the fall of 1774 Rush was consorting openly with the leaders of the Congress. John and Samuel Adams lived in his house for a time. He dined with George Washington and then gave a dinner for him. He talked and drank toasts with others—General Mifflin, Richard Henry Lee, John Dickinson, John Jay, Robert Treat Paine, and Patrick Henry.

In March 1775, Rush was made president of the United Company for Promoting American Manufactures, following an address in which he showed that the colonies could and should become independent of England in the weaving of wool and especially cotton cloth. A factory employing 400 women was set up, with the first imported jennies.

Having some radical ideas he wanted to impress upon the people, and being unable to express them himself for certain private reasons, he talked them over with a new friend, Thomas Paine, urging him to write a strong tract in behalf of complete American independence. Paine took up the challenge and worked away for a number of months. He called his work *Plain Truth*. Rush preferred the title *Common Sense* and persuaded Paine to use it. Rush arranged for the printing.

The private reason for Rush's restraint was his approaching marriage. Two years earlier, in 1773, he had become attached to the daughter of a friend of his mother. This girl, Sarah Eve, was a lovely creature, with red hair, fine graces, and a cultivated mind. They became engaged in 1774 and their wedding was planned for late December. Rush felt he owed it to his bride-to-be not to alienate his "middling class" patients by open political

activity. Just three weeks before her wedding day Sarah Eve became acutely ill and died. Rush's grief is expressed in a memorial "To a Female Character" which he published anonymously in a weekly journal.

That the temper of the people early in 1775 was still strongly anti-separatist is evident from their reaction to the publication in Boston of an intercepted private letter of John Adams in which he advocated outright independence. In his address on cotton manufacture in March, Rush had only hinted at some future possibility of economic independence from the mother country, but after the battles of Lexington and Concord in April he became more outspoken in conversation. In June he attended a dinner with Franklin and Jefferson to celebrate Washington's appointment by the Second Congress as commander-in-chief of the continental armies. In July the Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety undertook to increase the manufacture of saltpeter and appointed Rush to the subcommittee instructed to superintend the factory in Philadelphia. They also began to build a Delaware River fleet of gunboats to which Rush was assigned as fleet surgeon, a post he held ten months.

In August 1775, on a visit to Dr. Witherspoon and Richard Stockton in Princeton, Rush saw the eldest Stockton daughter, Julia, aged sixteen, whom he had known before as a little girl of four. He made up his mind to marry this dark-haired, attractive, well-spoken girl and after a formal courtship in the fall, became engaged to her. Again he felt obliged to stay for a time in the background of the independence movement, but his sympathies were with the Congress which separated itself from Parliament in December. On January 11, 1776, Benjamin Rush and Julia Stockton were married by Dr. Witherspoon at "Morven," the Stockton estate in Princeton.

Common Sense, published anonymously the day before, was distributed widely throughout the colonies in the spring of 1776. Rush was proud of its influence. North Carolina, in April, and Virginia, in May, swung around to support the trend in Congress, but the Pennsylvania Assembly was heavily Tory and so was popular sentiment in Philadelphia. In his private notes Rush called the Tories "timid" and "moderate, double-minded men." By May sentiment had changed. A popular mass meeting

backed the proposal for provincial constitutions and the Whigs bolted from the Assembly when it voted against the resolution of Congress for a declaration of independence.

Rush took an active part in the state constitutional conference which was virtually self-elected, on the strength of the mass meeting, to replace the defunct Pennsylvania Assembly. He committed himself fully and publicly when on June 23, 1776, he offered a motion to draft an address to the Congress in favor of declaring independence and was appointed chairman of the committee to write the draft. This state declaration was adopted the next day. Congress took action eight days later. Many of the phrases in the draft of Rush's committee were the same as those in Jefferson's Declaration adopted in Congress on July 4. Rush joined that body when he was appointed a delegate by the state constitutional convention on July 20, and so was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence on August 2, 1776.

4

Rush now dropped his teaching and devoted himself to the cause of independence. After moving his family to Maryland, he joined the Philadelphia Militia at Bristol and saw active service at the battles of Trenton and Princeton. He took charge of supplying the medical needs of the army and wrote an important paper on military hygiene, "Directions for Preserving the Health of Soldiers." He retired from Congress in April 1777, when he was commissioned Surgeon General of the Middle Department of the Army. He was outraged by the wretched state of the army hospitals, especially the high mortality, the laxity, and the graft he found in them. He engaged in a bitter controversy with Shippen, Director-General of the Medical Department, who had been his first teacher in medicine, and resigned in protest after six months of service.

Disillusioned, he retired to "Morven" and considered practicing law in New Jersey. He had become sympathetic with the Conway Cabal which criticized General Washington. In his present bitter mood Rush wrote an anonymous letter to Patrick Henry in this vein; the contents and authorship were revealed to Washington. In later life Rush deeply regretted his action.

After Philadelphia was evacuated by the British he returned home where he found so much work to do that he soon got into the swing of medical practice again. He brought his wife and baby back from Maryland in August. The next month he was so ill that he did not resume his teaching until November 1778. He continued to protest about the condition of the sick and wounded in the army hospitals until Dr. Shippen resigned in January 1781. By the time of the surrender of Cornwallis in October 1781, Rush's life had virtually returned to normal. He took up where he had left off in 1774 and carried on medical practice, teaching, and politics all together.

His greatest single contribution to medical science was his introduction of humane measures for the care of the mentally ill. He became a member of the staff of the Pennsylvania Hospital in 1783 and developed its department for the insane. At his instigation a new wing of the hospital was built in order to provide mental patients with quarters on a par with those of other patients. In time he arranged for separation of the sexes, separate buildings for disturbed patients, hot and cold baths, feather beds and hair mattresses for paying patients, labor, exercise and amusements, well-qualified persons as companions, and exclusion of visitors, even relatives, who were likely to upset the patients. Still more radical was Rush's insistence upon kindness, respect, and truthfulness on the part of all who dealt with the mentally ill.

He taught two courses in the medical school between 1781 and 1792. He first took on the course in the Practice of Physic in addition to chemistry. In 1789 he dropped the chemistry and gave the course in the Theory and Practice of Medicine, left vacant by Dr. Morgan's death. In 1792 Rush taught the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Medicine. In 1796 he dropped the course in the Practice of Physic and continued with Theory and Practice and the Institutes. By the time of his death in 1813 he had taught more than three thousand medical students, through whom his influence spread from the medical center in Philadelphia to every corner of the growing nation.

In his teaching Rush stressed observation. He urged his students to observe not simply the bodily symptoms but also the mental components of diseases, and not only the physical factors but the environmental influences affecting the patient. He him-

self exemplified in his lectures and clinics the humanistic scientist who, like Cullen, considered all of life his province. He saw the body and mind and spirit of the individual as only varying aspects of the whole person, and that person in turn as a social, political, and religious being. He hoped to be remembered as "an advocate for principles in medicine."

Rush's observations and opinions, collected from his endless notes and then developed into lectures, form his permanent contribution to medical science. The first two volumes of his *Medical Inquiries and Observations* appeared in 1789, eight years after he resumed teaching. A third volume, on the great epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1793, he rushed into print the very next year because of his sense of the urgency of the situation. The fourth volume in 1796 contained another collection of lectures and the promise of an additional volume on mental diseases. This work, *Medical Inquiries and Observations upon the Diseases of the Mind*, appeared in 1812, one year before he died—the first textbook of psychiatry in America. It was seventy years before another was written. Rush also published, in 1801, certain medical lectures which he thought would be of interest to the intelligent layman; more were added in 1811. Many of his *Essays, Literary, Moral and Philosophical* published in 1798, had appeared first in popular magazines.

In the course of his own practice Rush began to realize that there was something wrong with the system which had been handed down to him and which he had originally defended. Soon after his return from the army he faced the problem.

"For many years after I settled in Philadelphia I was regulated in my practice by the system of medicine which I had learned from the lectures and publications of Dr. Cullen. But time, observations and reflection convinced me that it was imperfect and erroneous in many of its parts. The discovery of its imperfections and errors produced a languor in my mind in discharging the duties of my profession, and a wish at times to relinquish it. In some diseases my practice was regulated by theory, but in others it was altogether empirical. I read, I thought and I observed upon the phenomena of diseases, but for a while without discovering anything that satisfied me. The weight of Dr. Cullen's name depressed me every time I ventured to admit an idea that militated against his system. At

length a few rays of light broke in upon my mind, upon several diseases. These were communicated first to my pupils in my lectures, and afterwards to the public in a volume of observations and enquiries. . . . In the year 1789 I was chosen successor to Dr. Morgan in the chair of the theory and practice of physic in the College of Philadelphia. It now became my duty to deliver a system of principles in medicine. After much study, and inquietude both by day and night, I was gradually led to adopt those which I have since taught from my professor's chair, and the press. The leading principle of my system was obtruded upon me suddenly, while I was walking the floor of my study. It was like a ferment introduced into my mind. It produced in it a constant and endless succession of decompositions and new arrangements of facts and ideas upon medical subjects. I was much assisted in the application of the principles that had occurred to me, by conversing with my pupils. Their questions and objections suggested many hints to me which enabled me to fortify my new principles where they were weak, and to extend them to new diseases. Dr. Brown's system of medicine which was published about this time, assisted me likewise a good deal in my inquiries. I adopted some of his terms in the new nomenclature of my principles. . . .

"The system I adopted was not merely a speculative one. It led to important changes in the practice. Where it did not suggest new remedies, it led to circumstances in the exhibition of old ones, which determined their safety and success. My practice from this time became much more successful than it had been before, and I experienced a pleasure in it, which reconciled me to all its toils, and caused me to rejoice in those acts of providence which had originally directed and restrained my studies to medicine."

Where Cullen had emphasized the primacy of the nervous system, Rush found a readier explanation, in mechanistic terms, in disorders of the circulatory system. He applied this theory to mental diseases. It was certainly a misfortune in the history of medicine that such a pioneer in psychiatry as Benjamin Rush should overlook the lead of Cullen toward the recesses of the nervous system, but Rush had worked out his basic principle in connection with febrile diseases, or rather *fever*, for he con-

sidered them all as manifestations of a single underlying disorder.

Since fever presented a picture of overexcitement in the whole body, the application of Rush's theory called principally for depletion of the circulation, namely, blood-letting. This was even more unfortunate than his application of the theory to mental diseases (for which, incidentally, he also bled). It led to the sobriquet of "bleeder," when Rush, in desperation during the terrible epidemics of yellow fever of 1793, 1794, and 1797, pushed his treatment to the limit and, through the press as well as in personal communications, urged others to do the same. Yet his therapy was so broadly founded on supportive and hygienic measures that in most cases they more than compensated for any excess of blood-letting, and his results with his patients measured up to the standards of the day.

Such was the panic in Philadelphia during the yellow fever outbreaks that people fled from the city or hid within their houses, leaving the streets deserted save for coffins en route to the potter's field or a few doctors on their rounds. Rush would labor manfully from early morn to late at night, more than once even attending to patients who came to his bedside while he was himself down with the disease. In the face of chauvinistic disclaimers, he publicly declared over and over that yellow fever was domestic in origin and that gutters and marshes should be drained, that ships with putrefiable cargoes should be unloaded at a distance from the city.

He was often subjected, nevertheless, to severe abuse, and although he asserted that he was "slander-proof," he was finally forced, in 1798, to take cognizance of libelous statements in certain sections of the press and to bring suit against the worst offender, William Cobbett, an artist in journalistic invective and, though an Englishman living in America, a vigorous Federalist. When Rush was awarded damages of \$5,000, he gave the entire sum to charity.

The revealing *Memorial, containing Travels through Life, of Sundry Incidents in the Life of Dr. Benjamin Rush, written by Himself*, completed in the year of the trial, was intended for his children. (It was privately printed in 1905.) Although he makes little reference to the suit, he must have felt a kind of inner

necessity at this time to answer the various criticisms that had been leveled at him through many contentious years.

Despite the persistent harm done to his private practice by the vehemence with which he stated his republican principles, Rush did not cease to fight for the rights of the great mass of people, insisting especially, in the revisions of both the state and federal constitutions, on representation on the basis of population rather than property. In 1790, with both his candidates, George Washington and John Adams in office, he withdrew from politics, feeling well satisfied in the main though still bitter in certain particulars.

In addition to his professional and political activities, Rush was at various times founder, president, or a very active member of nearly every Philadelphia society of standing, as Goodman, his biographer, points out. He wrote constantly and his pamphlets—on subjects that range from the praise of malt beverages to plans for a national university—indicate a breadth of interest approaching that of Benjamin Franklin.

Over and behind all Rush's activities and efforts was his religious faith. He worked at his religion as he did at his medicine and his law, and he achieved new combinations among the three.

Perhaps he spread himself too thin. He was often, as one scholar has observed, "profuse rather than profound." Sometimes he felt discouraged. He talked about this feeling with an old minister friend of his. "Upon my complaining of my inability to save life where I was most anxious to do it, he said, 'Oh, Doctor, there is an awful decree against the certainty of your profession, viz., 'It is appointed for all men once to die.' ' Upon my complaining at another time of the abortive issue of many of my plans for promoting the happiness of my fellow citizens, he said, 'Don't be uneasy upon that account. Our Savior will say at the day of judgment, "Well done thou faithful, not thou successful servant." Let this comfort you under all your disappointments. If you have been faithful it will be enough.' "

Rush's own comment about himself when describing the signers of the Declaration was: "Benjamin Rush. He aimed well."

John Witherspoon [1723-1794]

FATHER OF AMERICAN PRESBYTERIANISM;
MAKER OF STATESMEN

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON WERTENBAKER

IN the Scottish shire of Haddington on a little stream known as Gifford Water lies the group of low stone cottages which constitute the village of Gifford. By following the single street a hundred yards or more one comes to the ancient kirk, and the modern manse which no doubt occupies the site of the humbler house where for forty years lived the Reverend James Witherspoon and where, probably on February 5, 1723, was born his son John.

John Witherspoon learned his letters at the knee of his pious mother, Anne Walker Witherspoon, who must have been an excellent teacher, if we may believe the statement that her little pupil could read the Bible at four. At an age when many children are just memorizing their A B C's he could repeat nearly all of the New Testament as well as many of Watts's *Psalms and Hymns*. After a few years at the Haddington Grammar School, where John Knox many decades before had pored over his Latin and Greek, he left when only thirteen to enter the University of Edinburgh. Here he went through the usual round of the ancient languages, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, and natural philosophy, graduating in February 1739, a few days after his sixteenth birthday, with the Master of Arts degree.

Since he had been destined from infancy to the ministry, Witherspoon remained at Edinburgh for four more years to pursue his theological studies. In 1743, when these had been completed, he was licensed to preach by the presbytery of Haddington, and two years later, at twenty-two, he was called to the living at Beith in Ayrshire. There began Witherspoon's career in the Scottish Church, in which he was to win a place as leader of the reform wing and a reputation as a scholar and satirical writer.



JOHN WITHERSPOON
From A Painting By Charles Wilson Peale

But in 1746 an incident occurred which came near cutting off his career before it had got well under way. When the Young Pretender invaded Scotland, Witherspoon, at the head of a hundred and fifty volunteers, hastened to Glasgow to join King George's forces assembled there to repel him. And though he was not destined to take part in the war, since the military authorities advised him that his little force would not be needed, he pushed ahead with one companion to witness the battle of Falkirk. Here he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the rebels who took him to Castle Doune, near Stirling, where he was confined with other captives in a "large, ghastly room" in the western tower. The final defeat of the Young Pretender brought about his release, but only after his nerves had received so severe a shock that he suffered a nervous affliction the rest of his life.

From the clash of arms Witherspoon now turned to a struggle for which he was far better suited, the struggle of factions within the Scottish Church. A movement known as Moderatism, which had won over a large part of the clergy and many influential laymen, seemed to the older and more conservative ministers to threaten the very foundations of religion. The Moderates were lax in enforcing Church dogmas, their sermons were characterized more by literary effort than by religious zeal, they minimized the importance of piety, spirituality, and sound scholarship. At the same time they gave their support to the law which placed the disposal of church livings in the hands of patrons with power to force a minister upon a parish against the wishes of the congregation.

Of the opposing party, the conservative Popular party, Witherspoon became the acknowledged leader. Insisting upon the importance of certain fundamental dogmas, protesting against the lowering of the standards of personal conduct and the conversion of sermons into literary exercises, he carried the battle to the Moderates in the Church Assembly, in sermons and in published works. It was his *Ecclesiastical Characteristics* (1753), a bitter satire upon the new school of churchmen, which proved most effective and at the same time won for him lasting distinction not only in Scotland but in England and America. Beginning with the statement that in describing Moderatism he would make little use of Scripture because that was contrary

to their own usage, he proceeds to lay down its fundamental maxims.

"All ecclesiastical persons . . . that are suspected of heresy are to be esteemed men of great genius, vast learning and uncommon worth and are by all means to be supported and protected."

"When any man is charged with loose practices or tendencies to immorality, he is to be screened and protected as much as possible."

The moderate preacher must dwell upon the beauty of the present life without regard to a future state and he must draw his authorities from heathen writers and not from Scripture.

"It is not only unnecessary for a moderate man to have much learning, but he ought to be filled with a contempt of all kinds of learning but one, which is, to understand Leibnitz's scheme well."

The satire was made even more telling by the insertion of what Witherspoon called the "Athenian Creed": "I believe in the beauty and comely proportions of Dame Nature, and in almighty Fate. . . . I believe that the universe is a huge machine, wound up from everlasting by necessity and consisting of an infinite number of links and chains, each in a progressive motion towards the zenith of perfection. . . . I believe that there is no ill in the universe, nor any such thing as virtue absolutely considered."

Ecclesiastical Characteristics succeeded admirably. The Moderates denounced the author as a firebrand, the Popular party rejoiced that they had found so able a champion. The first edition was soon exhausted and others were issued in rapid succession in 1753, 1754, and 1755. In all, ten editions were published.

In 1765 Witherspoon made another venture in the realm of satire with a bit of fiction entitled *History of a Corporation of Servants*. Under the influence of *Gulliver's Travels*, he laid his scene in the interior of Brazil, where a group of castaways lived as slaves in the court of a powerful prince. With the servants representing the clergy and the corporation of servants the Church, the author takes us through the rise of the Papacy, the Reformation, the Inquisition, and the growth of Moderatism. But the story is heavy, the satire misses its aim

and the book, despite the resentment it aroused in the Moderates, seems to have made little impression.

Far more successful were the series of published sermons and essays which came from his pen during the years from 1756 to 1768—*Essay on the Connection between the Doctrine of Justification . . . and Holiness of Life*; *A Serious Enquiry into the Nature and Effects of the Stage*; and *The Charge of Sedition and Faction against Good Men*; *Essays on Important Subjects*.

In 1748 Witherspoon married Elizabeth Montgomery, daughter of Robert Montgomery of Craig House near Beith. With a steadily increasing family, he welcomed the call which was extended to him by the magistrates, town council, and patrons to Laigh Kirk at Paisley, for the salary of over £100 was considered generous and the weaving trade was bringing prosperity to the town. Although the presbytery, angered by the *Ecclesiastical Characteristics*, refused to grant the call, an appeal to the Council of Glasgow and Ayr proved effective and in June 1757 the new pastor was installed.

2

Witherspoon had been at Paisley ten years when he received word that he had been elected president of the College of New Jersey. In order to understand this call and the opportunities and difficulties which it presented, it is necessary for us to examine briefly the situation existing at the time in the Presbyterian Church in America.

In the fourth and fifth decades of the eighteenth century a religious revival known as the Great Awakening had swept over the colonies. It reached its zenith in 1739 and 1740 when the great evangelist, George Whitefield, visited all the principal cities and towns, preaching to vast crowds and arousing them to a high pitch of excitement. Whitefield insisted upon the religion of personal experience, or what Anne Hutchinson a century earlier had termed the "inner light," in contrast with the religion of faith and formalism. The New Lights, as the reformers were called, insisted that none who missed this religious experience had been elected for salvation, however exemplary their lives. They even denounced many ministers,

men long endeared to their congregations, as unconverted and as false prophets. As a result the Congregationalist and Presbyterian denominations split into hostile factions—the New Lights and Old Side—with separate congregations and presbyteries.

Within these factions the question of educating ministers was a matter of prime importance. In New England the Old Side monopolized the field through their control of Harvard and Yale. But west of the Hudson the New Lights had the advantage since the only centers of advanced education—the so-called academies where a handful of youths gathered around some learned minister for instruction in the classics, philosophy, and theology—were in their hands. The most noted of these was the Log College, at Neshaminy, Pennsylvania, conducted by the Reverend William Tennent, Senior. When Tennent was forced to retire because of old age, the New Lights founded the College of New Jersey. For two decades this institution grew in numbers and reputation, sending out minister after minister to carry the New Lights standard, while the Presbyterian Old Side looked on in envy and alarm.

By 1766, however, much of the old bitterness between the two factions had died out, and both were desirous of reconciliation. The death of Samuel Finley, president of the College of New Jersey, seemed to afford an opportunity, since both might unite under the leadership of his successor, provided the proper man could be found, a man of distinction and broad enough to win the confidence of all. Thus, the board of trustees was called upon to choose not only a president for the college, but the leader of a reunited American Presbyterian Church.

This was the situation when news leaked out that the Old Side had on foot a plan to force the election of Dr. Francis Alison, in return for large financial support for the college. Alison was known as an able scholar, but his frequent references to the bigotry of the New Lights made him unacceptable to the trustees of the college. So when, in November 1766, a committee of five Old Sides appeared at Princeton, the board kept them waiting until it had made its choice, and then announced that it had elected Dr. Witherspoon. Though the committee members were deeply chagrined at being thus outwitted,

they were forced to admit that no man was better suited to reunite the Presbyterian Church than the Scottish divine.

The trustees offered Witherspoon a salary equivalent to £206 sterling, the use of the president's house, a garden, and land for pasturage and firewood. They then commissioned Richard Stockton, who happened to be in London, to visit Scotland to explain to him that by accepting the position he could be of untold service to religion and learning in America. When Stockton reached Paisley he found that certain Old Sides had written Witherspoon a letter "wickedly contrived" to prevent his acceptance, and though the polished American soon persuaded Witherspoon that duty called him across the Atlantic, he could not win over his wife. In fact, Mrs. Witherspoon remained so bitterly opposed to giving up her home in Paisley to go to a far-off land that in the end her husband wrote declining the invitation.

When this disappointing news reached the trustees they were so alarmed at the possibility of having an Old Side president forced upon them that they hastily and ill-advisedly elected Samuel Blair, Junior, a young man of only twenty-six years. In the meanwhile, however, Benjamin Rush, of the class of 1760, had visited Paisley and argued with Mrs. Witherspoon to such good purpose that she at last gave her approval to the move to America. When Stockton informed young Blair of this decision the latter, who had had serious misgivings as to his fitness for the presidency, grasped at the opportunity to decline it. Thereupon, the trustees, in December 1762, once more elected Witherspoon.

The new president arrived at Philadelphia in August 1768, where he remained a few days and then set out for Princeton. There a rousing welcome awaited him. Vice-President William Tennent, the three tutors, and the entire student body met him about a mile from the village to escort him to his temporary quarters at "Morven," the residence of Richard Stockton, while with the approach of evening Nassau Hall was brilliantly illuminated.

Witherspoon understood fully that he was coming not only as the educational but the religious leader of Presbyterian America. At the meeting of the synod of New York and Philadelphia in May 1769, he was welcomed by New Lights and

Old Side alike, and appointed to no less than eight committees. The fact that he had come from Great Britain, where he had won distinction, gave him great prestige; his familiarity with the laws and forms of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland made him a useful figure in every synod.

After the Revolution it was Witherspoon who was made chairman of a committee to draw up a plan of government for the Presbyterian Church. Their proposals, which were embodied in a pamphlet, included the confession of faith, the two catechisms, the directory of worship, the form of government and discipline, a general assembly, and an increased number of synods and presbyteries. In 1788, following long debate, the plan was adopted in its entirety, and when the General Assembly held its first meeting Witherspoon preached the opening sermon and acted as temporary moderator.

In his capacity as president of Princeton Witherspoon was surprised to find that his first task was to restore the disordered finances of the college. So, as soon as he had settled himself in his new home, he set out on numerous tours, in which sermons alternated with appeals for aid. Now we find him at Williamsburg, Virginia, addressing a great assemblage in the Capitol Yard, now at New Haven, now at Boston. Everywhere he met with a generous response. A committee appointed by the synod of Philadelphia and New York to solicit subscriptions in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the South also raised a considerable sum. As a result not only was the debt paid off, but a fair amount was left over for endowment.

In the college curriculum, which was not essentially different from that of the Scottish universities, Witherspoon made no radical change, but he did inaugurate new methods of teaching. Previous to his arrival it had been customary for the professor or tutor to devote the entire class period to quizzing the students on assigned readings. Witherspoon introduced the lecture system. In time, however, when the students all came into possession of manuscript copies of his lectures, he no longer read them, but devoted the hour to questions, explanations, and illustrations. Since his listeners were often very young, he took pains to use simple, nontechnical language. Ashbel Green, who was one of his pupils, testified to the effectiveness of this method. "Some of the points discussed are still fresh in my

memory more than fifty years after," he stated. The lectures embraced moral philosophy, chronology and history, English composition, and divinity, while he held classes also in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. In the Latin course it was his custom to read aloud sentences in English which he would require the students to translate extemporaneously into Latin.

Witherspoon was well aware that an adequate library and scientific equipment, as the tools of scholarship, are of first importance for a college. Before leaving Great Britain he purchased "a very valuable addition" of books, which he brought with him, and left orders for many more. As an aid in the teaching of astronomy he purchased the celebrated Rittenhouse orrery and had it installed in Nassau Hall. One of the three faces of this machine represented the planetary system with little brass and ivory balls moving in elliptical orbits around a gilded brass sun; another showed Jupiter and its satellites; and still another, the moon.

When Witherspoon took up his duties at Princeton he discovered that the maintaining of discipline was to be one of his most perplexing problems. There was a spirit of independence and self-reliance in the American colleges which rebelled at strict discipline and often resulted in riots and acts of vandalism. Witherspoon handled the situation with firmness and tact. "Govern always, but beware of governing too much," was his motto. On one occasion when a number of students broke the regulations by deserting Nassau Hall for private boarding houses in Princeton village, he ordered them to return immediately. A few hours later, when Ashbel Green, then a tutor, informed him that they had refused, he remarked: "Then we have only to . . . dismiss the whole of them." Green, in considerable perturbation, informed the boys what was in store for them, whereupon they lost no time in moving back to their old quarters.

3

Witherspoon came to America in the midst of the controversy with the mother country over the attempts of the reactionary British government to curtail the traditional liberties of the colonies. The Princeton campus he found a center of

patriotism, where the students denounced the Stamp Act, the Townshend Acts, and the Quebec Act, wore clothes of American manufacture and cooled the ardor of the occasional Tory in their ranks by ducking him at the college pump. In January 1774 they staged a tea-party, when the steward's store of tea went up in flames together with an effigy of Governor Hutchinson, to the accompaniment of cheers and the ringing of the bell. With the news of Lexington and Concord, the students organized a company of fifty men in preparation for the call to arms.

With all this Witherspoon was in hearty accord, for not only was he an ardent friend of liberty, but he had learned to admire America. His travels on behalf of the college had taken him to all parts of the colonies, so that in one year he had become better acquainted with the country and the people than some who had lived there for years. He remarked upon the thriving little villages, upon the succession of prosperous farms, upon the absence of beggars and highwaymen, upon the self-respect and independence of the people, upon the high standard of living for servants, laborers, and mechanics. Above all he admired the capacity of the people for self-government and rejoiced in the freedom which they had won through their control of taxation.

It was natural then that Witherspoon should have taken a leading part in organizing the revolutionary government of New Jersey and in overthrowing the authority of Governor William Franklin. The Revolution in this colony, as in most of the others, assumed a double character—resistance to British aggression and a revolt against the local ruling class. In New Jersey the social and political structure was far from democratic, for the poor man could not hold office or even vote. But he was now determined to sweep away the old Assembly, which had never really represented his interests, and substitute for it a government based upon a widened franchise.

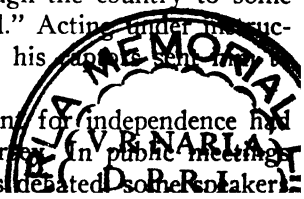
The first challenge to the old order came in the summer of 1774 with the organizing of Committees of Correspondence. The Somerset County committee, of which Witherspoon was a member, met at Millstone, about ten miles from Princeton, on July 4. This was followed seventeen days later by a convention at New Brunswick, with Witherspoon heading the Som-

erset delegation. The series of resolutions which this body adopted are so nearly identical with a list of recommendations in his essay *Thoughts on American Liberty* as to make it probable that he himself introduced them. The essay declared in favor of remaining loyal to the King, resolving never to submit to the claims of Great Britain, insisting that American liberty be settled on a solid basis, entering into a non-importation agreement, encouraging colonial manufactures, putting the militia upon a war-time footing, and drawing up a plan of union for all the colonies.

It must have been a source of satisfaction for Witherspoon when he attended the New Jersey Provincial Congress at Trenton, in October 1775, that this body, the successor of the provincial Convention, acted upon several of these recommendations. But the Congress went even further, ignoring the authority of Governor William Franklin and the old Assembly, and assuming such powers as issuing money and appointing an executive. It was only at its next meeting, however, that it actually swept the old government out of existence.

It began by ordering Governor Franklin's arrest. Colonel Nathaniel Heard, of the Middlesex militia, was sent to Perth Amboy to offer him a parole on condition that he remain at a fixed residence and agree not to assist the enemy. When Franklin refused, Heard brought him before the Congress. It was a dramatic scene when the defiant governor faced Witherspoon and the other revolutionary leaders, as the plainly dressed, rough farmers who made up a majority of the delegates looked on. Several questions were put to the governor, but he refused to answer, declaring that his inquisitors were without authority to try him and complaining that they had deprived him of his salary. To this Witherspoon replied in an address full of reproach and of biting sarcasm. Franklin had already predicted his fate when he wrote to friends that he expected to be "led like a bear through the country to some place of confinement in New England." Acting under instructions from the Continental Congress, his captors sent him to Hartford.

In the meanwhile a strong sentiment for independence had been crystallizing rapidly in New Jersey. In public meetings throughout the colony the matter was debated. Some speakers



arguing for delay, others, like Witherspoon, contending that reconciliation was no longer possible. Windsor, Maidenhead, and other townships passed resolutions demanding a complete separation from Great Britain and even outlining certain liberal provisions for a state government. At last, when it became known that Richard Henry Lee had presented a resolution of independence to the Continental Congress on behalf of Virginia, New Jersey sent in a new delegation, of which Witherspoon was a member, with instructions to vote for it.

Witherspoon and his colleagues arrived at Philadelphia on June 28, at the moment when Congress, in a committee of the whole, was considering a resolution of independence. The main points had already been debated, and some of the delegates who opposed immediate action pleaded that the New Jersey delegation had not heard the debate. But Witherspoon, rising, declared that they were quite ready to vote. Even though they had just come in, it by no means followed that they had not weighed all the arguments. This he himself had certainly done. As to the country, it had been for some time past loud in its demand for a declaration of independence and in his judgment it was not only ripe for the measure but in danger of becoming rotten for the want of it.

Witherspoon later gave, in one revealing sentence, the main reason for the separation from the mother country. The colonies had "resolved to be free and independent," he said, because they could not "be one without the other." Late in July 1776 he published as an appendix to his sermon on the *Dominion of Providence* an "Address to the Natives of Scotland residing in America," in which he went into the matter more fully. The progress of the colonies he ascribed to the degree of British liberty which they brought with them and which pervaded their constitutions. That they should surrender this liberty was unthinkable. When reconciliation, save on terms of unconditional surrender, had been refused, independence was the only recourse left. Now that the two countries had separated, America had "the opportunity of forming plans of government upon the most rational, just and equal principles."

In the meanwhile the Revolution was bringing serious misfortunes upon the College of New Jersey. The news of the

Battle of Long Island, the evacuation of New York, and the capture of Fort Washington and Fort Lee caused forebodings which were realized with the advance of the British army through New Jersey. On November 29, when Witherspoon announced to the student body that the enemy was at hand, the boys packed their chests in haste and set out for places of safety. The president himself, after loading some possessions in a wagon and placing his wife in a "chair," set out for Pennsylvania on horseback.

A week later the British entered Princeton. The soldiers made themselves at home in Nassau Hall, using the prayer hall, the library, the lecture rooms, and the students' chambers for barracks, and the basement as a prison and stable. But their stay was brief. On January 3, 1777 they were disastrously defeated by Washington's army in the Battle of Princeton and sent reeling back into the village. Some of the men took refuge in Nassau Hall, but were forced to surrender when the Americans brought up their artillery and began firing on the building. The remainder hastened on to Rocky Hill and thence to New Brunswick.

If the college authorities thought that this would bring an end to their troubles, they were greatly disappointed. Continental troops took over Nassau Hall, where their conduct was worse than that of the British. They ruined the orrery, ripped up floors and tore doors from their frames to burn as firewood, knocked plastering from the walls and wrecked the organ in the prayer hall. Later the building, though in a most dilapidated condition, was converted into a hospital.

In the summer of 1777, when it was announced that classes would be resumed and a few students put in their appearance, they had to find rooms in the village. Since Witherspoon was occupied in Congress, the college was placed in charge of William C. Houston, professor of mathematics. In June 1779 when Houston, too, was elected to Congress, the trustees turned to Samuel Stanhope Smith, who had married Witherspoon's daughter Ann, to take over his duties.

In the meanwhile Witherspoon himself was serving the country of his adoption in the committee rooms and on the floor of Congress. Taking his seat in July 1776, he was reelected three times, and remained until December 1779, when at his urgent

request he was released for one year. In 1781 he was returned once more, continuing until November 5, 1782. During these periods he took a major part in some of the most important matters which came before Congress—the drawing up of the Articles of Confederation, foreign alliances, the financing of the war, the organization of executive departments, western lands, the treatment of prisoners, the selecting of the peace commissioners and drafting instructions for them.

Witherspoon was deeply interested in the drawing up of the articles which it was hoped would perpetuate the union of the states. In the debates it is obvious that his views were dictated by two widely divergent motives—a farsighted regard for the country as a whole and for mankind in general, and a somewhat narrow conception of the rights of New Jersey. None save a man of remarkable vision could have uttered the following:

“It is not impossible that in future times all the states in one quarter of the globe may see it proper by some plan of union to perpetuate security and peace; and sure I am a well planned confederacy among the states of America may hand down the blessings of peace and public order to many generations.”

It seems strange that the man with such breadth of view could have argued against having Congress represent the people rather than the states, but he shared with his constituents the fear that New Jersey, with its small population, might be outvoted and oppressed by her larger neighbors. He reflected the wishes of the state, also, when he voted to give Congress power to make treaties of commerce which might restrain the states from levying import duties. Since New Jersey possessed no important port, by far the larger part of her foreign imports passed through New York and Philadelphia, and the tariffs collected on them there constituted a tax on the New Jersey farmer. Witherspoon was but foreshadowing the policy of the state in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, when her delegates insisted that Congress have complete control over foreign commerce.

Witherspoon as a member of the Committee of Secret Correspondence, later known as the Committee for Foreign Affairs, was not hampered by local considerations and so was able to serve the country to excellent advantage. In the dark days of the autumn and early winter of 1776, many of the leaders of

the Revolution, coming to the conclusion that victory was improbable without foreign aid, turned their eyes hopefully to France. Silas Deane had succeeded in getting vitally needed loans and supplies from Vergennes, the French foreign minister, but greater and more active help was imperative. This, King Louis XVI, even after the colonies had declared their independence, hesitated to give, since he feared that the Americans' cause might collapse, leaving him to face the might of Great Britain alone.

So it became the task of Witherspoon and his fellow committeemen to convince the French government that with adequate aid victory was certain. In October 1776 they wrote to M. Dumas, their faithful agent in Europe: "Our worthy friend Dr. Franklin being indefatigable in the service of his country . . . you will not be surprised that the unanimous voice of the Congress . . . has called upon him to visit the court of France in the character of one of their commissioners for negotiating a treaty of alliance, etc., with that nation."

Franklin's task was not easy, but the news of the brilliant Trenton-Princeton campaign smoothed his way, while the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga brought final success. Witherspoon's part in securing the treaties of 1778 with France, without which the cause of the Revolutionists might have been lost, is one of his greatest contributions to the nation.

To the perplexing problem of finances, Witherspoon gave his earnest attention. He early expressed the opinion that it was futile to pass laws to fix commodity prices. "Price-fixing by authority is not only impolitic but it is in itself unreasonable and absurd," he contended. "So many of one kind of provision and the scarcity of another, the distance of one place and the nearness of another, changes of conditions in the course of a few days or weeks, good or bad roads, good or bad weather—these and a hundred other things which cannot be foreseen actually govern and ought to govern prices at markets."

It was a tribute to the versatility of Witherspoon that Congress should entrust to him a large share of the responsibility for financing the Revolution. In May 1777 he was placed upon a committee of three to devise means for defraying expenses for the year; in 1778 we find him on another committee to reorganize the Board of Treasury; in October 1779 he was asked to

address the states on finances and on means of raising funds; throughout the year 1781 he busied himself with commercial regulations, exchange, depreciation of bonds, etc. He protested earnestly against the excessive issues of paper money and against discontinuing payments of interest on loan certificates in hard cash. "Payment of interest had given these early investments value; had lenders suspected that they would be cut off they could have disposed of their holdings for something, but as it stands the country's best friends are being reduced to beggary."

The culmination of Witherspoon's career in Congress was his preparation of the instructions to the American peace commissioners. These instructions directed the commissioners to do nothing without the knowledge and concurrence of the King of France. How unwise this policy was became evident when it was discovered that France was secretly arranging with Spain terms to be offered Great Britain—terms detrimental to the interests of the United States. Thereupon the commissioners, disregarding the instructions, entered into direct negotiations with the British and thus secured vital concessions of territory which France and Spain would have withheld.

Witherspoon and Congress had made the common mistake of thinking that France and the United States, united for the purpose of waging war, would stay united after the war was over. But they acted under the almost universal belief that the future of the United States was closely bound up with that of France, and that it would be the course of wisdom to vest that country with the trusteeship of American interests.

4

With peace in sight, Witherspoon resigned. "I have now left Congress," he wrote, "not being able to support the expense of attending it with the frequent journeys to Princeton and being determined to give particular attention to the revival of the college." He did not take up his residence in the president's house, which he had resigned to Samuel Stanhope Smith, but lived at Tusculum, his country residence north of the village. Yet he kept a firm hand on the college, guiding its policies, directing Smith in administrative matters, giving courses to the

senior class, preaching on Sundays. He found time, however, to indulge himself in "scientific farming," of which he was very fond, but in which he was not very successful.

Witherspoon once more had to give his attention to the task of restoring the college finances. Nassau Hall was dilapidated; the endowment had been all but wiped out by the depreciation of government bonds; income from tuition was small because of the diminished attendance. Appeals to the friends of the college brought in some funds, but the country had been so impoverished by the war that few could afford to give generously.

In this extremity the trustees decided to send Witherspoon to Great Britain to appeal to Presbyterian and other dissenting churches for assistance. This proved to be a mistake. The president was received with kindness by many old friends, but the public could not forgive him for his part in severing the colonies from the Empire. Consequently he met only with rebuffs, those who formerly had given generously seeming "to be restrained from showing their usual kindness by prejudice or fear." So he returned empty-handed.

In October 1789 sorrow came to the aging president with the loss of his devoted wife. We know little of the life of Elizabeth Witherspoon, but Ashbel Green states that she was pious, devoted to her husband, a fond mother, social in her habits, and universally beloved. With her passing there seemed left for her husband only a sad and lonely old age. But Witherspoon would not have it so. In June 1791 he married the widow of Dr. Armstrong Dill, of York County, Pennsylvania, a young woman of twenty-four.

It was well for Witherspoon that he was not deprived of feminine care, for soon after he became blind. The sight of one eye was lost by an accident on board ship when he was returning from his visit to Great Britain, and the other some years later by a fall from a horse. But he continued active and apparently happy, employing an amanuensis to read to him his manuscript sermons and the gazettes and to take dictation.

Witherspoon died November 15, 1794, while sitting in his accustomed chair at Tusculum. Three days later, after funeral services in the Presbyterian church, a procession of clergymen, faculty, trustees, undergraduates, and townspeople accompanied the body to its resting place.

Ashbel Green describes Witherspoon as a man of middle size, inclined to be stout, with intelligent eyes looking out from beneath bushy brows. Manassah Cutler, who saw him in 1787, spoke of him as "an intolerably homely old Scotchman." He wore a full-bottomed wig prior to the Revolution, but after independence was declared he laid it aside. In dress he was simple, "avoiding the extremes of slovenliness and foppishness." The Scottish accent remained with him throughout life.

In the pulpit he was convincing rather than eloquent, and his only gesture was a graceful movement of his right hand. He began always in a low tone, but as he proceeded his voice became louder and louder until it filled the largest church. "Notwithstanding the dryness of the subject, the badness of the delivery, which required the closest attention to understand him," reported one listener, "yet the correctness of his style, the arrangement of his matter and the many new ideas that he suggested rendered his sermon very entertaining."

John Witherspoon won distinction in four separate fields—as leader of the Popular party of the Scottish Church, as college president and teacher, as leader of the American Presbyterian Church, and as Revolutionary statesman.

His influence upon the College of New Jersey was profound. When he assumed charge it was devoting itself chiefly to preparing young men for the ministry. Witherspoon, perhaps unwittingly, changed the emphasis to preparation for civil leadership. Of the young men who studied under him James Madison became President of the United States, one became Vice-President, ten became cabinet members, six were elected to the Continental Congress, twenty-one entered the United States Senate and thirty-nine the House of Representatives, twelve became governors of states, three were appointed to the United States Supreme Court, six attended the Federal Constitutional Convention. Witherspoon found the college the educational and religious capital of Scotch-Irish America; under his guidance its influence was expanded to make it also the most popular college for the wealthy planter class of the South.

But before this development had been consummated scores of theological students had studied under Witherspoon, many of whom later became leaders in the Presbyterian Church. During

a meeting of the General Assembly, Witherspoon turned to Ashbel Green with the remark: "You can scarcely imagine the pleasure it has given me in taking a survey of this Assembly to observe that a decided majority of all the ministerial members have not only been sons of our college, but my own pupils." It must have given him equal satisfaction to reflect that it was he, a stranger in America, who had reconciled long hostile factions and brought unity to the Presbyterian Church.

Witherspoon's services to the nation in the struggle for liberty and independence have never received full recognition. To labor year after year on one committee of Congress after another is far less spectacular than to lead the military forces in the field or to represent the country in foreign courts, but it is nonetheless vital. The deference shown the Scotch minister by his colleagues and the heavy responsibilities placed upon his shoulders testify to the importance of his contributions.

Samuel Stanhope Smith [1751-181

FRIEND OF RATIONAL LIBERTY

BY SAMUEL HOLT MONK

It is the life of a philosopher, not varied with accidents to divert the reader; more pleasant for himself to live, than for an historian to describe.—JOHN DRYDEN, *Life of Plutarch*

IN the mid-eighteenth century, the Presbyterian communities in the colonies were small, scattered, and in varying degrees on the defensive. In Virginia they experienced from time to time what we should call today the denial of certain civil liberties; in the Middle Colonies they were a minority group, in no sense persecuted, but certainly without adequate means of supplying their institutional needs. In the main Scots or Scotch-Irish, they were characterized by hardihood, energy, piety, and intellectual vigor; and they inherited the great Scots tradition of humanistic learning. Their desire for a full intellectual life impelled them to establish schools and colleges, of which the College of New Jersey, though not the first, was the greatest. Their position as a conscious minority forced them, wherever they settled, to form tightly homogeneous groups. Samuel Stanhope Smith, the first alumnus to become president of the College of New Jersey, was the inheritor of the intellectual and spiritual tradition of Presbyterianism at its best. The homogeneity of the Presbyterian community into which he was born accounts for the apparent inbreeding which connected him by blood or by association with the men who founded the college or who guided it throughout its first half-century.

Smith's father, Dr. Robert Smith of Pequea, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was a trustee of the college, as were his two maternal uncles, Samuel and John Blair of Fagg's Manor. John Blair was also the first professor of theology and for a while vice-president of the college. Robert Smith was a friend of Samuel Davies, fourth president of the college, and Samuel Stanhope Smith was baptized by Samuel Finley, the predecessor of President Witherspoon. Samuel Blair, Jr., Smith's

cousin, was elected president at the age of about twenty-six, but declined the appointment. Smith married Ann, the daughter of Witherspoon. He was born, then, into the deepest blue of colonial Presbyterianism and seems to have been predestined and elected to the service of his Alma Mater.

Although he is probably today one of the least known, he is certainly one of the greatest of Princeton's presidents. He was a preacher of remarkable eloquence and power, revered in this country and known abroad. During the early years of the Revolution, he founded and built a college in Virginia. He twice rebuilt Nassau Hall and was tireless and extraordinarily successful in raising funds. He was intensely interested in the natural sciences and was responsible for the introduction of chemistry as a separate subject in the American college curriculum. He was a philosopher in his own right, admired at home and discussed in Britain. He edited Witherspoon's posthumous papers. He was a poet of less than average talent, but was well known for his exact and correct taste in belles-lettres. He was important in the councils of his church, serving as moderator of the General Assembly and on the committee which drew up the first Presbyterian system of church government. He was once a member of the Electoral College, before that institution became a mere form, and cast his vote for John Adams. He was a great teacher, and a man of unusual beauty, elegance, and charm. He was all of this despite a lifelong disease which we can recognize today as tuberculosis and which in his early thirties nearly ended his life.

2

According to the family Bible, Smith's parents were married on May 22, 1750, and he was born, the eldest of seven children, on March 15, 1751, a few days before his father was installed as pastor of the Pequea and Leacock congregations. Since there can be no doubt of the correctness of this date, it is odd that his tombstone in Princeton gives 1750 as the year of his birth, a mistake that has been repeated in all accounts of his career.

Smith's father was himself a man of very great ability. Born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1723, Robert Smith came

to America with his parents about 1730 and settled in Pennsylvania near the headwaters of the Brandywine. Converted by the great evangelical preacher Whitefield in 1739, he later enrolled as a theological student in Samuel Blair's school at Fagg's Manor. In 1749 he was licensed to preach, and followed Samuel Davies to Virginia, where he joined in the struggle of the Presbyterians against the restraints imposed on Dissenters by the Established Church. In 1751 he began his life-long work as pastor at Pequea, taking with him his wife, Elizabeth Blair, the sister of his former teacher. During the Revolution he carried provisions to Washington's army on Long Island and at Valley Forge. He served as trustee of the College of New Jersey from 1772 until his death in 1793.

As if this life were not crowded enough, Robert Smith founded and conducted a school at Pequea from 1752 to 1792. Pequea Academy was a curious combination of preparatory school and graduate school for, although its primary purpose was to prepare boys for Nassau Hall, graduates of the college returned to Pequea to read theology with the headmaster. Many famous Princeton men were educated at the academy, among them, of course, Samuel Smith, who spent the first sixteen years of his life in this environment of zealous piety and intellectual activity.

As a child Smith was quiet, quick of mind, indifferent to sports, and sensitive to religious influence. Entering the academy at six years of age, he soon distinguished himself as a scholar. Latin and Greek were the principal, if not the only, subjects taught. Discipline was rigorous and there was no nonsense about making learning attractive. Latin was spoken in the school, and once a boy had completed such elementary works as the *Colloquies* of Corderius and the *Fables* of Aesop, mistakes in Latin conversation were severely punished. The principal diversion was itself a form of intellectual discipline: on alternate Saturdays the better scholars were allowed to select passages from their texts, and each one, in the presence of a master, examined his fellows on grammatical constructions, the derivations of words, the versification, and "the beauty and pertinence of the figures and allusions, together with the taste and delicacy of sentiment displayed by the poet." Rewards were

given in these pedagogical contests, which were entered into "with more than ordinary emulation."

Smith's training at Pequea enabled him to enter the junior class at the College of New Jersey when he was sixteen years old. At that date Nassau Hall was on the eve of its first great period: although at the moment it had no president, Witherspoon was soon to arrive from Scotland to assume the leadership not only of the college, but of colonial Presbyterianism.

From the beginning Smith was a distinguished scholar. He excelled in mathematics, the principal study of the junior class, and at the end of his first year he was publicly presented with the works of the professor of mathematics at Oxford. His tutor was Joseph Periam, son of one of Whitefield's companions during that great evangelist's first voyage to America in 1739. Periam was one of the zealous adherents that Bishop Berkeley's idealism had found in America, and under his influence Smith adopted Berkeley's philosophy. Robert Smith was perturbed lest his son lose his religious principles, but fortunately rescue was at hand. Witherspoon arrived and by 1769, when Smith was graduated, the new president had not only converted him to the common-sense principles of the Scotch philosophers, but had argued and ridiculed idealism out of Princeton. During the rest of the century, thanks to Witherspoon's influence, common sense remained the official philosophy not only of the college but also of Presbyterianism. This skeptical interlude was not, as we shall see, the last of Smith's excursions into strange and unorthodox fields of thought. He had an eager and a speculative mind, and though he bowed to authority in the matter of Berkeley and was careful in his lectures to express his opposition to idealism, he was to wander in his private thoughts far beyond the beaten path of common sense.

For the historian, Smith's graduation on September 27, 1769, was a memorable occasion. It was the first commencement at which President Witherspoon officiated. Philip Freneau and Aaron Burr were undoubtedly spectators. And young James Madison reported in a letter to his father that "the head oration, which is always given to the greatest scholar by the President and Tutors, was pronounced in Latin by Mr. Samuel Smith, son of a Presbyterian minister in Pennsylvania." He also observed that for the first time in America the honorary

degree of Doctor of Laws was granted, and that a great many people came down from New York for the ceremonies, but that "those at Philadelphia were most of them detained by Races which were to follow the next day."

Upon taking his degree, Smith returned to Pequea to teach in the academy and presumably to study theology with his father, but it is characteristic that he found time to read Pope, Swift, Addison, Locke, Warburton, Edwards, and Burke—surely not the speeches of Burke, but the famous essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. He also wrote poetry. The elegance of Augustan England strongly appealed to his taste and influenced the style of his sermons, lectures, and other writings, which were admired for their "delicacy and correctness." Pequea must have seemed something of a Boeotia to the eighteen-year-old youth, fresh from his academic triumphs and the more polished life of a college town. Already he had achieved the elegance of mind and manner and the fastidiousness of dress and decorum that were to impress his contemporaries. One wonders how his hard-working father—farmer, schoolmaster, and preacher—regarded this fine gentleman and his sonnets, eclogues, and odes. Doubtless his genuine piety and his seriousness of purpose were sufficiently reassuring.

In 1771 Smith made the first of his two returns to Princeton. He became a tutor in the college and continued his theological studies under Witherspoon. His duties were to teach Latin and Greek and, somewhat nebulously, to "assist in cultivating among the students a taste for the belles-lettres." His training at Pequea had fitted him for this work, but there is no record of the methods by which he carried out his task. The life of a tutor was no easy one: the salary was small, the duties were arduous, combining as they did both teaching and discipline, and the undergraduates were frequently unruly and disrespectful.

At least one undergraduate regarded Smith with hostility. William Paterson, later a distinguished jurist and a trustee during Smith's administration, has left us an animated and ill-natured satire in his poem "The Belle of Princeton," written in 1772. Paterson, who regarded Smith as a rival for the favors of Betsey Stockton, niece of the Signer, was the first to describe the grand air that was to distinguish Smith as presi-

dent, but that was understandably irritating to undergraduates in a tutor only a few years their senior.

Smith, tutor Smith, puts in his claim
And proudly hopes you'll fan his flame . . .
Tutor Smith, so wond'rous civil,
Compound odd of Saint and Devil. . . .
Proud of his learning and his parts
The case exact of all upstarts—
Proud of his beauty too, I swear
He is all lovely and all fair;
Proud of his manners, 'tis most true
(We must e'en give the devil his due)
In manners he excels, he came
From Pequea, land of wond'rous fame,
Where learning wit and genius shine
Ecce Signum, I am divine!

Maturity and achievement were to give substance to Smith's dignity and elegance; but no doubt at twenty-one he seemed insufferably vain and pretentious to his pupils.

3

Shortly after Smith was licensed to preach in 1773, he experienced the first symptoms of tuberculosis. Judging that a return to academic life would be unwise, he followed his father's example and went as a missionary to Virginia. His success as a preacher was instantaneous and great. The eloquence and ardor of his pulpit style, his learning, polish, and social charm, made him at once popular among the Virginians, both Dissenters and Anglicans. Within a year of his arrival, a plan was on foot in the presbytery of Hanover to establish a college, and Smith had agreed to supervise it if funds could be raised. By February 1775, the surprising sum of £1,300 had been subscribed, land had been donated, and a building begun.

Prince Edward Academy or, as it soon was called, Hampden-Sydney College, was the first of many colleges founded by Princetonians. Smith attempted to set up in Southside Virginia a replica of the College of New Jersey. The purposes of the two institutions were identical: to provide Presbyterians with

means to educate their children, and to promote piety and sound learning. As was the case with its northern parent, these ends were in no way doctrinaire or denominational. The majority of the original trustees were members of the Established Church, and students of all denominations were received and guaranteed freedom from proselyting. The curriculum as described by Smith in November 1774 and September 1775 is almost identical with that at Nassau Hall, although Smith's own sense of values may be observed in the emphasis given to science and the English language.

With his future apparently settled, Smith returned to Princeton and married Ann Witherspoon on June 28, 1775. She remains a rather shadowy person, indistinctly seen in his correspondence and, of course, silent herself. Nine children were born of the marriage and it is through the seventh, Mary Clay Breckinridge, that Smith became the grandfather of John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President of the United States under Buchanan.

Four years as rector of Hampden-Sydney gave Smith valuable experience as an educator and an administrator, and tested his courage and perseverance. The founding of the academy was almost coincidental with the outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain and the colonies. Although the war created many difficulties, it did not prevent the development of the college. Despite the incomplete state of the buildings, over a hundred students enrolled for the second session, and it was necessary for Smith to call David Witherspoon, his brother-in-law, from Princeton to assist the original tutors, his brother John Blair Smith and Samuel Doak, a Princetonian who was later to load his books on a pack horse, cross the mountains, and found two colleges in Tennessee. In 1775 he was elected to the committee of safety and his sermons strengthened and sustained the spirit of resistance in Virginia.

The noble memorial presented by the trustees to the House of Delegates in November 1776 (certainly written by Smith) expressed, in its devotion to freedom and learning and in its insistence on the importance to the state of maintaining education despite the war, a spirit worthy of the age of John Hampden and Algernon Sydney.

4

After four years as rector of Hampden-Sydney, Smith was recalled at Witherspoon's suggestion to Princeton. Turning over Hampden-Sydney to his able brother, John Blair Smith, he took up his duties as Professor of Moral Philosophy in December 1779. The college was in a deplorable condition. New Jersey had been a bloody battle ground, and one of the decisive battles of the war had been fought at Princeton. Nassau Hall, used as a fortress by the British, had been bombarded by Washington's artillery and had subsequently been occupied as a barracks by both armies. The library was gone. (Books were later recovered as far south as North Carolina, where the soldiers of Cornwallis had taken them.) Of the philosophical apparatus only the famous Rittenhouse orrery, no longer in repair, a small telescope, and an electrical machine remained. Nothing was left in the chapel except an empty organ case and the coat of arms of Governor Belcher. The college funds, never very substantial, had deteriorated to about one-third their original value. Although no commencements had been held since 1775, partial instruction had been carried on by Witherspoon and William Churchill Houston, the first professor of mathematics, despite their necessary attendance on the Congress. Smith had left a struggling college in Virginia; it must have seemed a cheerful and hopeful place in contrast to the ruin and desolation that he found at Princeton.

With public affairs still occupying most of the president's time, the rebuilding of the college, as well as its supervision and much of the teaching, devolved upon Smith. Nothing in the history of Princeton is more moving than the courage and confidence with which the early directors of the college faced and overcame the difficulties and disasters of its first half-century of existence. Although Witherspoon's wisdom and prestige were of the greatest value, Smith deserves to be counted among the strongest and best of the early administrators. Advancing money out of his own pocket, he set energetically to work to make Nassau Hall at least partially habitable. Books were somehow accumulated, students began to return, and instruction was carried on. Though Nassau Hall was not completely repaired when the Continental Congress met there in

1783, a full-dress commencement in the old tradition was held, with Washington, the French and Dutch ministers, and the Congress in attendance.

During the eighties Smith's duties became more and more complex. In addition to teaching, he served as clerk of the board of trustees and as treasurer of the college. In 1783 he added the professorship of theology to his other duties and was rewarded by the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Yale. It is no wonder that in 1782 he suffered from a series of daily and prostrating hemorrhages that nearly ended his life. By the middle of the decade he was recognized as the executive head of the college and, when Witherspoon's eyesight and health began to fail, his election to the vice-presidency in 1786 merely made official a position that he had in fact occupied for seven trying years.

The nine years during which Smith was vice-president were the most fruitful of his life. In 1786 he was elected to the American Philosophical Society, and on February 27 he read before it his *Essay on the Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species*. Published in 1787 in America, reprinted in Edinburgh and in London in 1788, it established Smith's reputation as a philosopher. It was reviewed in the British periodicals and was discussed by the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. A second edition, revised and enlarged, appeared in 1810.

The book is still known to historians of American thought, for it is one of the early efforts made in this country to apply evolutionary ideas to man. Smith was attempting to disprove the thesis of Lord Kames that the races of mankind had been separately created by demonstrating that the physical diversity of the human race was attributable to the influence of climate, social customs, and the different ways of life induced by those forces. In so doing, he attempted to show that great physical changes are effected by the inheritance of minute characteristics (borrowing from Buffon, Haller, and Lamarck), and that consequently racial characteristics are accidental and in no way bring into question the essential unity of the human species. Holding that true science and revealed truth can never be in conflict, he found in his arguments support for the Biblical account of the creation of man.

The *Essay* shows Smith's wide reading in physiology and geography, and in what we should call today anthropology. It is the product of a well-informed, vigorous, and original mind. Lacking the time perspective that is a part of our thinking about the history of man, Smith could not believe that the human race had come up from barbarism; rather, it seemed to him, the Creator must have endowed mankind with both reason and a knowledge of those arts which have made his survival possible. Though holding to the theory of innate ideas, he nonetheless came extremely near to a materialistic psychology in his contention that the characteristics of the human body and the expressions of the human face are due to the interplay of climate and social customs on men's minds. He added to his reading and his reflection on that reading his own keen observations on the American Indian and the Negro, examples of how the enlightened human race had sunk into barbarism and mental vacuity through wandering away from centers of civilization and giving themselves up to a nomadic life. It is in his remarks on the American savage and the slave that Smith is most interesting. If we find absurd his contention that the Anglo-American was growing and would continue to grow darker in the new world and that the Negro was losing his pigmentation and characteristic hair and nose as a result of moving into more temperate latitudes, we must admire the boldness with which he advocated his rudimentary evolutionism and took his stand against a racialism whose evil consequences we have lived to see. Equally interesting in the light of eighteenth-century sentimentalism about the noble savage is his anthropological interest in the Negro and the Indian. The realistic bent of his mind made it impossible for him to see in the savages of the American continent the state of nature that the eighteenth-century *philosophe* had praised at a distance.

Coming from a scholar who was at the same time one of the most prominent Presbyterians in America, the book was important in bringing science and religion into the same nexus of thought. The revealed story of man's creation and the doctrine of evolution by means of acquired characteristics exist in the book side by side and do each other no harm. A Darwinian reading the *Essay* fifty years after Smith's death would have felt that he had entered into a sort of scientific age of innocence in

which the lion and the lamb lay down together. It would be erroneous, however, to regard the book as naïve and unimportant, for it was an event of some consequence to both the advanced science of his day and to the religion he professed that the vice-president of Nassau Hall could demonstrate that the two modes of thought complemented and mutually sustained each other. It is a work typical of Smith's mind and expressive of what he was to attempt and, through no fault of his own, fail to do at Princeton—to unite and harmonize contemporary secular thought and religion.

5

In the year in which the *Essay* was published a visitor from Connecticut remarked of Smith: "He is a young gentleman, lives in an elegant style, and is the first literary character of the state." That the vice-president's reputation did not depend entirely on his sermons, lectures, and the *Essay* is evident from a letter-book now owned by Princeton University, which contains transcribed copies of his correspondence, 1786-1791, with his cousins Samuel and Susan Shippen Blair, then living in Germantown. These letters reveal Smith more intimately than any other documents we have. Since they have been described (not altogether accurately) in the *Princeton University Library Chronicle* for June 1943 it will not be necessary to discuss the entire correspondence here, but since they show us Smith from an unofficial point of view it is interesting to consider them.

The letters are an example of the sentimental, "enthusiastic," literary correspondence that was fashionable during the last half of the eighteenth century in England, but was rarer in this country. The actual personal situation was simple and normal: Smith and his cousin Samuel Blair were congenial and devoted friends; both were ministers, both had scholarly interests and philosophical and literary tastes far more sophisticated than was usual in Presbyterian clerical circles. Mrs. Blair was the daughter of a founder of Princeton and the sister of William Shippen, the distinguished physician. She was a lady of intellect, sensibility, and charm. On the periphery of this family circle was Annis Boudinot Stockton, the widow of the Signer, the mistress of the famous estate, Morven, and a minor poet of definite

ability. Mrs. Stockton was fifteen years older than Smith, and Dr. and Mrs. Blair were ten and eighteen years his seniors. These four amused each other with poems, which are liberally sprinkled through the letters that passed between Smith in Princeton and Mrs. Blair in Germantown. After the fashion of the day, the four friends addressed each other by fanciful names derived from the tradition of pastoral poetry. Mrs. Stockton was Emilia, Mrs. Blair was Fidelia, and both men, confusingly enough, were referred to as Cleander in recognition of their similarity in appearance and the identity of their given names. By assuming these pastoral masks, they could play an elaborate game of gallantry and sentiment quite innocently and entirely within the bounds of a strict personal morality. It was really a device of style, a style that extended beyond letter writing into the actual relationships. Within the framework of the Fidelia-Cleander-Emilia fiction, wit, feeling, exalted sentiment, and gallantry could be given full rein without danger to decorum. Mrs. Smith is mentioned frequently, but never under a sentimental pseudonym—an indication that her Scottish common sense did not allow her to indulge in the exuberant fancy that dominated the others. This correspondence helps to fill out the impression of Smith as a man of fashion, moving easily among the best society of Princeton and enjoying a reputation for charm, wit, humor, and poetry.

The emotional, sentimental nature that the letters reveal is as unexpected as it is delightful. He has no poetic gift, he writes to Mrs. Blair, "no spark of Heliconian inspiration," except for "a quick sensibility to the highest female charms."

"God Apollo what would become of me if Fidelia were as near as is Emilia, and their inspirations were poured in on each side? I should be like a thunder cloud overcharged with the electric fire, and ready to burst on every object it approaches. As it is, I can hardly find paper enough in P—— to conduct my present charge."

The official accounts of Smith are panegyrics on a saintly, hard-working scholar. He was that, but he was something more.

Unfortunately the correspondence became the source of gossip extremely annoying to Smith and to Mrs. Blair. As a result of the misrepresentations made by malice, he preached a

sermon on slander and even considered writing no more letters. But the pleasure of the correspondence was too great to forego, and after a short interval the two were writing again, though in a less perfervid tone.

It was perhaps well for the college that Ann Witherspoon Smith and seven children were on hand to keep the volatile vice-president firmly anchored to reality. That they did so, despite his enthusiasm, is evident in a letter in which the loyal husband breaks in to spoil the syntax of one of Cleander's finest flights: "You wish me an enthusiast—I am one—and so is Emilia—one of the predominant characters of this class of people is always a very warm admiration of the other sex—and I am besides my own wife, the most fervent devotee of two of the finest women in the world" In one of the letters he quotes from *Tristram Shandy*. In the passage above one suspects that the Presbyterian parson in America was deliberately affecting the manner and style of Yorick.

It would be pleasant to gather more flowers from this sentimental garden, but we must turn to one or two of the letters that tell us something of Smith's more serious opinions. Blair was suspect with the church because he dared to hold the doctrine that all men would eventually be saved—a thoroughly un-Calvinistic tenet. In 1788 he had caused some scandal and had met some unspecified opposition at Neshaminy, the seat of the famous Log College. The episode aroused all Smith's scorn for a type of clergyman for whom, as an enlightened philosopher, he had no sympathy.

"The good Elders of that polished & enlightened people were afraid it seems, to hear a man preach, whom they charitably judged to be a heretic, because they supposed that he believed the divine goodness to be universal; such folly cannot affect your peace of mind which is established on other principles than the opinions of such people—It cannot affect your character & reputation, because wisdom cannot be measured by ignorance—yet, it must give a truly good man some concern to see such examples of the meanness and weakness of the human mind, in a country & age in which one would think there were sufficient lights to deliver it from such illiberal darkness . . . such mistaken zealots hate more heartily for God's sake. . . . One lesson we may learn from it as you justly remark

is not to obtrude information as light on those who cannot receive it. If you bring moles and bats into the sun you only offend them and encrease their darkness."

He defends Socrates for not disturbing the opinions and religion of the people, and continues in a passage that shows how completely the *philosophe* and how little the orthodox Presbyterian he could be: "A man may hold opinions either as certain or dubious: And if they differ from the opinions of too great a majority of the people, prudence & duty require him to hold them in silence. It is a great fault in this case to have too much candour, or too good an opinion of the world. Candour may be dangerous, when discovered even to the most liberal and wise. . . . Be patient, as I know you are & let the world have its own course. *Truth* held in secret has its pleasures."

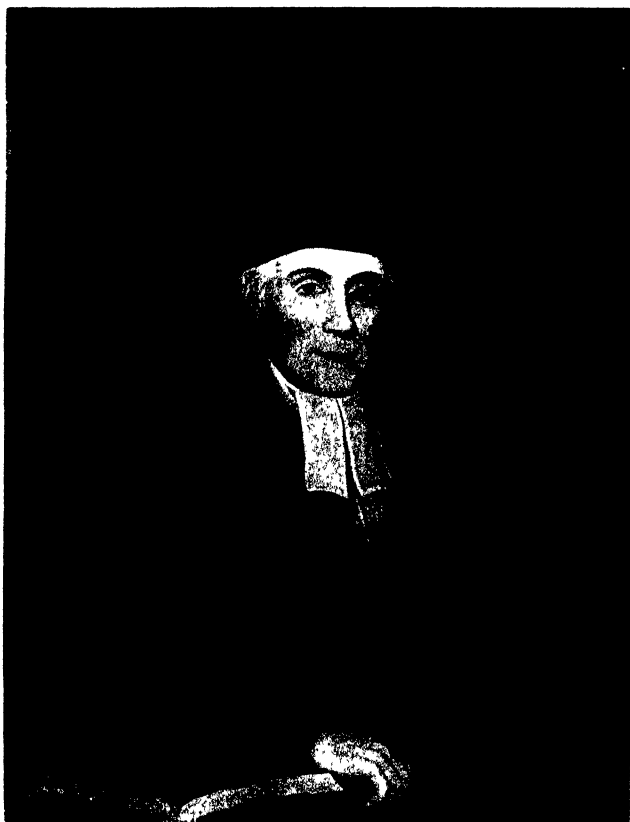
We shall never know all the truths that Smith held in secret. He wrote to Mrs. Blair a long defense of the doctrine of transmigration, not as a truth that he held but as an opinion worthy of examination. And he invited his cousin to send him an account of his reasons for opposing damnation, promising to examine them dispassionately and as a philosopher. There can be little doubt that he entertained other thoughts of a heterodox nature and examined them with a philosophical skepticism that would not have commended him to many of his fellow clergymen. Indeed, as we shall see, the bats and moles succeeded in bringing much of his work to nothing.

In 1788 he wrote to Blair to thank him for a religious allegory that his cousin had sent him during a recent severe illness. No more characteristic utterance has come down to us. "Religion is more charming & consolatory for being associated with the pictures of taste—and in death I would chuse to think elegantly of God and divine things. Heaven and piety are degraded by the coarse & dark representations of vulgar minds. But the glow of imagination & the charm of taste does some faint honor to the most beautiful object in the universe & makes the path of duty more delightful here." In this passage the eighteenth-century man of taste and the Presbyterian divine are blended in a manner that, however usual it may have been among the clergy of the Church of England, must have been rare among the clergy in America.

Smith's sermons also sustained his reputation as a literary

personage. Many of them were preached as baccalaureate sermons at the college; others were delivered as far afield as Boston. Some were published separately, and collections were brought out in America in 1799, in England in 1801, and again in America in 1821. Sermons were widely read in that period, and Smith's certainly spread his reputation throughout the country. In general they deal with matters of practical morality and duty, avoid the intricacies of theology, and recommend, in the language of the age, a rational piety. In the preface to the London edition, Smith states that he had imitated the "fervour and sacred eloquence" of the French preachers of the seventeenth century and that he had "studied to unite the simplicity that becomes the pulpit, with a portion of that elegance which is now so loudly demanded in every kind of writing." There are many enthusiastic descriptions of his eloquence in the pulpit and of the beauty of his voice and declamation, qualities that led to his choice as the orator to pronounce in the State House in Trenton the panegyric on Washington when that great man died. Smith was flattered to learn from Mrs. Blair that a lady in Bordentown had described one of his sermons as "a colonnade of marble so finely polished that the eye or touch could not discover the least flaw." His correctness of style, however, was not necessarily a recommendation to all the devout. Maclean reports and denies the story that ascribed to John Blair Smith the rebuke: "Brother Sam, you don't preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, but Sam Smith and him dignified."

Archibald Alexander has left us a vivid picture of this versatile vice-president at the height of his power. Alexander was present at the General Assembly which was held in Philadelphia in 1791. The moderator was old Robert Smith of Pequea, dressed in old-fashioned ministerial clothes and a long wig, and so toothless as to be almost incomprehensible when he preached the principal sermon, the very image of uncouth and rural piety. "Dr. Witherspoon remained only two or three days, after which Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith took his place. When he entered the house, I did not observe him, but happening to turn my head I saw a person whom I must still consider the most elegant I ever saw. The beauty of his countenance, the clear and vivid complexion, the symmetry of his form—the exquisite finish of his dress, were such as to strike



SAMUEL STANHOPE SMITH
From A Painting By Charles B Lawrence

the beholder at first sight. The thought never occurred to me that he was a clergyman, and I supposed him to be some gentleman of Philadelphia, who had dropped in to hear the debate. I ought to have mentioned that Dr. Witherspoon was as plain an old man as I ever saw, and as free from any assumption of dignity."

Young Alexander did not know that he was looking at the first of a long line of Princeton gentlemen.

6

When Witherspoon died in 1794, his son-in-law was the obvious candidate and became the unanimous choice for the presidency. He took the helm with energy and address. The financial condition of the college was still extremely unsatisfactory; Nassau Hall was not yet completely restored; the faculty was small. In terms of the resources of the country, especially of the Presbyterians, Smith must be reckoned a remarkably successful raiser of money. His first step was to persuade the state legislature to give a grant to the college. The petition which he wrote shows his broad views on education and his foresight into Princeton's destiny as an educational force. Reminding the legislators of the past greatness of the institution, the document goes on to point out Princeton's strategic situation, which could make the college "the principal resort of youth from the Hudson to Georgia."

"It would be to the interest, and would certainly be no inconsiderable glory to New Jersey, to be the fountain of education to so large a portion of America, and to furnish those states with their Legislators and their Judges, and be able to infuse her spirit into the politics and councils of our country. Circumscribed as she is in territory, and deprived in a great degree of commerce, she might notwithstanding, by a wise and well-directed system of education, be respected as the enlightened head of the greatest confederation in the world. . . . We have a claim upon the wisdom and policy of the State, which requires it to provide the most effectual means for enlightening its own citizens, and to embrace the opportunity of acquiring an influence and an ascendancy in the councils of the Union, which it can not otherwise obtain than by attracting their

youth and educating their statesmen. . . . The poor ought to have access to the fountains of knowledge as well as the wealthy; they have equal talents from nature, and are equally capable of becoming enlightened patriots, legislators, and instructors. . . . Enlightened citizens are most obedient to the laws, as well as most capable of promoting the public interest; and a general diffusion of knowledge among our citizens will be the glory and felicity of the State."

Six hundred pounds a year for three years—much less than was hoped for—was granted, with the specification that the money be spent on the library, the buildings, and the purchase of philosophical apparatus. In return the college agreed to elect some non-Presbyterians to the board of trustees. Smith was disappointed at the smallness of the grant but he was unable to secure further aid from the state. The action was so unpopular that, it is said, no legislators who voted for the bill were returned at the next election.

Smith was eager to improve the teaching of science at the college for, despite his interest in literature, he was well aware of progress in the natural sciences and was determined that Princeton should lead the country in that field. The board set aside \$1,200 of the state's money for the purchase of scientific equipment, and the president at once set about securing as much as he could from abroad. His great contribution to the curriculum was the establishing of a professorship of chemistry, a subject not then taught in America except in medical schools. Smith brought John Maclean from Glasgow to take the professorship and in 1799 he succeeded in persuading the trustees to make a revolutionary innovation. Students were admitted to read in science alone; in short, in 1799 the College of New Jersey took its first step toward the granting of a Bachelor of Science degree. Actually, men who read in science were given certificates, not diplomas, unless they could show proficiency in the learned languages. The course, however, was by no means narrow: it included geography, logic, mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, and belles-lettres. Despite the fact that this arrangement was abandoned in 1809, Smith should be remembered as the founder of the study of the physical sciences at Princeton—no small distinction in view

of the eminence of its science faculties during the last half-century.

Under Smith's energetic and wise leadership, the college was expanding and becoming more stable. But in March 1802 disaster overwhelmed it once more. A fire that began about noon swept through Nassau Hall, and within a short time only the walls remained. Three thousand books, a part of the scientific equipment obtained with so much difficulty, and all of the student living quarters were destroyed. Everything that had been done since 1779 was undone in a few terrible hours. The president and trustees accepted the theory that the fire had been deliberately set. The account that Smith wrote to his friend, Dr. Jedidiah Morse of Boston, gives a most sensational version of the tragic event: "It is one effect of those irreligious & demoralizing principles which are tearing the bonds of society assunder, & threatening in the end to overturn our country. This institution has been singularly obnoxious to men of these sentiments in the states to the South of New England. You have heard me speak of a young man who, about two years ago, attempted to excite an insurrection on jacobinical & anti-religious principles. Since his expulsion, a small sect has still been left in the College, which has lately obtained some augmentation of numbers, from the progress of passions very natural to the human heart, & from the encouragement given to such opinions by the state of public morals. I am told that hostility to religion & moral order has been among their chief characteristics."

Smith was always deeply hostile to the more extreme aspects of the French Revolution. His letters and his lectures frequently express his horror of the anti-religious element in French radical thought. Tom Paine and Jefferson were equally obnoxious to him. There may have been a secret Jacobinical society at Princeton, and it may conceivably have burned down the college, but a defective flue seems at this date a reasonable explanation of the catastrophe, and it is not necessary to accept the president's theory of a great "Red" plot.

The courage and promptness with which the trustees met the crisis are altogether admirable. An appeal to the public for funds was printed over Smith's signature. The students were housed somehow, and instruction was carried on in private

houses. The president made his famous tour of the Southern states soliciting funds. Friends at Harvard contributed about \$5,000 in books and money, and Smith was able to raise in all about \$100,000, considerably more money than the college had ever had. Books were contributed from as far away as Great Britain. Not only was Nassau Hall rapidly rebuilt, but Stanhope Hall (named for Smith) and its companion building at the opposite end of Nassau Hall were erected. Philip Freneau celebrated the rebuilding of the college in a poem addressed to Smith:

Nassau revived, from thence in time proceed
Chiefs, who shall empire sway, or legions lead,
Who, warm'd with all that philosophic glow
Which Greece, or Rome, or reasoning powers bestow,
Shall to mankind the friends and guardians be,
Shall make them virtuous, and preserve them free.

By 1806 the college had recovered from the blow and was in a more flourishing state than it had ever been. Four professors, besides the president, and two tutors and a French teacher made up the staff, and about two hundred students were in attendance.

In many ways this was a personal triumph for Smith. There can be no doubt that his great prestige with the public and among the alumni aided his energetic and prompt efforts to collect funds. Since 1796 he had been in the habit of asking alumni not to give but to raise funds in their communities to meet various needs of the college, and thus he had instilled practical loyalty. Philip Lindsley, a graduate of Pequea Academy, who came to Princeton about this time, sent to Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit* his recollections of the impact of Smith's personality on the students. "From childhood, we had never heard the Doctor's name pronounced but with praise. We came to the College, therefore, prepared to look up to him as the great man of the age. His superior talents and accomplishments, as preacher, scholar, philosopher, and writer were everywhere spoken of and acknowledged. And we never doubted that he possessed all the attributes and graces which could dignify and adorn the high station which he filled."

He goes on to say that acquaintance brought no reaction from this high expectation. Smith was always perfect, well bred,

courteous, and dignified. It seemed natural to him "to put proper words in proper places." And his manner in teaching was simple, unostentatious, and forgetful of self. An anonymous manuscript owned by the University Library and written, apparently about 1868 by a member of the class of 1806, bears much the same testimony. Smith was a legendary figure, anticipated eagerly by those who were to come, and remembered with respect by those who had been under him.

In the days of Washington, Smith's reputation had extended to the White House. Writing to George Washington Parke Custis on July 23, 1797, President Washington had spoken in the following high terms of Princeton as opposed to Yale: ". . . With regard to Mr. Z. Lewis, I only meant that no suggestions of his, if he had proceeded to give them, were to be interposed to the course pointed out by Dr. Smith, or suffered to weaken your confidence therein. Mr. Lewis was educated in Yale College, and, as is natural, may be prejudiced in favor of the mode pursued at that seminary; but no college has turned out better scholars or more estimable characters than Nassau. Nor is there anyone whose president is thought more capable to direct a proper system of education than Dr. Smith. . . ."

The rebuilding of the college was to be Smith's last great achievement. An unfortunate result of the fire was an ill-judged increase in the severity of discipline. From this time on, until Smith resigned, the trustees took the lead in the actual administration of the college and the disciplining of the students. Petty restrictions were imposed and Sunday was turned into an especially dreary day by virtue of the increased emphasis placed on religious instruction. The result might have been foreseen: in 1807 riots and disorders broke out when the faculty attempted to discipline a few popular men. The matter was taken very seriously by the trustees, who suspended about 125 students. Although many of them were eventually reinstated, the memory of that stern action lingered, and more disorders occurred in 1809 with, it was thought, an attempt to burn Nassau Hall again. It is difficult to believe that Smith was in sympathy with all that the trustees directed him to do, but he was powerless. Students became fewer and various faculty members resigned. The College of New Jersey entered upon a long period of decline.

Moreover, Smith himself began to come under fire from outside. As early as 1804 complaints were being sent from the South to Ashbel Green (then a trustee and later Smith's successor) averring that in his lectures the president was teaching that polygamy is not a sin in itself, but merely a custom explainable in terms of social history. The most dire consequences for the country were predicted as a result of this attitude, and a thoroughly unpleasant scheme was entered upon. Green, a trustee and a prominent clergyman, wrote to a tutor at the college, directing him to secure secretly a copy of Smith's lectures and to send it to him in Philadelphia. Green admitted that he and Smith were no longer on good terms, and gave this estrangement as an excuse for not moving openly in the matter. Green's correspondent, though admitting himself obligated to Smith, wrote of humbling the president's pride and vanity by forcing him to retract. It is not known that Smith was ever aware of this move, for nothing came of it, but it is indicative of the spirit of hostility to the liberal president which was growing up within the church itself. In 1808 Archibald Alexander expressed before the General Assembly his doubts as to the fitness of "our colleges and universities" (meaning, of course, the College of New Jersey) to prepare men for the ministry. His objection rested on the "great extension of the physical sciences, and the taste and fashion of the age,"—a palpable thrust at Smith's scientific program, and probably one reason for the fact that the certificate in natural sciences was abolished in 1809. The final blow came when, in 1812, Dr. John Maclean was forced by ecclesiastical pressure to resign as professor of chemistry. The correspondence carried on between the Reverend Dr. Samuel Miller, a trustee, and Ashbel Green in regard to establishing a theological seminary at Princeton or elsewhere, fragmentary though it is, bespeaks the distrust of Smith and the disapproval of the college that seem to have been current among the conservative forces in the Presbyterian Church. Thus, hampered by a meddlesome and petty board of trustees and beset by enemies within the church, Smith was forced to see much of his life's work crumble during his last years in office.

His health had been gradually failing since about 1809. His normal administrative and ministerial duties were heavy enough, but one wonders how a man who was never free from tubercu-

losis carried on at all in view of the heavy teaching duties imposed on him. No modern college president would undertake or could hope to survive the schedule that fell to the president in those days. He met the senior class four times and the junior class three times a week, teaching them belles-lettres, criticism, composition, moral philosophy, and the principles of revealed religion. He met the sophomore class daily, and the theological students on three evenings of each week.

The trustees had felt for some time that a change was desirable, and in 1810, the year in which Smith received his LL.D. from Harvard, they began to raise a fund of \$10,000 for the support of a vice-president. In 1812 the crisis came. A committee of the trustees waited on the president and had a frank talk with him. As a result Smith immediately submitted his resignation. He also informed the trustees that he owed \$2,000 and wished to sell his library in order to liquidate the debt, and he requested that he be granted a house and an annuity of \$1,250 for the rest of his life. The trustees accepted his resignation and acceded to his requests, paying \$1,500 for the books, many of which had belonged to Witherspoon.

An account of the commencement of September 30, 1812, in the Charleston (S.C.) *Times* has been preserved. Smith was too ill to do anything but present the diplomas. "The dignified and impressive manner in which this his last official act was done, and the sympathy which his situation excited in the hearts of the polite and learned audience rendered the whole scene greatly interesting and solemn." And the article included the inevitable remark: "Few men have done more to increase the literary reputation of our country." No doubt such expressions of esteem consoled the aging president, and confirmed in him the opinion that he expressed in 1817, when he presented the college with his published works: "I have served, since the year 1779, with a zeal, diligence, and fidelity which now in the closing moments of life, I can look back upon with entire self-approbation."

7

As a teacher, Smith exerted an influence on the minds of the generations who came to Nassau Hall during his thirty-three

years as professor of moral philosophy. His published lectures survive and merit brief comment here. Moral philosophy, as opposed to science or natural philosophy, included the study of what we call today psychology, ethics, metaphysics, economics, aesthetics, law, international law, and politics—in short, the whole nature and duty of man. Though of necessity not detailed or thorough, these lectures did tend to round out and enlarge the rather narrow education given in the ancient languages, mathematics, and science. They sought to inculcate a view of man and of society which would send students out prepared to assume their moral and political responsibilities in society.

Smith's lectures, though conventional in many respects, are interesting. He was not a man to refrain from using the lecture platform to teach his own ideas, and as we have seen he was an original and courageous thinker. Politically they express the president's conservatism: he recommended the reading of the *Federalist*, opposed universal suffrage and equalitarianism, and what he regarded as Jeffersonian demagoguery. But he was a sound agrarian, fearing the accumulation of great wealth and power in the hands of a few; was an advocate of universal and democratic education; and warned against what has become an American vice—the belief that customs can be altered by law.

The lecture on marriage that caused scandal in the South, shows Smith to have been something of a relativist in ethics. His studies in anthropology had acquainted him with the variety of mores existing among different peoples and had inclined him away from a rigid application of Biblical ethics to every moral question. Indeed, his historical sense enabled him to see some of the laws of Moses as the products of social conditions among the Jewish race rather than as divine edicts. He professed to discover no law of nature against polygamy and (while stating that monogamy is most favorable to the interests of society and is a wise and integral part of Christian ethics) he found economic reasons to justify polygamy among the ancient Jews and the Arabs, and maintained that it was neither harmful to the intellectual and physical health of a people nor indicative of vice and depravity in the human heart. This is mild enough doctrine, but it was regarded as the prelude to debauchery in the republic.

More interesting is Smith's lecture on slavery and the Negro, especially when it is recalled that many of his students were from

slave-holding families. He hated slavery with all his being, and recognized that the institution was an anomaly in our republic. Living in a period when men's minds had not yet been inflamed by the virulence of abolitionist propaganda, he could discuss the issue philosophically and dispassionately. Having lived and traveled widely in the South, he had been able to observe the institution at first hand. Though convinced that the state of slavery was a degradation to all human beings, he admitted that the form of slavery practiced in the South was mild and humane. Moreover, he maintained that a sudden and violent emancipation might be accompanied by a worse evil than servitude and that just laws could not compel masters to give up their property and impoverish themselves for the convenience of any one class of men.

His solution was wise, humane, and just. Each slave should be given a portion of ground to cultivate as his own and to earn thereby money to purchase his freedom. This would promote energy and thrift and would put some measure of responsibility on each man to earn freedom if he wished it. A part of the public domain was to be set aside for freedmen, who would emigrate to their homesteads when their freedom had been purchased. A date was to be set after which all children of slaves would be born free. And, "to obliterate those wide distinctions which are now created by diversity of complexion, and which might be improved by prejudice, or intrigue, to nourish sentiments of mutual hostility, every white man who should marry a black woman, and every white woman who should marry a black man, and reside within the territory, might be entitled to a double portion of land."

Slavery in a republic, Smith foresaw, would produce many moral and political difficulties. His scheme would not give general satisfaction today, but in 1790 it conceivably could have commended itself by its moderation and fairness to both slave-owner and slave. It grew out of his conviction, expressed in the *Essay*, that the human race is essentially one, and that the denial of that unity strikes at the very foundations of society and morality. But it was characterized by his innate conservatism, his eighteenth-century respect for property, and his habitual tendency toward moderation.

The last seven years of the doctor's life were apparently

serene. He busied himself with revising for publication his sermons and his lectures, and in cultivating the friendship of younger men who came to the college and to the seminary. Ashbel Green long remembered the stately figure of the dignified old man in his velvet cap coming slowly down the church aisle on Sundays. Frederick Beasley, of the class of 1797, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, has left us an impression of the old age of the man who had loomed so large in the imagination of his students: "His face, though covered with the marks of decay, still revealed something of what it had been, and sometimes, under an exciting influence, there would seem to come forth, as if from a slumber, that beautiful and living radiance which had illuminated his features, and made him irresistably attractive in his better days "

On August 21, 1819, he died of a stroke. Circumstances and men had conspired against him in the fulfillment of many of his aims as president of Princeton, but his wise and well-directed system of education had brought no inconsiderable glory to him, to the college, and to the nation.

Henry Lee

[1756-1819]

"LIGHT-HORSE HARRY"

BY PHILIP A. CROWL

As every school boy knows, Virginia gave more than a proportionate share of her sons to the cause of the American Revolution and to the even more difficult task of nurturing the young Republic; so if the name of Henry Lee has been somewhat obscured by time, this is partly at least because he was overshadowed by his more illustrious compatriots. He was not so great a soldier as Washington, nor nearly so great a statesman as Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, or a score of other Virginians. Yet the romantic and tragic story of his life is not without interest to the student of American history. He was one of the most spectacular and successful military figures of the American Revolution and his later career is significant because of his peripheral connection with the great events of his lifetime.

In a sense the real significance of Lee's life lies not in his personal successes but in his failures. It is the familiar story of the ex-soldier who cannot or will not adjust himself to the more complex responsibilities of civilian life. In his youth he rode to war, did brave and shining deeds, and brought home many laurels. At the age of twenty-three he was "Light-Horse Harry Lee," the dashing cavalryman, hero to his countrymen, scourge of the redcoats and the loyalists. At the war's end, he came back to Virginia, to a young, beautiful, and well-dowered wife, a considerable fortune of his own, and the high esteem of his neighbors. For a short time he dabbled successfully in local politics, helped to win ratification of the Federal Constitution, became governor of his state and later its representative in Congress, but nowhere in civilian life could he find the personal satisfaction or the public recognition which his military exploits had given him. Politically unsophisticated and vacillating, he showed no great talent for, or interest in, statesmanship. Financially innocent and irresponsible, his many optimistic schemes for amassing a private fortune ended in

total failure. At heart he remained a soldier, but there was no war to fight in, nor even a large peacetime army to occupy his energies.

This sense of frustration, coupled with poor health, financial disaster and other personal misfortune, finally brought him to bankruptcy, disgrace, and despair. In one last pathetic effort to regain some of his military glory he took command of a little band of intransigent Baltimore Federalists whose opposition to the War of 1812 had evoked the wrath of a lynch-minded mob of local democrats. Once again he failed. Overwhelmed by the rioters, beaten and mutilated, his health beyond repair, Lee spent the remainder of his life in voluntary exile in the West Indies and returned to America only to die, dramatically enough, at the home of Nathanael Greene, companion-in-arms of his happier days. He left three legacies: the famous phrase "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," which he spoke in Washington's funeral oration; a volume of *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States*, which is a valuable source of information for students of the American Revolution; and a son, his youngest, Robert E. Lee, who would win the high military honors his father had so hopelessly coveted.

Henry Lee was born January 29, 1756, at "Leesylvania," the manor-house which his father (also Henry) had built about five years before in Prince William County, Virginia. His mother was Lucy Grymes Lee, who, according to a rather dubious tradition, was the childhood sweetheart of George Washington. His grandfather was the first Henry Lee, of Lee Hall, Westmoreland County; the wealthy and eminent Lees of "Stratford" were his cousins, and he was connected by family ties to most of the reigning aristocracy of Northern Virginia—the Corbins, the Ludwells, the Grymes, the Tayloes, the Blands and the Fairfaxes.

Almost nothing is known about his childhood life and education, but at the age of fourteen his father enrolled him in the College of New Jersey which young Lee entered in the fall of 1770. The college, then but twenty-four years old, was under the vigorous superintendence of Doctor Witherspoon, recently come from Scotland. The curriculum consisted mainly of the

classics, mathematics, and natural philosophy, with much of the students' time devoted to syllogistic disputations in Latin and English. Lee proved to be an apt pupil and by his sophomore year was awarded first prize for translating English into Latin and third prize for general excellence in Greek and Latin. Among his contemporaries were Aaron Burr, James Madison, Philip Freneau and Hugh Henry Brackenridge, with all of whom he was to have important, if not always friendly, connections during the remainder of his life. He was a member, at different times, of both the American Whig and the Clio-sophic societies.

Princeton in the early 1770's was deeply agitated by the exciting disputes then current between Parliament and the colonists, and the undergraduates joined in the fracas with enthusiasm. In 1766 the much-hated Stamp Act had been repealed, but was immediately followed by the Declaratory Act insisting that Parliament had the right to make laws of any nature binding on the colonies with or without their consent. In 1767 came the Townshend Acts imposing taxes on tea, glass, wine, paper and other articles, coupled with stringent police measures to compel the colonists to obedience. Retaliation took the form of non-importation agreements, but these were difficult to enforce in the face of the dwindling profits of the merchants who had signed them.

The students of Princeton were unconcerned by any such materialistic considerations. In the summer of Lee's first year at college, word came that the shopkeepers of New York had written to their fellows in Philadelphia suggesting joint action to end the boycott of British goods. Fired with patriotic indignation, the whole student body turned out in a mass demonstration against this apostasy. The offending letter was burned before Nassau Hall by the village hangman while the students marched in academic gowns and the college bell tolled funereally. The following autumn, commencement ceremonies were devoted chiefly to a consideration of the current crisis. Frederick Frelinghuysen delivered an oration on "The Utility of American Manufactures" before an audience of undergraduates righteously clothed only in American cloth. The next year when James Madison's class graduated, a metrical dialogue entitled "The Rising Glory of America" was declaimed by

Hugh Henry Brackenridge who had co-authored the piece with Philip Freneau.

After 1770, however, when the home government had repealed all the Townshend duties except that on tea, agitation in the colonies dwindled, the solid front against the mother country was badly cracked, and the non-importation agreement collapsed. But in 1773, Parliament rekindled the fire by passing the famous Tea Act which brought in its train the Boston Tea Party and the subsequent retaliatory measures against the insurgent colonists. In the same year Henry Lee was graduated from Princeton. He had earlier planned to sail for London after graduation and read law at the Middle Temple. In view of the renewed altercations between the colonies and Great Britain he returned instead to Virginia.

2

There he watched the interesting course of events which led his countrymen into secession from the British Empire. In 1776, at the age of twenty, he received a commission as captain from Governor Patrick Henry and joined a cavalry corps organized by his cousin, Theodorick Bland. This was known as the Virginia Light Dragoons and as captain of the Fifth Troop of the First Regiment, Henry Lee rode away to war and fame.

When Lee and his troop of horse arrived in New Jersey in the spring of 1777 the most critical stage in the fortunes of the rebellious Americans had been passed. The preceding year, General Washington had evacuated New York, but in spite of military reverses and wholesale desertions he had conducted an orderly retreat across New Jersey and had avoided decisive defeat at the hands of Lord Howe's vastly superior forces. Recrossing the Delaware on the famous Christmas Eve of 1776, he surprised the Hessians in Trenton, took a thousand prisoners with almost no loss to his own forces, and four days later completed the occupation of that strategic city. Following this success with another surprise blow against the British at Princeton on January 3, 1777, he forced Cornwallis to withdraw completely from western New Jersey, set up headquarters on the heights of Morristown and waited for Howe, now confined in New York, to take the initiative. The

British general hesitated. His primary objective was the seizure of Philadelphia, the rebel capital. The shortest route was overland through New Jersey but the way was blocked by Washington's forces, whose numbers Howe greatly overestimated. The other possible approach was by sea, by way either of Delaware Bay or Chesapeake Bay. Howe chose the latter. On July 23, the British Fleet carrying fourteen thousand troops cleared Sandy Hook, and in a little more than a month the army disembarked near Elkton, Maryland.

As soon as Washington received word of Howe's appearance in the Chesapeake he gathered all his available forces (now numbering about eight thousand) and quickly set about putting himself between Philadelphia and the enemy. This was the campaign in which young Captain Lee had his first taste of battle.

As the British advanced northward through Delaware, Washington waited to dispute their passage at Chadds Ford on Brandywine Creek a few miles north of Wilmington. The British, however, successfully flanked the American right, routed one whole division of the American army, and proceeded towards Philadelphia. Lee was in this battle, though he served without distinction. Five days later, at Warren's Tavern on Lancaster Pike, where Washington was essaying another delaying action, the young cavalry captain was sent on an expedition which almost cost him his life. In company with Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Hamilton and a small troop of horse he was ordered to destroy several flour mills which lay directly on the enemy's line of approach. The mills were on the bank of the Schuylkill. Before the mission could be completed the small American force was surprised by a superior body of British cavalry. Hamilton, with some difficulty, managed to escape across the river by boat. His success was due partly to the skill with which Lee temporarily diverted the redcoats' attention and attracted most of their fire to himself and the other horsemen in his party. He finally managed to make his way to safety across a nearby bridge, although not before the van of the enemy's troops had emptied their carbines and pistols in his direction at a distance of no more than twelve paces. In his *Memoirs*, he attributed his seemingly miraculous escape to the inevitable inaccuracy of gunfire from horseback.

During the remainder of the fall and winter of 1777-1778, Lee and his troop were occupied in minor foraging expeditions, reconnaissance work, and harassing the enemy's outposts around Philadelphia. After the ill-advised attack on Germantown, on October 4, Washington retired ten miles north to White Marsh and later set up winter headquarters at Valley Forge. On October 23, Lee was sent by Joseph Reed, president of the Continental Congress, to reconnoitre Fort Mercer on the Jersey side of the Delaware. In December he was carrying on foraging expeditions around Haddonfield, New Jersey. In January he was back again in Pennsylvania where he set up headquarters at Scott's Farm near Mount Joy. There he operated with such success that Howe dispatched a body of 200 horse from Philadelphia to abate this nuisance by capturing the leader. With only eight men to assist him, Lee barricaded himself within the house and put up such a stout resistance that the British withdrew with nothing to show for their pains but three of their own men killed and several wounded.

The resourcefulness displayed by Lee in these various minor expeditions gained him considerable renown, and in March of 1778 Washington invited him to become one of his aides-de-camp. This would have meant immediate promotion to a lieutenant colonelcy, but the offer was rejected for reasons that are clearly indicative of the young soldier's character and temperament.

"Permit me to premise," he wrote, "that I am wedded to my sword, and that my secondary object in the present war, is military reputation. To have possessed a post about your Excellency's person is certainly the first recommendation I can bear to posterity, affords a field for military instruction, would lead me into an intimate acquaintance with the politics of the states, and might present more immediate opportunities of manifesting my high respect and warm attachment for your Excellency's character and person. . . . On the contrary I possess a most affectionate friendship for my soldiers, a fraternal love for the two officers who have served with me, a zeal for the honor of the Cavalry, and an opinion that I should render no real service to your Excellency's arms. . . ."

It is interesting to speculate on what change might have been wrought in Lee's future career had he accepted Washington's



HENRY LEE

From A Painting By James Herring, After Stuart

offer. He would probably not have had the same opportunities for the spectacular military glory that he later won but he might have gained valuable experience in the more complex problems of grand strategy, in organization and administration, and in army politics. At least, in the company of such men as Alexander Hamilton, Henry Laurens, James McHenry, and the rest of Washington's official family he might have acquired some of the political and financial sophistication which in subsequent years he so noticeably lacked. For the talents which Lee developed in the field as commander of a small troop of horse had little bearing on the problems which faced him and his generation after the war was ended.

June of 1778 saw the end of British occupation of Philadelphia. Sir Henry Clinton had replaced Lord Howe as commanding general and soon ordered an evacuation of the capital city. As the British moved across New Jersey, Washington pushed on in pursuit and at Monmouth engaged the enemy in an indecisive action. Henry Lee, now a Major and already famous as “Light-Horse Harry,” was still in Philadelphia when the Battle of Monmouth was fought, but by September he was once again with the main body of the Army which had encamped at various positions along the west bank of the Hudson, keeping watch on Clinton who had retired to New York. The following June he was reconnoitering Stony Point and sending General Washington precise information concerning the strength of the fortifications there, on the basis of which plans were drawn up for an attack. The fortress was taken in July by a body of troops under General Anthony Wayne. Major Lee's cavalry troop were present but played no signal part in the operation.

In August fifty infantrymen under Captain Allen McLane were added to the corps and shortly afterwards Lee made an opportunity for himself to win a spectacular victory and the official recognition which he had long coveted. He persuaded Washington to authorize his corps to attack the British fort at Paulus Hook, the peninsula between the Hackensack and Hudson rivers, now the site of Jersey City. The plan of attack originated entirely with Lee. According to the testimony of Lord Sterling, he “had gaind [*sic*] a perfect knowledge of the country, of all the paths leading to the works, of the Situation & shape of all the different forts, redoubts, and Blockhouses.

...” It was for these reasons that Washington felt justified in assigning command of the mission to an officer so junior in rank.

The peninsula on which the British fort was located was surrounded on all sides by water, the only practical access being across the small creek to the north of the enclosure. The only bridge was well guarded by the British, and to have attempted crossing there would have destroyed the element of surprise necessary to the success of the undertaking. Lee met the difficulty by laying down a temporary bridge farther up the creek. Early in the morning of August 19, his corps, increased for the occasion by three hundred infantrymen detached from the Virginia Line, crossed over to the Hook and took the British garrison completely by surprise. He had received instructions from Washington not to try to hold the fort, so with a hundred and fifty British and Hessian prisoners, he beat a successful retreat into safe quarters before any sizeable body of enemy troops could be mustered out to cut him off.

The enterprise was daring; it had been wisely planned, and skillfully executed. Washington and Lafayette were both fulsome in their praise. The reaction in other quarters was not so enthusiastic. Officers of the Virginia Line objected to Lord Sterling that “their feelings as Officers and Gentlemen have been greatly hurt” because command of the expedition had been given to a cavalryman who was junior in date of rank to the Line’s own Major Clark. They also alleged that Lee had misrepresented to Major Clark the date of his own commission in order to retain command. The fact that Major Lee was an officer in the Dragoons, said the petitioners, “renders the injury more pointed, & Strikes deep at the reputations of every officer of Infantry. . . .”

Neither Lord Sterling nor Washington was impressed by this petulant display of interservice jealousy, but civilian authorities proved more responsive. Lee’s first reward for his enterprise was arrest by order of Congress on charges that the retreat had been disorderly and precipitate and that he had exceeded his authority on the field.

Washington intervened in his behalf, and the military court of inquiry acquitted him on all counts. Subsequently Congress made amends by voting a subsidy of \$15,000 to be divided

among the enlisted men and a medal of gold to be struck in his honor. Yet the court martial left a bitter taste. It was the first of several occurrences which were to convince Light-Horse Harry that he was the victim of his country's ingratitude.

3

For the remainder of the year 1779 the operations in the North of both the British and American armies remained at a stalemate. Clinton stayed bottled up in New York and was even compelled to withdraw the British garrison at Newport to strengthen his defenses. Washington maintained a tight cordon around the city extending from Danbury, Connecticut, to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and although there were a few minor skirmishes, neither side felt strong enough to undertake a decisive engagement. Thereafter, the chief scene of operations shifted to the South.

Late in December of 1779 Cornwallis and Clinton set sail with over seven thousand men to capture the city of Charleston, South Carolina. Congress against Washington's protests dispatched Gates, "the hero of Saratoga," to repair the damage, but in August of 1780 his army was overwhelmed by the British near Camden and for the remainder of the year, British control of South Carolina and Georgia was practically uncontested.

Washington's views finally prevailed over Congress and Nathanael Greene was sent to Charlottesville late in 1780 to take over command of the patriot army from the ineffective Gates. With him went Light-Horse Harry Lee, now a Lieutenant Colonel and in command of his own independent unit—Lee's "partisan corps," a body of about 280 mixed cavalymen and infantrymen, later known as Lee's Legion.

Early in January of 1781, Lee was sent out to meet with Francis Marion, then in hiding in the swamps of South Carolina. These two hit upon a scheme for seizing the British garrison at Georgetown, below the mouth of the Pedee. The plan contemplated a surprise amphibious operation against the town followed by a combined cavalry-infantry attack from the rear. Boats carrying two divisions of infantry were floated down the Pedee to initiate the assault. Somehow the expedition miscarried. The amphibious troops landed without opposition, and Lee

and Marion with their cavalry and militia moved in promptly to support them; but the British soldiers, at the first word of the attack, beat a strategic retreat out of the town proper into the fort and there their position was unassailable. Lee and Marion with inferior forces had to withdraw leaving the fortifications undamaged.

After this unsuccessful engagement, Lee was ordered to report to General Greene's headquarters at Guilford Court House in North Carolina. Cornwallis's army was approaching from the south and Greene had determined to retreat across the Dan River. Lee's Legion was temporarily incorporated into a light corps under command of Colonel Otho Holland Williams and was charged with the duty of covering Greene's retreat, fighting a delaying action if necessary to retard Cornwallis's advance until the main body of the American troops had escaped by ferry across the Dan. As it happened, the Legion encountered no serious opposition. On the morning of February 10, they overtook, killed or captured a small detachment of British cavalry. No other action was engaged in. By February 13, Greene had crossed the river and late the same day Lee joined him.

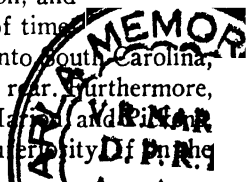
Five days later Greene, reinforced by new additions of militia, recrossed the Dan, determined to challenge Cornwallis to a pitched battle or drive him out of North Carolina. For three weeks Lee and his Legion were on constant duty, scouting the enemy's positions and foraging for supplies. Early in March they came across a body of four hundred Loyalist militia on their way to join forces with the British Colonel Tarleton. Posing as a Loyalist, Lee approached the unsuspecting militiamen with gestures of friendship. As soon as he had his cavalrymen deployed into a favorable position, the deception was dropped, swords were unsheathed and a general massacre begun. About ninety Loyalists were killed, many more wounded and the remainder routed.

Meanwhile General Greene had set up headquarters again at Guilford Court House, hoping to draw the British into a decisive battle. Lee joined him there on March 14 and on the next day was assigned to support the left flank of Greene's army against which the British were approaching in full force. The spirited attack made by the Legion against the enemy was not sufficient to keep the main body of untrained militia from re-

treating under fire, but Lee pressed on in spite of the militia's defection and inflicted severe casualties on the Hessian regiment opposite him in the line. The Hessians lost about seventy-five men as against three killed in Lee's corps. Nevertheless Lee soon found himself isolated from the main body of the American army which was by now beating a hasty retreat north of Guilford Court House. Although he had gained a local victory, his position was untenable so he, too, ordered withdrawal and rejoined General Greene. In spite of their yielding the field, the Battle of Guilford Court House was not a strategic defeat for the Americans; Greene had lost some four hundred men, but Cornwallis's forces had been so riddled that he was forced to withdraw to the coast to get the support of the British fleet at Wilmington.

At this juncture Greene was faced with two alternatives. He could retire to Virginia, where Cornwallis was himself undoubtedly bound, and attempt to defend that critical area from the ravages of the British army. Or he could abandon Cornwallis to his own devices and proceed with his army into South Carolina in an attempt to smash the enemy garrisons there and free the whole lower South from British domination. Greene chose the latter plan of strategy. Probably the persuasions of Henry Lee were as responsible as any other single factor for the decision. At least Lee in writing his memoirs took credit for originating the plan and his chief biographer, Thomas Boyd, as well as most of the other historians of the Revolution, support his claim. Lee suggested, in his own words: "that, leaving Cornwallis to act as he might choose, the army should be led back into South Carolina; that the main body should move upon Camden, while the light corps, taking a lower direction, and joining Brigadier Marion, should break down all intermediate posts, completely demolishing communication between Camden and Ninety-Six with Charleston; and thus placing the British force in South Carolina in a triangle, Camden and Ninety-Six forming the base, insulated as to co-operation, and supplies, even of provision, for any length of time."

If Cornwallis then should follow Greene into South Carolina, Lee went on to argue, he would be far in the rear. Furthermore, Greene would have the support of Sumter, Marion and Pinckney which would rectify his present numerical inferiority.



other hand Cornwallis should retire to Virginia, as Lee suspected he would, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia would fall by default into the hands of the Southern Army which could then join forces with Washington and bottle up Cornwallis in Virginia.

Greene yielded to these arguments and, early in April, decided to march against Camden. Colonel Lee was meanwhile ordered to join Marion who was still in hiding in the South Carolina swamps, and conduct a campaign against the series of forts near the junction of the Wateree and Santee rivers which formed the apex of the triangle of British fortifications of which Camden and Ninety-Six comprised the base.

Joining forces with Marion, the Legion first marched against Fort Watson on the west bank of the Wateree just above the point where it flows into the Santee. They were before the fort by April 15. One of Lee's subordinates, Captain Mayham of South Carolina, conceived the plan of building a high log tower above the enemy stockade from which musket fire could be rained down on their heads. Lee then cut off the fort's water supply, and against these odds her commanding officer quickly surrendered.

The next object of attack was Fort Motte, a few miles from Watson, on the south bank of the Congaree. This post was the principal depot of the convoys between Charleston and Camden and consisted of a large mansion house surrounded by a ditch and a barricade. On May 7, meanwhile, Greene had attacked Lord Rawdon at Camden and been defeated, although the British shortly thereafter evacuated the fort. Lee and Marion were therefore forced to work at double time to complete the operation before Rawdon could march to the garrison's relief. On the 10th, Lee ordered the house to be fired by means of flaming arrows directed against its roof. Unable to control the flames because of heavy artillery fire, the British commander quickly surrendered and with his garrison of some hundred and fifty soldiers was paroled to Charleston.

The Legion then set out for Fort Granby several miles up the Congaree, while Marion and his troops were ordered southeast down the Santee to take Georgetown. Granby surrendered with little opposition and the three hundred and sixty troops of the garrison were taken prisoner. "Thus" [as Lee wrote in his

Memoirs] “in less than one month since General Greene appeared before Camden, he had compelled the British general to evacuate that important post, forced the submission of all intermediate posts, and was now upon the banks of the Congaree, in the heart of South Carolina, ready to advance upon Ninety Six (the only remaining fortress in the state, besides Charleston, in the enemy’s possession) and to detach against Augusta, in Georgia; comprehending in this decisive effort, the completion of the deliverance of the two lost states, except the fortified towns of Charleston and Savannah—safe, because the enemy ruled at sea.”

Lee’s part in this campaign was to attack the two forts which controlled Augusta—Fort Grierson and Fort Cornwallis. By mid-May he was in Georgia, but decided to delay the expedition against Augusta long enough to enable him first to take Fort Galphin, twelve miles down the Savannah River, where the annual royal present to the neighboring Cherokee tribes was then stored. Lee and his men arrived before the fort on the morning of May 21. He detached a small body of dismounted dragoons to lure the British out of the stockade. The ruse worked. The enemy mistook the dragoons for a band of Georgia militia and undertook pursuit. As soon as they were well clear of the fortifications, Lee’s cavalry fell on them and gained an easy victory.

From Galphin Lee moved immediately up the river to Augusta. Fort Grierson, the outer fortification manned by loyalist militia, was easily taken and most of the defenders massacred by the Georgia militia who had joined the attack. Fort Cornwallis was a more difficult problem. It was manned by British regulars and its defenses were sturdy. Once again a log parapet was constructed, overlooking the walls of the stockade, from which heavy artillery fire could be directed against the defenders, but not until June 5 did Colonel Browne, the British commander, agree to surrender to the overwhelming superiority of the American Forces.

Meanwhile, Greene had marched on to Ninety-Six, the last of the great inland fortresses in the Southern Department, which lay due north of Augusta a few miles below the Saluda River. It was a well fortified position surrounded by a high wall, a ditch, and an obstruction-fence of stakes and timber. In front of the

stockade stood a star-shaped fortress also encircled by a wall and outer ditch. The fort was defended by five hundred and fifty men under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Cruger, a loyalist from New York. Greene had commenced operations on May 22 and Lee and his Legion arrived on the scene June 8. Not until June 18 was a frontal attack made on the fortifications. The Legion, placed in the right column of Greene's army, led the advance on the outer star-shaped fortress. Under severe artillery fire they made their way over the outer ditch and across the parapet into the fort itself, forcing the British to withdraw into the main stockade. Lee was ready to press the attack into the stockade but, before he could do so, received orders from General Greene to retire. Greene had discovered that Lord Rawdon was fast approaching with a superior force and decided to withdraw from the area and abandon the siege. The Legion accompanied Greene's army to Charlotte, North Carolina. Rawdon pursued them for a short while, then turned back to Ninety-Six which he decided to evacuate in favor of Charlestown.

For the next two months Greene's army rested in the High Hills of Santee while the Legion roved the area in search of supplies and British scouting parties. Late in August, Colonel Stuart, who had replaced Lord Rawdon in command of the British forces at Charlestown, moved to Eutaw Springs where Greene decided to attack him. There, on September 8, was fought the last important battle in the Southern Department. Lee's infantry were stationed on the right flank of the first line. At the first charge of the British regulars, the state militia, who were on either side, fell back as usual in a disorderly rout, leaving Lee's troops without support. Greene then ordered his second line forward to support Lee, and this time the British gave ground under their opponents' devastating fire. The Americans pursued them into the village, but there the attack was delayed as the troops broke up to loot Colonel Stuart's encampment, and Greene unfortunately ordered a diversion against a fortified brick house. This gave the enemy time to reform their ranks. Lee's infantry were involved in the fruitless attack against the house which soon had to be abandoned as too costly in lives. Meanwhile, the main body of his cavalry had been detached to join Lt. Col. William Washington and with only one small section of cavalry left under his command Lee could not par-

ticipate in the ensuing battle which took place when the British returned in strength to drive Greene's forces out of the town and regain their encampment.

Again, however, the Americans were able to claim a strategic if not a tactical victory. British losses were almost 700 against a total of some 400 casualties for the rebels. Stuart was forced to retreat to Charleston, where the British remained cooped up for the duration of the war.

General Greene retired to the High Hills of Santee where he learned that Washington was besieging Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. He prepared a long report for the Commander in Chief on the military situation in the South and selected Lee to deliver it to Washington. Thus it occurred that Lee was at Yorktown in time to witness Cornwallis's surrender. He rejoined Greene in November and, after leading a fruitless expedition against St. John's Island, decided to quit the army. His motives were mixed. Prominent among them was an obvious dissatisfaction with the rewards he had gained after seven years of fighting. He had felt slighted at Yorktown as others, with less real fighting to their credit, were awarded the most honorable laurels. He grew bitter and fell into a curious lassitude. He apologized to General Greene for his "imbecility of mind." Finally, disgusted with himself and with the army, he resigned in January of 1782, taking with him General Greene's acknowledgment that he was "more indebted to this officer than to any other for the advantages gained over the enemy, in the operations of the last campaign."

4

Thus at the age of twenty-six Henry Lee terminated one of the most brilliant military careers in the annals of the American Revolution. The decision was a mistake, and in later years as personal misfortunes piled higher on him, he was frequently overwhelmed with acute nostalgia for the exciting adventures and satisfying companionships of his youth. He tried repeatedly but without success to rejoin the military, the only field of endeavor in which he felt at home. In 1792 he was anxious to be appointed to the place of General St. Clair, then engaged in Indian warfare in the Northwest Territory. "War suits me as

well as peace," he wrote to his cousin Senator Richard Henry Lee. Washington chose Anthony Wayne for the position, and when it was hinted to Lee that Knox had blocked his appointment because of his modest rank, he complained to Washington that the President had been "deceived and abused by those in whom you place the highest confidence. . . . You cannot be a stranger to the extreme disgust which the late appointment to the command of the army excited among all orders in this state."

The following year he wrote again to Washington, "Bred to arms, I have always since my domestic calamity wished for a return to my profession as the best resort for my mind in its affliction." There was a revolution in France and Lee had written to Lafayette and to Francesco de Miranda inquiring what rank he might acquire if he accepted a commission in the Republican army. Miranda hinted that he might expect a major general's commission. Lee was tempted to sail for France, but Washington advised against it and he refrained, though not without regret.

In 1798 when the exposure of the X.Y.Z. affair brought the United States to the brink of war with France, President Adams appointed Lee a Brigadier General in the new army that was to defend the nation against the forces of the Directory, but the war scare collapsed in spite of the Federalist Party's agitation for "millions for defence but not one cent for tribute." Again in 1794 when the farmers of Western Pennsylvania openly rebelled against Alexander Hamilton's whiskey excise, Lee was called back to the service, as commanding general of the Federal forces, but the rebels dispersed and there was no shooting. Finally, in 1807, when the British sloop *Leopard* fired on the American frigate *Chesapeake* a few miles off Hampton Roads, Lee gratefully received from his enemy Thomas Jefferson a commission as Major General in the army summoned to frighten His Majesty's government into reparations and retraction. But Jefferson decided that an Embargo Act would bring England to her knees sooner than a declaration of war and Lee was once again thwarted in his desire to return to the profession of his youth. Not until the unfortunate Baltimore riot of 1812 did he take up arms again.

In 1782 when he resigned from Greene's army, Henry Lee's

prospects in civilian life were not dim. He could return to his father's estate in Virginia with more than a fair chance of carving a successful career for himself as a planter or in local and national politics. A more important factor affecting his decision was his recent engagement to Matilda Lee of Stratford on the Potomac. She was his second cousin, the daughter of the late Philip Ludwell Lee, and niece to the three most prominent Lees of their day, Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot, and Arthur. On the division of her father's estate, Matilda acquired extensive plantations in Loudon county near the Great Falls, islands on the upper Potomac, and large tracts in Westmoreland, including the manor-house of Stratford with numerous slaves and other property rights. Less than a month after his return from South Carolina, Henry and Matilda Lee were married and he became master of Stratford. Matilda died in 1790 after several years of serious illness. Of their four children, only two survived, Lucy Grymes and Henry Lee, the fourth of that name who because of alleged scandalous conduct, won the opprobrious title of "Black-Horse Harry." Three years after his first wife's death, Lee was married again, to Ann Hill Carter of Shirley on the James. Of this union, six children were born, the next to the last being Robert Edward, later to become commanding general of the Confederate Army.

As was customary for a man of his possessions and family connections, Lee, soon after his return from the army, entered politics. He was never remarkably successful as a public servant and at no time did he show great talent for even the cruder forms of political maneuvering. Although he occasionally displayed some insight into the controversial issues facing his generation, he seemed incapable of hewing to a single line of policy. His habitual inconsistency indicates either an instability of temperament, or what is more likely, ignorance of the true nature of current economic and political problems and of the party conflict which they evoked. Generally he was a Federalist, yet he registered opposition to Hamilton's financial system which was an essential ingredient, if not the *sine qua non* of the Federalists' program.

In 1789, Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury proposed that the Federal Government assume liability for all the debts incurred by the states before the adoption of the Constitution,

with the condition that these obligations be paid off at par. The scheme was designed to enhance the credit standing of the country and also to woo the support of the great and powerful class of speculators who had, since the Revolution, bought up most of the outstanding state securities at greatly depreciated prices. Lee was bitter in his opposition to the plan. He wrote to James Madison:

"It is no doubt political to establish this system where the govt. is in the hands of one or a few, because it draws to the support of the govt. a numerous class of the people from the strongest motives of human action, viz. self interest . . . where the people are really free & mean to be so, where the govt. is absolutely their own property, political tricks of this kind are abominable & dangerous in their effects—if they succeed completely national debts will be encouraged by wanton expeditions, wars & useless expenses. This encrease of the people's burthen, will in exact proportion increase the operation & influence of the principle & the one will continue to cherish the other, until the weight of oppression shall force people to recur to first principles, or the government shall have changed hands."

These lines might have been written by Jefferson or John Taylor of Caroline or any other of the republican-minded Anti-Federalists who were so outspoken in their opposition to Hamilton's financial schemes. In the same vein Lee later wrote to Hamilton himself concerning the Bank of the United States, another bulwark of the Federalist program:

"I could say much to you with respect to the Bank & many other congressional measures springing from the funding system, but I prefer silence to discussion when no good can result therefrom. Would to God you had never been the father of the measure in its present shape for I augur ill of its effect on you personally as well as on the public prosperity."

Lee's attitude toward the French Revolution is also difficult to comprehend. In 1793 he was eager to fight in behalf of the new Republic, yet in the same year, in a conversation with Citizen Genêt, he stoutly defended Washington's neutrality proclamation which the French government regarded as inimical to her interests, if not a flat violation of the Treaty of 1778.

In 1791 he had shown his heterodoxy by joining with Madison in a scheme to set up a newspaper in opposition to Fenno's

Gazette of the United States, a rabid pro-Hamilton sheet. He and Madison persuaded their former Princeton contemporary, Philip Freneau, to found a paper called *The National Gazette* which in a short time became the leading mouthpiece for antagonists of Washington's administration. Yet, not many years later, Lee was championing the Alien and Sedition Acts and even urging that Congress perpetuate these laws which were chiefly framed to suppress Freneau's *Gazette* and other papers of the same stripe.

Inconsistency was not the only quality which militated against Lee's success as a politician. Equally important was his inability or unwillingness to gauge the trends of public opinion and adapt himself accordingly. During Washington's administrations, when the Federalist Party was riding high, Lee was never admitted into their inner councils. His opposition to the funding plan and to the bank made him suspect in spite of Washington's personal esteem. The Anti-Federalists, too, were reluctant to welcome this political chameleon and after a personal quarrel with Jefferson he became definitely *persona non grata*. During Adams' administration, Lee, with his typical propensity for backing the wrong horse, attached himself firmly to the Federalist party as it degenerated into an impotent faction of obstructionists.

5

His first experience in public life had set the tone for Lee's later career. In the fall of 1785 he was elected to represent Virginia in Congress. The main issue before that body was the question of a proposed treaty with Spain to permit Americans free navigation of the Mississippi. The year before, John Jay had been commissioned by Congress to conclude an agreement with the Spanish minister, Don Diego de Gardoqui, and was instructed "particularly to stipulate the right of the United States to their territorial bounds, and the free Navigation of the Mississippi, from the source to the Ocean." These instructions were written at the insistence of the Southern and Western representatives and were opposed by Northern commercial interests. Jay sided with these interests, and it soon became obvious that he was not pressing the project with much enthusiasm.

When Lee departed for Philadelphia he took with him explicit

instructions from the Virginia Assembly to demand free navigation as the *sine qua non* of any commercial treaty which should be drawn up with Spain. Privately he sided with Washington in his belief that opening the Mississippi might weaken the nation's unity and prove disadvantageous, in any case, to tidewater Virginia. Although he at no time violated his instructions, his attitude was well known and in the next session of the Assembly his candidacy for congress was rejected. Madison was elected in his place—a humiliation for Lee which almost brought about a complete estrangement between these two Princetonians.

Meanwhile developments in the country at large grew more and more disturbing to the friends of property and “sound government.” Without any effective taxing power Congress was unable to establish a stable currency or credit system. American merchants and traders suffered greatly in the absence of a national tariff and commercial policy. Creditors groaned as state after state passed paper money laws, legal tender acts, laws delaying execution on debts. In Massachusetts in the fall of 1786 an army of debt-ridden farmers banded together under Captain Daniel Shays to force the legislature to stay judgments on debts and taxes. They attacked the federal arsenal at Springfield and although easily driven back and dispersed, their revolt sent a thrill of horror among the conservative property-holding classes.

Henry Lee was in full accord with the sentiment entertained by the majority of the large property holders that the only answer to this threatened anarchy was a strong central government. In September, he wrote to Washington:

“The period seems to be fast approaching when the people of these U. States must determine to establish a permanent capable government or submit to the horrors of anarchy and licentiousness. . . . Weak and feeble governments are not adequate to resist such high handed offences. It is not then strange that the sober part of mankind will continue to prefer this incertitude & precariousness, because their jealousys are alarmed and their envy encited when they see the officers of the Nation possessing that power which is indispensably necessary to chastise vice and reward virtue. But thus it is and thus it has been, and from hence it follows that almost every nation we read of

have drank deep of the misery which flows from despotism or licentiousness—The happy medium is difficult to practice.”

A “happy medium” between despotism and licentiousness was hit upon by the members of the Federal Convention which met the following year in Philadelphia to frame the new Constitution. Lee was considered in the nomination of the Virginia delegation, but not chosen, probably because of his unorthodoxy on the Mississippi question. But he was selected to represent Prince William County in the convention which met in Richmond in June of 1788 to consider ratification of the new document. By the time the Virginia delegates assembled, eight states of the required nine had already ratified unconditionally. New Hampshire’s convention, which was sitting at the same time as Virginia’s, agreed to unconditional ratification a few days before the Richmond convention finally reached a decision. Yet Virginia was, in a sense, the keystone to the whole federal structure and without her assent the Constitution would have had small chance of success. Opposition in the state was led by Patrick Henry and George Mason, who proposed that the Constitution be returned to a second convention for further amendments before being ratified. Henry even openly advocated the forming of a separate confederation of the Southern states to counterbalance the growing strength of the commercial North.

Lee took an active part in the debates and argued with considerable skill in behalf of the proposed federal government. He challenged Henry to “go to our seaports; let him see our commerce languishing—not an American bottom to be seen; let him ask the price of land, and of produce, in different parts of the country: to what cause shall we ascribe the very low price of these? To what cause are we to attribute the decrease of population and industry and the impossibility of employing our tradesmen and mechanics? . . . These, sir, are owing to the imbecility of the Confederation; to that defective system which can never make us happy at home or respected abroad. . . .”

He replied also to Henry’s attack on the proposed federal standing army. As an ex-soldier who had suffered more than once from the disorganization and poor discipline of the Revolutionary militia he denounced that system of defense with authority and conviction:

"I have seen incontrovertible evidence that militia cannot always be relied upon. I could enumerate many instances, but one will suffice. Let the gentleman recollect the action at Guilford. The American regular troops behaved there with the most gallant intrepidity. What did the militia do? The greatest number of them fled."

Virginia ratified by a small majority on June 24, and in the following year the new federal government was established with Washington at its head. Lee, unlike most of the prominent Virginia Federalists, was offered no position of importance within the official family. He was elected to Congress for only a single term in 1799. In 1798 he was chosen Governor of the state and served in that office for three years. It was during his last year as Governor that he was appointed by Washington to command the Federal Army in an expedition against the "whiskey boys" of Western Pennsylvania.

In 1793 Hamilton had proposed and Congress had accepted a law imposing an excise tax on distilled spirits in order more easily to pay off state and federal security holders under the Funding Act. The burden of the tax fell most heavily on the farmers of the trans-Allegheny region who depended on whiskey not only as a cheap medicine for the drudgery of their lives but also as almost their sole source of cash and as a convenient means of exchange in a barter economy. When the excisemen appeared beyond the mountains, they were handled roughly, and in short order a full-scale rebellion against federal authority was in the making. President Washington with Hamilton's encouragement determined at once to nip the buckskin sedition in the bud and make a dramatic showing of federal supremacy. He ordered out the state militias of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia and gathered together an army of about 13,000 troops to march against the centers of the rebellion in western Pennsylvania. Of these militia men, 3,300 were from Virginia, and Governor Lee, with a commission of Major General, was put in command. By mid-October, the Virginia troops were at Bedford, Pennsylvania, where Lee met Washington and Hamilton. The President then returned to the national capital, leaving General Lee in command of the whole expedition. The "watermelon army" proceeded to Uniontown and to Pittsburgh, but by the time they arrived the re-

bellion had collapsed, the insurgents had vanished, and the invasion forces were made to feel somewhat ridiculous. General Lee comported himself with sense and moderation, but it was with considerable relief that he returned to Virginia in December and washed his hands of the whole enterprise. His final military adventure had turned into a fiasco.

6

If state and national politics offered few rewards to Henry Lee, his numerous financial enterprises were even more disappointing. Shortly after the Revolution he bought up five hundred acres of land at the Great Falls of the Potomac, hoping to establish a town there. The site was considered highly desirable because of the Potomac Company's projected canal which would eventually connect the tidewater with the trans-appalachian west. But Lee's projected town and the Potomac Company's canal were doomed to the same failure. The Company hired one David Rumsey of Maryland to superintend the project, and his decision to deepen the channel of the river rather than dig a canal beside it proved disastrous and the Company failed. Meanwhile, Lee was encountering unexpected legal difficulties. The lands he had purchased at the Great Falls had originally belonged to the Fairfax estate. The quitrents accruing to the estate had been sequestered by the Virginia Assembly during the Revolution, but with the establishment of federal courts by the Constitution, the Fairfax heirs reappeared to enforce their claims to all back payments. The litigation dragged on for years. Lee, not having good title to his land and not being able to satisfy the claims of the Fairfax heirs for back quitrents, was also unable to profit from his investment as he had hoped by selling town sites. Finally he determined to mortgage all of his interest in his wife's property at Stratford in order to get full possession of the Great Falls property. Matilda, knowing his speculative tendencies, dissuaded him and furthermore induced him to sign a deed putting Stratford in trust for his eldest son and therefore beyond his own disposal.

Still he continued to speculate in land and always without profit. In company with the Marshalls, James and John (later Chief Justice) he bought up 160,000 acres of the Fairfax estate

in the Northern Neck. Robert Morris agreed to advance payment for the purchase, but when it became due in 1796, the financier of the Revolution had himself become so involved in debt that he was unable to make the advance, and furthermore persuaded Lee to lend him \$40,000 which was later defaulted. Meanwhile Lee had borrowed considerable sums from several of his friends foolish enough to make the loans. A debt of some six thousand dollars to General Washington fell due in December 1795 but could not be paid. Two months later, Lee offered in part payment seven hundred dollars in cash and seventy shares of Bank Stock which he estimated to be worth \$2,800. He overestimated their value and when Washington discovered his loss he was righteously indignant.

By 1800, Robert Morris had gone to debtor's prison and the \$40,000 which Lee had lent him was irretrievably lost. He commenced selling off parcels of his land, but not enough was left to satisfy his creditors. Court actions threatened him on all sides. Charles Carter, fully aware of his son-in-law's financial irresponsibility, excluded him from any future control over his wife's inheritance by putting Ann Hill's share in trust. Finally the sheriffs became so insistent that the doors of Stratford were barred with iron chains to prevent the law from entering and serving process.

At last in 1809, no longer able to evade the sheriffs, Lee was summoned to court to answer suit for \$5,400. Being completely without funds or sufficient attachable property, he was confined to jail at the county seat of Westmoreland. Later in the same year he was imprisoned in Spotsylvania for the same reason. There, he began his *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States*. He hoped the book would enjoy a sale large enough to relieve him of some of his financial difficulties, but the public was indifferent.

In the spring of 1810 he was released. By his own previous deed, title to Stratford was to pass that year to his son Henry. With the few funds his wife still had on hand, Lee and his younger children moved to a small house in Alexandria. There he completed the *Memoirs* and quietly raged against the machinations of the Republican Party then in power.

He was opposed to Madison's declaration of war against England in 1812. So too was young Alexander Contee Hanson,

ardent Baltimore Federalist and editor of the *Baltimore Federal Republican*. Hanson had attacked the war violently in his editorials and for his pains had been driven out of Baltimore by a mob of rowdy patriots. He set up presses in Georgetown, continued his tirades against the government, and, in late July, returned to his native city to take up business. Lee determined to visit him there and express his sympathy. Shortly after he arrived at Hanson's office, the house was besieged by a mob of local democrats. Light-Horse Harry, hero of so many Revolutionary campaigns, agreed to command the defense of the establishment. He sent out for additional arms, barricaded the windows and doors, and disposed his little band of twenty-seven in much the same manner that he had disposed his men at Scott's Farm in Pennsylvania thirty-four years before. The mob grew. Firing broke out on both sides. One man in the crowd was killed. Finally, on the morning of July 28, the militia appeared in force and the beleaguered party agreed to surrender to the law on the promise of safe conduct. They were lodged in the local gaol in the hope that passions would cool, but the troops were withdrawn and by night the crowd had gathered in sufficient strength to force the doors. Lee and his friends were overwhelmed, beaten, and mutilated. Lee himself was covered with knife wounds. One of the rioters tried to cut off his nose, and another poured hot candle grease in his eyes. His companions in arms were dealt with in like fashion and one of them, General Lingan, was killed. The town physicians were eventually able to recover the unconscious bodies and remove them to safety across the Pennsylvania line.

When at last he returned to Alexandria, Lee was almost a total invalid, crippled and disfigured. The following winter his former fellow-collegian at Princeton, President Madison, offered him a commission as Major General in the Federal Army, but he was too feeble to accept. Finally he begged Monroe to arrange passage for him on a British ship bound for the Barbados where he hoped he might recover his health. Monroe and Madison complied and in the spring of 1813, Lee sailed from Alexandria.

He remained in the West Indies until February 1819 when, considering himself sufficiently recovered, he boarded a packet bound from Nassau to Virginia. After the ship set sail he fell

sick again and asked the captain to put him off at Dungeness in South Carolina, the estate of the late Nathanael Greene. There he was hospitably received by General Greene's daughter, Mrs. Shaw, who ministered to him until he died on March 25. He was buried in the vault at Dungeness beside the body of his former general. No member of his family was present nor did any visit the grave until more than forty years later. In 1862, General Robert E. Lee, inspecting coast defenses in the area, paid a visit of filial homage to the father he had scarcely known.

After the war, the retired Confederate general acknowledged his father's military greatness in the short biography which he wrote for the third (1870) edition of the *Memours*. There Henry Lee is depicted only as the spirited and gallant cavalry leader who commanded the respect of Washington, Lafayette, and Greene. Concerning his father's faults, Robert E. Lee maintained a respectful silence.

The mecurial character which made Henry Lee so fine a Revolutionary soldier was too complex to permit him a place in the hearts of his countrymen. He stood among the first in war, but could not hold that rank in peace.

James Madison

[1751-1836]

BY DOUGLASS ADAIR

EVERY college tends to bask in the reflected glory of its famous alumni; alma mater naturally likes to hint that she is in large part responsible for the successful careers of her most illustrious sons. Yet any college which parades its distinguished graduates as proof that it is a nursery of genius lays itself open to a jibe made long ago by Adam Smith. That learned Scot complained in 1776 that educational institutions were always taking undeserved credit for the development of the talents of their students; a young man who starts his higher education "at seventeen or eighteen, and returns home at one and twenty, returns three or four years older . . . and at that age it is very difficult not to improve a good deal in three or four years."

It is safe to say, though, that for eighteen-year-old James Madison, junior, who entered Princeton six years before Smith made his cynical remark, the undergraduate years laid the foundation he was to build on all his days. And since James Madison became one of the chief architects of our political democracy, the "Father of the American Constitution," and President of our nation during its formative stage, his sojourn at Nassau Hall under the tutelage of the learned Dr. John Witherspoon was of incalculable importance to the destiny of the United States.

James Madison, junior, born March 5 (O.S.), 1751, was the oldest child of the leading family of Orange County, Virginia. His ancestors, planters in both the paternal and maternal lines, ranked, by his own description, "among the respectable though not the most opulent Class" of Virginia society. Orange County lies in the Piedmont between the fall-line and the Blue Ridge. The chief families of this region, the Madisons and the Jeffersons, while a little less wealthy and aristocratic than the great Tidewater families, demanded, and were accorded, the deference due to members of an established ruling class. The Madisons' wealth and political power were solidly based. James Madison, senior, was a justice of the peace and a vestryman in the

Anglican church—offices held only by men of ranking social position; he owned more than a hundred slaves, and the cultivated portion of the Montpelier plantation alone amounted to nearly two thousand acres. At birth, James junior entered a station of life that provided him with the values and opportunities esteemed most desirable by current Virginia standards.

Besides inherited wealth and position he had an advantage far more important—a first-rate brain. Although neither his father, nor his brothers, nor any other members of his immediate family or their descendants ever exhibited any particular intellectual distinction, James junior, through the mysterious alchemy of the genes, was endowed with a capacity for extraordinary intellectual accomplishment. Writing his autobiography at the age of eighty, he recorded as the first important incident of his life his intellectual delight in the discovery of *The Spectator*. He was then eleven years old. The memory of the profound impact of that literary classic led him to argue, seventy years later, that from “his own experience” it was a book “peculiarly adapted to inculcate just sentiments, an appetite for knowledge, and a taste for the improvement of the mind and manners.” Madison, of course, put the cart before the horse. His natural “appetite for knowledge” was the cause of his excitement over *The Spectator*, not an effect of it.

Madison's failure to become conscious until he was nearly twelve of his own “taste” for mental improvement reveals the somewhat restricted intellectual opportunities available even to a member of the Virginia aristocracy in the eighteenth century. Though born for “the intellectual pleasures of the closet,” Madison grew up in an open-air society where guns and horses, dogs and stirrup-cups were treated as far more important adjuncts of life than books. It was a gracious way of living but it was also profoundly frustrating for the development of the mind and spirit. A description of colonial Virginia by George Tucker, which was read and approved by Madison himself, speaks of the gentry as generally “open handed and open hearted; fond of society, indulging in all its pleasures, and practicing all its courtesies. But these social virtues also occasionally ran into the kindred vices of love of show, haughtiness, sensuality—and many of the wealthier class were to be seen seeking relief from the vacuity of idleness not merely in the allowable pleasures of

the chase and the turf, but in the debasing ones of cock-fighting, gaming, and drinking. Literature was neglected, or cultivated, by the small number . . . rather as an accomplishment and mark of distinction than for the substantial benefits it confers." When existence is as easy and pleasant as it was for the first gentlemen in the Old Dominion there can be little of the discipline necessary for sustained creative thought; the mind of upper-class Virginia, like that of most aristocracies, was marked by dilettantism and philistinism. The pleasant tyranny of social life with its endless rounds of dinners, barbecues, fish-frys, and riding parties could only be resisted by a major effort of the will; and even among the best minds of Virginia there were few who succeeded in emancipating themselves. Add to these distractions the provincial nature of life on the scattered country-seats, the lack of scholarly companionship to provide what Madison termed "mutual emulation and mutual inspection," and it is understandable why Virginia's colonial culture was relatively so barren of intellectual accomplishment. An individual like young James Madison could only begin to realize his own potentialities after he was exposed to ideas and scholarly habits alien to the complacency of his native state.

Madison's initiation into the larger world of ideas occurred in 1762 when he entered the school established in King and Queen County by Donald Robertson, who had emigrated to Virginia from Scotland some ten years earlier. Madison describes Robertson as "a man of extensive learning and a distinguished Teacher." Under his direction for five years the young Virginian "studied the Latin and Greek languages, was taught to read but not speak French, and besides Arithmetic & Geography, made some progress in Algebra & Geometry. Miscellaneous literature was also embraced by the plan of the School." Within this comprehensive curriculum, Robertson's standards of performance were strict; but Madison's affectionate references to his teacher in later life show that this introduction to learning was viewed as an adventure rather than a task. Here, in the Scotch classicist's library, the first of any scope to which young Madison had access, he began to discover for himself the resources hidden in books.

In 1767 the boy left Robertson's school to study under a new teacher, the Reverend Thomas Martin of New Jersey, who had

become rector of the Brick Church in Orange County. Since there were now four Madison children of school age, Mr. Martin agreed to live at Montpelier and supervise their lessons. Under this arrangement the young minister tutored James for two years. Martin had been graduated from Princeton in the class of 1764. His praise of Nassau Hall influenced the Madisons to select it as the place to which James should go for his higher education. Their choice was also determined by the reputation Princeton was rapidly acquiring under its new president, the famous Dr. Witherspoon, as the most progressive college in America.

2

When James Madison rode north to Princeton in the summer of 1769, a vastly important chapter of his life began. He set out, an eager intelligent boy, with no clear idea of what calling he would follow or where his talents would lead him. He returned home some three years later with his A.B. degree, a mature young man who had fully developed the rigorous habits of thought that were to mark him always, and to make him the most scholarly of American statesmen. At Princeton, the direction of his thinking was finally set; his mind henceforward would be continually preoccupied with the analysis and understanding of society and of principles of government. The Princeton years helped also to determine the goals of his thought, and to crystallize the standards and values that were to govern his political theorizing. At Nassau Hall he was immersed in the liberalism of the Enlightenment, and converted to eighteenth-century political radicalism. From then on James Madison's theories would advance the rights and happiness of man, and his most active efforts would serve devotedly the cause of civil and political liberty.

The twenty-three-year-old college at Princeton which Madison entered in 1769 was dominated by its new president, Dr. Witherspoon. This learned cleric, who lived in a perpetual storm center of ecclesiastical and political controversy, was a vigorous rather than a profound thinker, markedly dogmatic in questions of politics, religion, and philosophy, but always dramatic and provocative in his dogmatism. His reputation as a great teacher rests on the testimony of a whole generation of undergraduates

whose mental life was aroused and guided by contact with him. In the case of eighteen-year-old James Madison, Witherspoon fully satisfied the need that most young men have in their formative years for a friend and confidant in whom they feel both wisdom and authority. Stimulated by Witherspoon's aggressive intellect, Madison's own mind bloomed. His joyous kindling to the new ideas and the scholarly discipline offered him at Princeton led the Virginian to carry double the normal load of classes, finishing the required four-year course in a little over two years. This necessitated, as Madison reports in his autobiography, "an indiscreet experiment of the minimum of sleep and the maximum of application which the constitution would bear. The former was reduced for some weeks to less than five hours in the twenty-four."

Madison was awarded his A.B. degree in the autumn of 1771. Then, as if to demonstrate that his accelerated program was the result of a voluntary and happy absorption in learning rather than a desire to finish his schooling quickly and return home, he insisted on staying on at Princeton for postgraduate work. During the winter of 1771-1772 he continued under Witherspoon's guidance, devoting his time to "miscellaneous studies" including some law, and "to acquiring a slight knowledge of the Hebrew, which was not among the regular College Studies."

It was, however, in the regular senior course labeled "Moral Philosophy" that Madison encountered the ideas which were to affect his life most significantly. The syllabus of Witherspoon's lectures in this course, which has been preserved with the list of recommended readings, explains the conversion of the young Virginian to the philosophy of the Enlightenment.

Because the French Revolution was a great drama, many people still think of the Enlightenment as a peculiarly French development connected primarily with the theories and ideas of such *philosophes* as Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, and their circle. Actually the Enlightenment was international in scope. Every European nation produced its crop of philosophers. Moreover, while the Parisian salons were probably the chief center of advanced social thinking, the Scotch universities after 1750 were almost equally important in systematizing and disseminating the revolutionary ideas of the age. The great names in this sudden flowering of the Scotch intellect are David Hume,

Francis Hutcheson, Adam Smith, Thomas Reid, Lord Kames, and Adam Ferguson. Their books formed the core of the moral philosophy course at Princeton, and it was in these works treating of history, ethics, politics, economics, psychology, and jurisprudence, always from the modern and enlightened point of view, that Madison received his "very early and strong impressions in favor of Liberty both Civil & Religious."

A description of Madison's character as a statesman written in 1789 by Fisher Ames, when the Virginian was at the peak of his fame, shows how thoroughly he had assimilated at Princeton the ideals of the Scotch thinkers, and how profoundly they conditioned his lifelong approach to politics. Ames, a political opponent, noted that Madison was "well-versed in public life, was bred to it, and has no other profession." Yet, Ames complained, politics "is rather a science than a business, with him." In this statement he paid unconscious tribute to the great Scotch philosophers Madison studied at college.

Hutcheson, Hume, Smith, and others among the eighteenth century philosophers had conceived the bold and noble dream of reducing politics, economics, law, and sociology to a science. Their great model was Newton, who had demonstrated a century earlier that reason could discover the natural laws of the physical universe. Now in their turn the Scots aspired to use reason to discover the immutable laws of human nature. If the science of man and society was once established, it would allow reformers to reshape political, social, and economic institutions progressively so as to bring them into harmony with nature's divine plan, and thus create a new social order which would guarantee liberty, equality, and happiness to all men. It was this vision that fascinated young Madison while he studied at Nassau Hall. It was to this dream that he dedicated his life. The scholarly treatises of Ferguson, Hume, and Kames, which Madison read in Witherspoon's course, did not appear to him as dusty academic exercises, but rather as thrilling manifestoes in a program of political and social regeneration. To him the arguments of the philosophers became the slogans of a fighting faith. If the social scientist could gain, by the study of history, sure knowledge of the anatomy of political society, he would be able to diagnose and cure its ills. This high concept of the function of the scholar-statesman was Princeton's greatest gift to James

Madison. His complete acceptance of it throughout his life made him, with Franklin and Jefferson, one of the great American representatives of the Enlightenment.

Princeton also gave James Madison his first opportunity for intimacy with a congenial circle of friends. Nor was this a minor benefit. Like many diffident individuals the Virginian, throughout his life, showed a deep emotional need for affection. His manner tended toward stiffness and reserve, and he did not make friends easily. Even after he had become a famous statesman his self-confidence was not proof against the least suspicion of indifference or hostility in others. The comments of that famous Washington hostess Mrs. Margaret Bayard Smith are revealing in this connection. Writing of a visit made to Montpelier in 1828, she describes the brilliance of Madison's talk, "which was a stream of history . . . so rich in sentiments and facts, so enlivened by anecdotes and epigrammatic remarks, so frank and confidential as to opinions on men and measures, that it had an interest and charm, which the conversation of few men now living could have." Nevertheless, she adds: "This entertaining, interesting, and communicative personage, had a single stranger or indifferent person been present, would have been mute, cold and repulsive." Only a sympathetic environment could release Madison's deep capacity for friendship. Orange County had not provided such an environment in his youth. There is no record of any warm feeling toward his fellows at Robertson's school, nor any evidence that his relations with his brothers and numerous cousins were particularly close. When he arrived at Princeton, however, he entered as an equal member a brilliant group of young men whose tastes and talents were similar to his own. In William Bradford, Philip Freneau, and Hugh Henry Brackenridge—all of whom were to distinguish themselves in the arts and professions after leaving college—Madison discovered a trio of friends he would cherish all his life.

It was with this group, the leaders of the recently organized American Whig Society, that Madison found what he termed "recreation and release from business and books" while at Nassau Hall. With them he took part in those "Diversions" and "Foibles" of student life so charmingly described in the diary of Philip Fithian who entered college during Madison's last term. As Fithian speaks of the undergraduate practices of

"giving each other *names & characters*; Meeting & Shoving in the dark entries; Knocking at Doors & going off without entering; Strowing the entries in the night with greasy Feathers; freezing the Bell; Ringing it at late Hours of the Night," one smiles at the conventionality through the centuries of student mischief, in which young Madison presumably shared. We do know certainly that he participated in another contemporary custom mentioned by Fithian. the "writing witty pointed anonymous Papers, in *Songs, Confessions, Wills, Solliques, Proclamations, Advertisements &c.*"¹ Preserved among the Bradford manuscripts in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania is a series of Whig satires in verse on the members of the rival Cliosophic Society. Among them are several of Madison's which indicate that, although he was a limping poet, he had already developed the taste for ribald jokes which was to scandalize a British ambassador when the Virginian was Secretary of State.

3

When Madison left Princeton and returned home in 1772 he entered the unhappiest period of his life. After the exciting years at Nassau Hall, Montpelier seemed an "obscure corner" of the world and inexpressibly lonely. Madison's letters to William Bradford written at this time are almost pitiful in their nostalgia to breathe "again . . . your free air." To add to his spiritual desolation his health had finally cracked from the strain of overstudy; for a time he believed he had epilepsy and was oppressed with a morbid expectation of an early death. Then, as his strength slowly came back under a regimen that balanced

¹ The remainder of Fithian's catalogue of undergraduate "Foibles" is worth printing if only to round out the picture of student mores at Princeton in Madison's day. Fithian continues: "Picking from the neighborhood now & then a plump fat Hen or Turkey for the private entertainment of the Club. . . . Parading bad Women, Burning Curse-John, Darting Sun-Beams upon the Town-People, Reconnoitering Houses in the Town, & ogling Women with the Telescope—Making Squibs, & other frightful compositions with Gun-Powder, & lighting them in the Rooms of timorous Boys, & new comers—the various methods used in naturalizing Strangers, of incivility in the Dining Room to make them bold; writing them sharp & threatening Letters to make them smart; leading them at first with long Lessons to make them industrious—And trying them by Jeers and Repartee in order to make them choose their Companions &c &c."

reading with exercise, the problem of his future career filled him with doubts and hesitations. Madison was strongly inclined to a profession that would provide a "decent and independent" income as an alternative to plantation ownership for, from principle, he wished "to depend as little as possible on the labour of slaves." Yet the practice of law, toward which his intellectual interests pointed, required physical strength and ability in public speaking which he did not possess. His voice, like Jefferson's, was abnormally weak, and his self-assurance completely failed him in large public gatherings. So although Madison, during 1772-1773, started "a course of reading which mingled miscellaneous subjects with the studies intended to qualify him for the Bar . . . he never formed any . . . determination" to become a professional pleader. From the books he was buying for his library and from the comments in his letters to Bradford we rather see that his chief preoccupation at this time continued to be public law, or, as he described it to his friend, "the principles and modes of government [which] are too important to be disregarded by an inquisitive mind."

It was at this time, too, that James Madison first translated his enlightened principles into political practice. A group of Baptist preachers in Orange and Culpeper counties, whose growing congregations had attracted the unfriendly notice of the Anglicans, were prosecuted under the religious laws of Virginia and jailed for nonconformity. Although admitting that the "enthusiasm" of these dissenters "rendered them obnoxious to sober opinion," Madison could not stomach this denial of religious liberty. To quote his own words, he "squabbled and scolded, abused and ridiculed," first "to save them from imprisonment," and when that failed "to promote their release from it." This action on his part was to have an unexpected effect on his political fortunes for, as he reports in his autobiography, "this interposition tho' a mere duty prescribed by his conscience obtained for him a lasting place in the favours of that particular sect." Consequently when the Anglican church was disestablished in Virginia and the dissenters were allowed to vote, Madison discovered that he could count on a solid bloc of Baptist supporters in his home district, no matter who ran against him, a decided advantage for a political philosopher who never became a colorful campaigner on the hustings.

The outbreak of the Revolution ended Madison's worries both over his future career and his poor health as "he entered with the prevailing zeal into the American Cause." Prevented from joining the army by "the discouraging feebleness of his constitution," he served during 1775 on the revolutionary Committee that ruled Orange County. Then in the spring of 1776, mainly through his family connections, he was chosen as a delegate to the Convention whose task it was to establish a new government for Virginia. When he journeyed to Williamsburg in May 1776 and took his seat in this Convention he found at last the profession for which talent and his training at Princeton had prepared him. Henceforth his life was devoted to the public service and, as one of the master builders of a new nation, he played a major part in framing the political institutions of the United States in accordance with the generous and humanistic creed of the Enlightenment.

Madison's role in the famous Virginia Convention of 1776 provides a striking example of the part political theory plays in revolutions. Every successful political revolution is to a large extent theoretical, since revolutionists faced with the hateful conditions that breed rebellion are forced to appeal from what is to what ought to be. They must attack current corrupt practices from the standpoint of an ideal system which they are struggling to establish. Theory, which etymologically means "vision," provides the new points of reference that replace the old norms; without theory to chart a visionary road into the uncertain future, revolt becomes no more than an incandescent blaze of unreasoning and destructive violence. The radical principles which directed the Virginia convention's work of state building were set forth in the famous Declaration of Rights drawn up by George Mason. But it was James Madison who revised Mason's clause respecting religious freedom, and in so doing made his first major contribution to American democracy.

Mason's theory of religious liberty originally written into the Declaration of Rights was revolutionary by eighteenth-century standards: "that religion . . . can be governed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and, therefore, that all men should enjoy the fullest toleration in the exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience." Madison, viewing the problem on the basis of his reading at Princeton and his studies

since leaving college, objected on principle to the inclusion of the word "toleration" in the Declaration of Rights, for it implied that freedom of conscience was a privilege that the state could grant or withhold as it saw fit. He viewed freedom of conscience as a "*natural and absolute* right," and hence completely outside the jurisdiction of government. So, while the delegate from Orange, "being young and in the midst of distinguished and experienced members," did not open his mouth during the debates in the Convention, he did play an important part in its proceedings, for he prevailed on Mason to amend the clause on religious liberty in accordance with his own more advanced theory.

Thus, through James Madison's intervention, it was proclaimed for the first time in any body of law drawn up in a Christian commonwealth that freedom of conscience is a substantive right, a right which could only be secured by a complete separation of church and state. In 1776 this separation was still only an ideal; even in Virginia church and state were not divorced. Nevertheless the public and official acceptance of Madison's theory clearly defined the issue thenceforth for all revolutionary America, and designated the field of battle where the struggle for religious freedom would be fought. In 1786 Madison at last had the satisfaction of seeing his ideal subscribed to in its entirety by the Virginia legislature. In 1789 he himself was to embody the principle in the federal Bill of Rights. By the time he died in 1836 the complete separation of church and state had become the established norm throughout the United States.

Unfortunately for Madison his constituents did not appreciate his silent services in the Virginia Convention. When he sought election to the legislature in 1777 he was defeated. The austerity of the campaign principles which he conceived necessary to maintain the "purity" of republican government also contributed to this setback; for he refused to recommend himself to the voters in the traditional fashion by providing them with "spirituous liquors, and other treats." This defiance of custom was too shocking for the Orange voters; Madison's constituents, well plied with drinks by his opponents, attributed his "abstinence" to "pride or parsimony." While thus excluded for a time from elective office, the young Virginian still continued active in

public life. In November 1777 he was appointed by the Assembly to the Virginia Council of State, whose eight members served as the governor's cabinet. He remained a member of this body until 1779 when, Thomas Jefferson being governor, he was appointed by the legislature one of the Virginia delegates to the Continental Congress, in which he served until November 1783.

Madison's six years of appointive office in the Virginia Council of State and in the Confederation Congress supplemented his theories of government with that subtle form of political wisdom that can come only from experience. As a counselor of state he came to know all the foremost Virginia leaders, and entered upon a deep and lasting friendship with that other enlightened philosopher, Thomas Jefferson. As a Congressman he met and cooperated with distinguished men from other states, and grew steadily in awareness of the common interests shared by all thirteen.

Gradually Madison came to take a leading part in the congressional business relating to finances, national defense, trade, western lands, and international relations. Theory and experience now went hand in hand. Though his auditors still agreed that "he speaks low, his person is little and ordinary," nevertheless as they marked him in action they found that his "sense, reading, address, and integrity" made him remarkably persuasive. "His language is very pure, perspicuous, and to the point. . . . He states a principle and deduces consequences, with clearness and simplicity." Above all, his fellow statesmen were struck by his scholarly industry and marvelous grasp of fact; "he is a studious man, devoted to public business, and a thorough master of every public question that can arise, or he will spare no pains to become so, if he happens to be in want of information." It is no wonder then that on the termination of his service in Congress James Madison returned to Virginia with a national reputation as "one of the ablest Members that ever sat in that Council."

During these years in Congress he became more than a Virginia statesman, representing as he did a national point of view that transcended class and sectional interests. Madison had entered politics with a less provincial attitude than most of his contemporaries. Now, taught by his years in congressional service, he became with Washington the most continental-



JAMES MADISON
From A Painting By Asher B. Durand

minded of all the Virginia leaders. By the nature of his associations and work at Philadelphia he had been under tremendous pressure to think in national terms concerning the general welfare. When he returned home in 1783 the young statesman had gained a mature perspective which identified the cause of the American Union with the cause of liberty throughout the world.

4

Madison's return to private life was brief. In 1784 he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates and at once became the leader of the radical party in the place of Jefferson, who had been appointed American minister to France. During the next three years he was instrumental in finally disestablishing the Anglican church, enacting a large portion of Jefferson's revised code of laws, and strengthening the basis of state finances. Moreover, while strenuously working to make his own state a model of enlightened administration, he was increasingly aware of the larger problems confronting the nation. During these years in the Virginia legislature he steadily urged that the powers of the Confederation be strengthened. It was largely on his initiative that Virginia participated in the series of interstate conferences that led ultimately to the Philadelphia Convention of 1787.

The Convention of 1787 provided the Princeton-trained political philosopher with the opportunity of rendering his greatest service to his country. In recognition of Madison's role in the Philadelphia meeting historians have named him "the Father of the Constitution." By 1787 the Confederation had declined into impotence; government credit was desperate; Congress, unable to maintain order or even to protect itself, was powerless in the face of treaty violation and foreign commercial discrimination. As the powers of Congress declined, the center of political gravity shifted to the states which soon were engaged in a series of bitter local rivalries. Inside each of these petty sovereignties, postwar depression and deflation touched off virulent class struggles between debtors and creditors as each group strove to control the state machinery in order to protect its own economic interests. In one quarter ominous

voices were heard to declare that America was geographically too large and too heterogeneous to continue under a single government; while in another it was openly stated, for the first time since 1776, that the only cure for the ills of the new nation was to liquidate the republican experiment and establish an American monarchy. It seemed to thoughtful Americans in every section that the Union, which had been the instrument of victory in winning political liberty from England, was doomed to dissolve under the tensions of postwar disagreement. Against this background of economic distress, sectional quarrels, class conflict, and ideological confusion the Convention called to reform the Confederation met at Philadelphia in May 1787.

Long before he journeyed to Philadelphia Madison had become convinced that the fate of republican government in America and hence throughout the world hung in the balance. As early as 1785 he had begun to warn his fellow citizens that unless the Union was strengthened there would be a competitive system of jealous sovereign states, involving "an appeal to the sword in every petty squabble, standing armies, and perpetual taxes." Internal weakness would make the disunited states "the sport of foreign politics," threaten the very existence of liberty, and "blast the glory of the Revolution." In view of the decay of the Confederation, Madison had already taken steps to approach the problem scientifically. Since Jefferson in Paris had access to the book stalls of all Europe, Madison recruited his aid in building up an extensive collection of "treatises on the ancient or modern Federal Republics." In preparation for the Philadelphia meeting he was therefore able to study in his own library the structure and principles of all the confederations described in history. The result embodied in two memoranda, entitled respectively "Notes of Ancient and Modern Confederacies" and "Vices of the Political System of the United States," is probably the most fruitful piece of scholarly research ever carried out by an American.

Madison's reading of the accounts of historic confederations, such as the Lycian League, Amphictyonic Council, the United Netherlands, was discouraging; as precedents they furnished "no other light than that of beacons, which give warnings of the course to be shunned, without pointing out that which ought to be pursued." His studies confirmed his belief, steadily growing

as he watched the American Confederation totter toward "imbecility," that it would be impossible to establish a stable federal system based on any principles tried in the past. Madison's reading underlined a further point. Never in all the history of the world had it been possible to organize a republican state in a territory as vast as America; never in the past had it been possible to frame a popular government for a population of such heterogeneous elements as those inhabiting the United States. As he discovered in his books, and as Alexander Hamilton was later to argue in the Convention, all political theorists agreed that a stable republic promoting the general welfare of a varied population could be established only in a small country. Stable empires of vast extent had been organized in the past, but they had all been held together from above by the power of a king.

It is James Madison's greatest glory as a philosopher-statesman that he accepted the challenge of the impossible. He transcended the impossible by inventing a completely new type of federal state, which while solidly resting on majority rule at the same time provided adequate safeguards for the rights of minority groups. From his reading and experience he evolved an original theory of republican federalism differing completely from the principles of any of the historic confederations. A full month before the Convention met he had elaborated his novel scheme in his memoranda and in letters to Jefferson, Randolph, and Washington. He had also commenced work on the blueprint of a governmental structure that would institutionalize this theory. It was a brilliant intellectual achievement which won for the thirty-five-year-old Madison the right to be called the philosopher of the American Constitution. His theory, embodied in the structure of the American Union, was to prove also the greatest triumph in practical application of the Enlightenment's ideal of scientific political research.

The story of Madison's labors to get his theory elaborated into the document known as the United States Constitution is too familiar to be detailed here. The Virginian played a decisive part in every phase of constitutional creation. On the basis of his theory, which he submitted to Washington's careful inspection, he was able to persuade the General that the Convention was not doomed to impotence before it opened, and that he should

attend as a delegate. Washington's prestige, both at Philadelphia and during the struggle for ratification, proved of major significance in the outcome. It was Madison's theory too that provided the basis of the Virginia Plan which, after it was worked over by the assembled delegates for nearly four months, emerged as the new constitution. During the long summer days in the Convention, Madison, in the words of a fellow delegate, "took the lead in the management of every great question"; one of three debaters who were heard most frequently, he spoke from the floor 161 times. Whether in committee or in open session it was reported that "he always comes forward the best informed man on any point in debate. The affairs of the United States, he perhaps, has the most correct knowledge of, of any Man in the Union." Finally, marvelous to relate, it was James Madison, "the profound politician" blended "with the scholar," who somehow managed to find the extra energy necessary to write out daily a meticulous report of all the debates in the Convention. Although this exacting task almost killed him, as he later admitted, still he was determined that future political philosophers should have the "Debates" as scientific data requisite to carry forward the study of republican government.

Madison's labors for the Constitution did not end with the adjournment of the Convention. Almost at once the long bitter struggle to secure ratification began. During the winter of 1787-1788 the Virginian collaborated with Alexander Hamilton and John Jay in writing *The Federalist*, the classic exposition of the Constitution and the most important American contribution to the world's political literature. In the spring of 1788, elected a member of the Virginia ratifying convention, he acted as leader of the pro-constitution party, and matched himself against the great Patrick Henry who was chief of the opposition. Until the final vote was taken the issue hung in doubt, and with it the question of whether the Constitution would be given a trial. Virginia being both the largest and the most populous of the thirteen states, her rejection would have proved fatal to the plan. In the most dramatic episode of his career, Madison faced the fiery, passionate oratory of Henry and smothered it with his quiet, lucid reasoning. When the final vote was taken the logic of Madison and the constitutional party had caused eight members of the opposition to disregard the express wishes of their constituents,

and two more to vote contrary to specific instructions. As a result the Constitution was approved by the narrow margin of 10 out of 168 votes.

5

Although the new Constitution was finally ratified in 1788, it was still merely a blueprint; the task remained of transforming its paper provisions into the institutions of a functioning government. To this delicate operation the first Congress addressed itself. Madison almost missed sharing in this labor: Patrick Henry's hatred first blocked his election to the new Senate, and then attempted to prevent his choice as a member of the House. Luckily for Madison his loyal Baptist supporters remembered their ancient debt and backed him solidly; and so in 1789 he began the first of his four terms as a Virginia representative in Congress. From the day he took his seat he was the leading member of the lower house. There was no act of legislative business during the first session in which he did not participate with his customary erudition. He sponsored the first ten amendments to the Constitution which make up the federal Bill of Rights, introduced the first revenue bill, helped organize the executive department, and acted as President Washington's congressional adviser and ghost writer. It was a strenuous period full of "delays and perplexities" arising in large part from the complete "want of precedents." Many times Madison felt that "we are in a wilderness, without a single footstep to guide us." Yet the task was accomplished. By the end of the first session of the first Congress, "the more perfect union" had successfully made the transition from paper to practice.

Before the new government had been in operation a year, Madison became deeply disturbed over the trend of events in the national capital. In his view, the trouble lay in the activities and policies of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury. To the New Yorker, no federal scheme could provide a sufficiently centralized authority to subsist in so large a country; and even worse was "the disease" of democracy which afflicted America. Hamilton, therefore, seized the opportunity during the formative stage of the new government to "administer" it—the term is Madison's—so that it would more closely approach his ideal of a consolidated oligarchy. With devious brilliance,

Hamilton set out, by a program of class legislation, to unite the propertied interests of the eastern seaboard into a cohesive administration party, while at the same time he attempted to make the executive dominant over the Congress by a lavish use of the spoils system. In carrying out his scheme, though he personally was above corruption, Hamilton transformed every financial transaction of the Treasury Department into an orgy of speculation and graft in which selected senators, congressmen, and certain of their richer constituents throughout the nation participated. As Madison watched Hamilton's program develop, he became disillusioned and bitter. In the Convention he had fought to create a Constitution under which "the interests and rights of every class of citizens should be duly represented and understood." Now he saw the machinery of his new government being used to exploit the mass of the people in the interest of a small minority.

Before the end of the first Congress, Madison, therefore, began to attack the Hamiltonian program as "unconstitutional" no less than antirepublican. In so doing, he probably saved the Constitution from being abrogated by the rising mass of injured citizens, and guaranteed that the American experiment in democratic government should continue on a national basis.

Hamilton's system of class government, while brilliantly successful in enlisting the loyalty of "the rich, the wise, and the well born" for the Constitution, in truth contained a major threat to American nationalism. During the struggle for ratification, a majority of the people had opposed the Constitution as containing a potential threat to their liberties. Living in an almost self-sufficient agrarian economy, they were content with the security provided by the system of independent states and saw little need for a stronger union. This majority was still deeply suspicious of the national government at its birth in 1789. Every device that Hamilton used to win the loyalty of the propertied elite tended to confirm the suspicions of the yeoman farmers and middle class groups and to erode their faith in the new government.

Not the least of James Madison's services to American nationalism was to put himself at the head of this potentially dangerous opposition and thus guarantee that it would remain loyal to the Union. Thomas Jefferson was to prove the great

organizer and symbol of the anti-Hamiltonians; but Madison had already formulated the principles of the opposition before Jefferson assumed the role of party chief. In speeches, letters, and a series of essays contributed to the newspaper edited by his fellow Princetonian, Philip Freneau, "the father of the Constitution" stressed again and yet again that it was not the federal Union that was at fault but the individuals at its head. The Constitution itself was sound; the evil lay in Hamilton's perverted "interpretation" of the document.

Thus, an aroused party which might well have developed revolutionary tendencies was marshaled by Madison under the banner of a higher loyalty and a stricter veneration of the Constitution. Once again the Virginia theorist and political philosopher had played a decisive part in fixing the pattern of future political behavior in America. Following Madison's lead, discontented groups in the United States, even though out of power, have traditionally looked to the Constitution for the protection of their rights, and thus has been maintained that amazing balance between stability and change which has characterized our national existence. Certainly, this developed pattern of loyal opposition made the election of Thomas Jefferson and the reversal of national policies in 1800 a coup which, although "revolutionary," was still strictly constitutional.

During Jefferson's two terms as president, Madison served officially as his Secretary of State, and unofficially as his dearest friend and most trusted adviser. Since the President was a widower, it also came about that Madison's wife, the famous and attractive Dolly, whom he had married in his forty-fifth year, became the official hostess for the administration. As Secretary of State, James Madison shared fully in the two great triumphs of Jefferson's first term: the program of domestic reform that finally identified the Union as a people's government, and the Louisiana Purchase which extended the bounds of the republican experiment clear to the Pacific. In like manner, Madison was a leader in the unsuccessful attempt during Jefferson's second administration to develop through the Embargo a system of economic sanctions to replace the use of force in our foreign relations. In 1808, through Jefferson's influence, Madison was chosen to succeed him as president.

6

As chief executive, James Madison added few laurels to his reputation. He inherited from his predecessor the insoluble problem of preserving American neutrality in the midst of the titanic struggle between England and Napoleon. Before the beginning of his second administration the Virginian had become convinced that there was no alternative to war against England, if the United States was to maintain its maritime rights and its economic independence. Unfortunately, the talents of the philosopher statesman were designed for peace rather than war; after the opening of hostilities Madison's inadequacies as a military chieftain soon became apparent. Throughout the conflict, he was hampered in exerting executive leadership by his theory that Congress should take the initiative in determining policy.

As it turned out the United States was fortunate to emerge from the struggle territorially intact. Not a single American war aim was achieved; Washington was captured and the President was forced to flee to the Virginia woods for safety; and only the unexpected victories of the final months of the conflict—at Baltimore, Plattsburg, New Orleans—allowed his contemporaries to set down "Mr. Madison's War" as an American triumph. Yet the sentiment of national unity, which Madison had labored so long to inculcate by rational appeal, flowered under the irrational emotions released by the war; and the last remnants of antirepublicanism were swept away in the flood of patriotic pride. Soon after the treaty of peace, James Madison's presidential term ended and put a period to his forty years of public service.

After his retirement to Montpelier, Madison "devoted himself to his farm and his books, with much avocation, however, from both by an extensive and often laborious correspondence which seems to be entailed on Ex-Presidents." A large part of his time was spent in arranging his letters, and editing for the enlightenment of posterity the carefully preserved "Notes" on the debates in the Constitutional Convention. He was closely associated with Jefferson in the founding of the University of Virginia, and became its rector after Jefferson's death in 1826. When he had almost reached his eightieth birthday he reluctantly

served as a member, but took no important part, in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829. It was about this time that he dictated his short autobiography, nearly a fifth of which deals with his happy years at Princeton.

As Madison grew older, he withdrew as far as possible from politics. When pressed in 1830 for his opinion on a current controversial topic he wrote: "A man whose years have but reached the canonical three-score-and-ten . . . should distrust himself, whether distrusted by his friends or not, and should never forget that his arguments, whatever they may be, will be answered by allusions to the date of his birth." Yet, on the two issues of slavery and state rights which were eventually to threaten the existence of his beloved union, his principles forced him to break his silence. Until his death, he lent his active support to the African Colonization Society from an awareness that the "dreadful calamity" of Negro bondage was incompatible with the republican principles of liberty and equality. On one other subject also he would not hold his peace. When the South Carolinians, during the tariff controversy, tried to use his name and Jefferson's to support their doctrines of nullification and secession, he repeatedly and publicly denounced their position as constitutional heresy.

James Madison lived on peacefully to the age of eighty-six, deeply happy in his marriage, still full of "inexhaustible faith" in the future of the great democratic commonwealth he had done so much to establish. On the morning of June 28, 1836, he died quietly in his easy-chair. It is reported that even his slaves wept when he was buried in the Montpelier graveyard.

Philip Lindsley [1786-1855]

PIONEER EDUCATOR OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST

BY JOHN EDWIN POMFRET

PHILIP LINDSLEY was the last of the long line of educational pioneers who carried the influence of Princeton to the South. For nearly a hundred years before he founded a great university in Tennessee graduates of Nassau Hall had gone forth to sustain those who subscribed to the Westminster Confession of Faith. The Scotch, and after them, the Scotch-Irish, insisted upon a trained ministry. To fill this need the early Presbyterians founded "log colleges," first in Pennsylvania, later all along the advancing frontier. Out of one of the first of them Princeton, itself, developed.

One can trace in the South, beyond the Tidewater especially, where the Presbyterian influence was strong, the formation of presbyteries and academies that followed quickly upon the wake of settlement. Samuel Davies and Samuel Finley, who succeeded Princeton's earliest presidents, the Yale graduates, Dickinson, Burr, and Edwards, were themselves products of the "log college." These men and their followers were noted for their qualities of scholarship, perseverance, and common sense. John Witherspoon, president from 1768-1794, though a Scotsman, furnished a cohesive and logical synthesis that was to set the Princeton pattern for long generations. His "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," accenting heavily religious faith, devotion to work, and strict discipline, embodied the fortress principles that sustained the attacks of materialism, philosophical idealism, deism, and extreme rationalism. John Blair Smith carried to Hampden-Sydney, David Caldwell to his famous school in Guilford County, Samuel McCorkle to Zion-Parnassus Academy, David Rice to Transylvania Seminary the same hard-headed emphasis upon orthodoxy and mental discipline and the same antagonism to deism and all its foibles. Lindsley was a later torchbearer of the Witherspoon tradition. For him, the

university, "ever has been, is now, and ever will be, the grand *conservative principle* of civilization, of truth, virtue, learning, liberty, religion, and good government among mankind."

Davidson Academy, the foundation on which the University of Nashville was laid, was chartered in 1785 by the legislature of North Carolina, and the following year the Rev. Thomas B. Craighead, a Princeton graduate of 1775, was elected president. In 1806 the institution was renamed Cumberland College. In 1810 Craighead was succeeded by James Priestley, who served until 1816 when the institution suspended. It was a young Princetonian, Philip Lindsley, who discerned in the dying college a rare opportunity: he revived it as the University of Nashville and built it up into a strong institution. In so doing he became one of America's great educational leaders. He carried the torch of learning to that considerable area known in frontier history as the Old Southwest. His great work flourished after him in many of the new commonwealths established south of the Ohio during the early nineteenth century. Happily for him he did not live to see the crippling of his institution by the Civil War for, although the Medical School revived for a few years, the University closed again in 1870. Finally, in 1875, the college department was merged with the newly established Peabody Normal School.

Philip Lindsley was born on December 21, 1786, in the home of his maternal grandmother, a few miles outside Morristown, New Jersey. His parents, Isaac Lindsley and Phebe Condict, were both descended from seventeenth century East New Jersey settlers. The family during Philip's infancy moved to Basking Ridge; until his thirteenth year, except for occasional attendance at boarding school, he lived at home and attended school in nearby New Vernon. He regretted his brief childhood boarding-school experiences, for he was devoted to his mother, "incomparably my ablest teacher." Philip as a child was an omnivorous reader though he enjoyed fishing, hunting, and the other rural sports. Long before he attended Mr. Finley's school he had read the Bible through as well as the whole of Rollin's *Ancient History*, which he borrowed volume by volume from an uncle. He stood always at the head of his group in school.

In 1799 Philip entered the first class of the newly established academy of Robert Finley. Starting with a half dozen boys this

school was to achieve in a few years an enviable reputation, so great indeed that in 1817 its headmaster was elected president of the University of Georgia. Philip studied there, with the exception of a short period during the winter of 1801-1802, for three years, preparing to enter Princeton, where Finley himself had made a brilliant record. So excellent was his preparation at Finley's Academy at Basking Ridge and at Mr. Stevenson's School at Morristown, where he had spent part of one winter reading Homer, that he was admitted, with three of his classmates, to the junior class at Princeton in November 1802. Although later in life Lindsley was to inveigh against the admission of students of fifteen to college, he was only sixteen when he came to Princeton.

Graduated in 1804, Lindsley accepted Mr. Stevenson's invitation to teach English at Morristown. As compensation for the session's work of six months he received board and lodging and free instruction in French, and, as a bonus, a ten dollar bank-bill! In the spring of 1805 he became an assistant to Finley at a salary of \$300, without board. He served for two years. Robert Finley and James Stevenson "were, and are, my model educators," wrote Lindsley toward the close of his career. "Their superiors I have not known. Their equals I could not name." While associated with them the young Lindsley continued his studies in Greek, Latin, French, and English literature, progressing so far that he was granted the degree of Master of Arts at the Princeton commencement of September 1807.

President Samuel Stanhope Smith prevailed upon Lindsley to remain at Princeton as junior tutor in Latin and Greek. As a member of Dr. Finley's church he had already become a candidate for the ministry under care of presbytery, and continued residence at Princeton afforded him opportunity to study theology under Smith. In 1810, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. Although during the next two years he continued with his theological studies and did some casual preaching, he refused the tender of a ministerial appointment at Newtown, Long Island. At the beginning of the term of November 1812 he returned to Princeton for the twelve years that might be called the second phase of his career.

Philip Lindsley's rise at Princeton was rapid. Beginning as senior tutor in 1812, he was promoted the next year to professor

of languages, and was chosen secretary of the board of trustees. During this signal year he married Margaret Elizabeth Lawrence, a daughter of the attorney-general of New York. Later he assumed the duties of librarian of the college, for the library had become "his home, his sanctuary, his society." He was familiar with every volume and, above all, he took pride in acquiring the best editions of the classical authors. He served, also, as "inspector," the equivalent of the present-day position of dean of the college. In 1817 he became vice-president and during the same year was ordained by the Presbytery of New Brunswick. In 1822, following Dr. Ashbel Green's resignation, he served as acting-president for one year. The following year he was elected president of Princeton, but saw fit to decline this high honor. In 1824 he became president of the University of Nashville.

When Philip Lindsley in 1812 became senior tutor at Princeton, he was twenty-six years of age; when he accepted the presidency of the University of Nashville, he was thirty-eight. The most informative account of the younger Lindsley, paying tribute to him as a scholar and a teacher, was written by President John Maclean of Princeton shortly before Lindsley's death in 1855. Lindsley had been instrumental in having Maclean appointed senior tutor, and later professor, at Princeton. Lindsley's enthusiasm for his subject contributed heavily to his popularity as a teacher. The thoroughness of his teaching rested, Maclean thought, upon his insistence on accuracy in the meaning and use of words as the surest guide to the appreciation of the classical authors. His favorite authors were Homer, Aristotle, and Longinus, all of whom had a profound influence upon his literary style. For many years Lindsley was engaged in writing for publication a "Course of Lectures on Greek Literature," a work in two volumes, but his removal to Nashville led him to abandon the project even after the arrangements for publication had been made. He left also, at his death, a mass of unpublished material on the civilization and archeology of the ancient Near East and the culture of primitive peoples, subjects on which he read with interest all through his life. Some gleanings from these "Lectures on Archaeology," as he called them, were published in 1840 and attracted considerable notice. It was his view, then quite novel, that the ancient Oriental peoples had attained a

high degree of civilization and that all primitive peoples possessed some degree of culture. Such independent thinking, coupling knowledge with understanding and perception, leads one, almost, to regret that Lindsley did not devote his whole life to scholarship.

Lindsley's published works run to more than 2,500 pages but these, his biographer, Le Roy J. Halsey, tells us, made less impression on the people of Tennessee than his skill in oratory. He was an excellent speaker and was in great demand. He spent much time in preparing his annual baccalaureate addresses, and these speeches, later published, were widely read. Although he spoke usually upon religious and educational matters, he delivered a number of addresses upon government and economics.

At Princeton Lindsley had already exhibited those traits that were to make him a powerful and influential public speaker. He was the favorite preacher among the students; first because of his earnest and unaffected delivery, and second, because he spoke upon subjects of interest to them. His two chapel sermons on the "Improvement of Time," delivered in 1822, were published. He was inclined to be pragmatic in his utterances, and possessed in a high degree the traditional Princeton virtues of directness and simplicity in his presentation. His point of view was that of a layman rather than that of a minister; he was reverent and high-minded, but more mundane and broad-minded than most of his contemporaries in the pulpit. Indeed, in later life he tended to avoid the pulpit because of its exacting theological demands.

As an administrative officer Lindsley was also highly regarded. He was easy of access, and ever a source of encouragement to students who were eager to learn. Maclean observes, however, that he was "not altogether free from defects common to men of ardent mind and nervous temperament." His experience with student outbreaks at Princeton and later at Nashville would have led him to question some of our present-day "progressive" practices in student self-government.

It was, perhaps, Lindsley's ardent mind which led him, at Princeton and throughout his career, to commit his sermons and addresses to writing rather than to risk speaking extemporaneously. One of these addresses, "Plea for the Theological Seminary," delivered before the Presbytery of New Brunswick in 1821, "wrought," said Maclean, "differently upon different

minds." Though it resulted in one donation of a thousand dollars in support of the seminary, certain of its allusions gave offense to other hearers. "It was thought," writes Maclean, "that this indirectly influenced him in declining the Presidency of the College, which was subsequently tendered to him."

Lindsley's reputation as an educator spread rapidly through the orbit that might be called "the Princeton connection." In 1822, just after he became acting-president of Princeton, Dickinson College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Even earlier, calls were made upon him to accept the headship of various institutions. In 1817 Transylvania University made a determined effort to gain him as its president. In 1823 and in 1824 he was pressed with offers from Cumberland College, Ohio University, and Dickinson College. Speaking of the invitation from Ohio University he said, "It was then my fixed purpose never to accept of a college presidency anywhere. I infinitely preferred my peaceful classical chair at Princeton." He thought that his refusal to accept the presidency of Princeton in 1822 had settled the matter, but in April 1823 after Dr. John H. Rice of Virginia, whom he nominated, had declined, Lindsley was again unanimously elected notwithstanding his "well-known disinclination to the office." His journal records his honest and sincere protestation. "I did not think myself qualified for so arduous and responsible a trust," he wrote. He was anxious to relinquish the acting-presidency as soon as a permanent appointment could be made, and did so when Dr. John Carnahan was chosen.

In August 1823 Philip Lindsley's term as acting-president came to an end. Perhaps this occurrence gave new hope to the persistent group in Nashville who had been pleading with him to aid them in reviving Cumberland College. In January 1824 Lindsley wrote the Committee of Selection, "I begin to think contrary to all my former views and predilections, that Providence has destined me for the West. . . . Could I, however, upon good grounds, indulge the hope of becoming the happy instrument of reviving and establishing your college, upon a broad and permanent basis, without any serious injury to my family, I should be ready to embark heart and hand in the undertaking." Finally, in May, he was prevailed upon to visit Nashville, and forthwith accepted the position. "Throughout the immense

valley of the Lower Mississippi, containing at least a million of inhabitants," he wrote, "there exists not a single college. . . . Hitherto a few wealthy individuals have sent their sons to Northern and Eastern institutions, while the great body of the people have been unable to afford the expense . . . of so long a journey and of so distant a residence from the parental roof. The time has arrived when they must have the means of education at their own doors, or be deprived of its benefits altogether." Nashville in 1824 was the nucleus of the rich, agricultural area of Middle Tennessee, just emerging from the frontier stage. Beyond beckoned a hinterland, west and south, that knew no bounds. Here might be built a great regional university. Once having accepted this challenge nothing could prevail upon Lindsley later to transfer elsewhere. Though he was called to Washington College in Virginia, to the University of Alabama, to the University of Pennsylvania, and to a number of other institutions, he was to devote the next twenty-six years to the building of a great university in the Old Southwest.

2

Lindsley and his family—Mrs. Lindsley and their four children—reached Nashville on the day before Christmas, 1824. The town had then fewer than three thousand inhabitants and hardly more than five hundred houses. It was to become three times as large before Lindsley left it, but when he arrived it must have seemed, with its log houses and unkempt streets, its restless, shifting populace, a crude place in contrast to Princeton. Though Lindsley held his tongue during his early years, he was later to comment frankly upon what he saw. At times the town seemed to swarm with vagrant fiddlers, fire-eaters, jugglers, lecturers, as well as beggars of all sorts and descriptions. "Everything degenerates in Tennessee," he once wrote. "Doctors are made by guess . . . lawyers by magic . . . parsons by inspiration . . . legislators by grog . . . merchants by Mammon . . . farmers by necessity . . . editors and schoolmasters by St. Nicholas." The constant chewing and spitting of tobacco appalled him, especially when he encountered it in church. He once declared that nothing in Tennessee ever reached perfection. Like a true Jerseyman he missed the variety of fruits and vegetables, the fish, cheeses,



PHILIP LINDSLEY
From A Painting By George Dury

butter, and pies. Here was "nothing but cotton, tobacco, corn, whiskey, Negroes and swine, and these not worth the growing." Yet, in this frontier community of land speculators and promoters one found traveling artists, a theater of sorts, a museum of natural history, and a reading room maintained by popular subscription. There were as yet no public schools—indeed their origins in Tennessee were to owe much to Lindsley—but there were several academies, including one for females that had been in existence for eight years.

Cumberland College had had a precarious existence since 1806, when its name was changed from Davidson Academy. It suspended for lack of funds in 1816, and again in 1821. Lindsley was well aware of the financial difficulties since, before leaving for Nashville, he had, at the prompting of the Cumberland board of trustees, endeavored to obtain donations of money, books and apparatus.

In January 1825 Lindsley made his inaugural address at the institution whose name had just been changed to the University of Nashville and whose students numbered thirty. There is definitely the ring of youth and pioneering in his words, as well as the voice of authority. "The grand experiment is about to be made whether this college shall be organized on a permanent and respectable basis, or whether it shall again be destined to a temporary existence, and to ultimate failure, from the want of due encouragement and patronage from the wealthy citizens of West [now Middle] Tennessee and the adjacent states." In his baccalaureate address of 1829, he said further: "Scarcely any portion of the civilized Christian world is so poorly provided with the means of a liberal education as are the five millions of Americans within the great valley of the Mississippi. In casting my eyes over the map of Tennessee, it struck me from the first that this was precisely the place destined by Providence for a great university if such an institution were to exist in the State. And in this opinion I am confirmed by several years observation and experience. I am entirely satisfied that it is physically impossible to maintain a *university* (I am not now speaking of an ordinary college) in any other town in the State." He added that a medical school, which he regarded as an essential and integral part of a real university, could flourish only in a large community such as Nashville. Provision must be made for in-

struction in all the sciences, and in every department of philosophy and literature.

"We hope to see the day, or that our successors may see it," he said in 1825, "when in the University of Nashville shall be found such an array of able professors, such libraries and apparatus, such cabinets of curiosities and of natural history, such botanical gardens, astronomical observatories, and chemical laboratories, as shall insure to the student every advantage which the oldest and noblest European institutions can boast; so that no branch of experimental or physical, of moral or political science, of ancient or modern languages and literature, shall be neglected." Twelve years later, in 1837, in a great public utterance, Lindsley stated more comprehensively that his university should strive to afford instruction in twenty large fields: ancient languages and literature, Oriental languages and literature, modern European languages and literature, mathematics and astronomy, chemistry and geology, archeology, philosophy, constitutional and international law, political economy and statistics, fine arts and architecture, physiology and anatomy, engineering and mechanics, physical education, "natural history in every department," "the liberal professions," Biblical literature and religion. One is impressed today with the modernity and scope of the educational service his contemplated university would afford.

Lindsley was indefatigable in his pleading and in his efforts, but he was not impatient, even under heavy discouragements. In his address of 1837 he wisely observed, "If we cannot achieve this object in five or twenty years, it may be done perhaps in fifty or five hundred. If we cannot hope in our day to rival Berlin, Munich, Gottingen, Leipzig, Copenhagen, Vienna, Halle, Leyden, Paris, Moscow, or even St. Petersburg, we may commence the enterprise, and leave posterity to carry it onward toward completion. For *complete*, in the nature of things, it can never be. It must be growing, advancing, enlarging, accumulating, till the end of time. No university in Europe is *complete*—not even in any one department." He stressed the fact that Nashville must continue to elevate the one department that it had established, that of the faculty of arts, sciences, and literature. "Now," he observed, "the University of Nashville, compared with my own *beau idéal* of such an establishment, is but

an element—a mere atom—a foundation—a nucleus—a cornerstone—a first essay toward the glorious consummation and perfection of my own cherished hopes and anticipations. And I could say little more of any other university in our country. I regard them as all being still in their infancy, or at most in their early youth; and that their right to the title of university is yet to be proved and confirmed by their future growth to vigorous manhood and generous maturity.”

“The Laws of Cumberland College,” which the trustees adopted a year after Lindsley took office, set up high admission requirements: a knowledge of Greek and Latin grammar, ability to handle Caesar’s Commentaries, Cicero’s Orations, Virgil’s Aeneid, and the Greek Testament. Other prerequisites were English grammar, arithmetic, and geography. The college regulations were inflexible and strict. Study hours were from sunrise until breakfast, from nine until noon, and from two to five. During the winter, study hours were fixed from eight in the evening until bed time. Sunday was a day of prayer and religious devotion, with no absence from the campus permitted. Dueling was forbidden upon pain of expulsion.

In 1826, in announcing that the university had acquired 125 acres for a new campus, Lindsley sketched a plan for a physical plant resembling that of Oxford and Cambridge. He proposed to build eventually six colleges, each of which would enroll one hundred students. Each college would have its own residential and instructional facilities, together with ten acres of land for gardening and for exercise. “Garden and mechanics’ shops will be interspersed among the various edifices, in such manner as to be easily accessible to all the youth for improvement and recreation. Whenever the present ground shall be thus occupied, it will be necessary to procure fifty or a hundred acres more, for a model or experimental farm, that agriculture, the noblest of sciences and the most important of the useful arts, may be thoroughly studied and practised.” The colleges would be set apart from one another, “to prevent the usual evils resulting from the congregation of large numbers of youth at the same place.” In addition, each college would have three resident faculty members, and the professors’ houses would be erected between the separate colleges. “We shall thus have six distinct and separate families, so far as regards domestic economy,

internal police, and social order; while one *senatus academicus* will superintend and control the whole." His far-sighted plan never materialized.

Lindsley was, of course, bedeviled from the start with the problem of financial support. He took pains early during his term of office to explain that no college could flourish from student fees alone. Time after time he cited the gifts, endowment, or legislative assistance that had come to Yale, William and Mary, Virginia, Amherst, and other institutions. At first he was hopeful that the legislature of Tennessee might really bestir itself in support of the institution. In 1806 the federal government had set aside 100,000 acres of land for the support of two institutions, one in East, the other in West, Tennessee. If that land were sold at the legal price, each institution would have an endowment of \$100,000; but when the legislature endeavored to execute the federal grant it was discovered that the large tract south of the Holston and the French Broad was occupied by settlers who had been promised this land at \$1.00 an acre. Furthermore, a powerful minority in the legislature opposed the collection of any revenue from those who were regarded as pioneer heroes. Partly because of this circumstance Lindsley encountered among the rural population of the state generally a bitter feeling toward all institutions of learning. This attitude he fought with might and main. "Were it in my power," he said, "I would visit every farmer in Tennessee . . . and endeavor to arouse him from his fatal lethargy . . . and urge him to reclaim his abandoned rights and his lost dignity by giving to his sons that measure [of education] which will qualify them to assert and to maintain their just superiority in the councils of the state and of the nation. . . . Educate your son," he pleaded, "in the best possible manner, because you expect him to be a *man*, and not a *horse* or an *ox*."

Lindsley left no stone unturned in his pleas for support. He tried to convince the legislators, at a time when a system of internal improvements was dear to the hearts of all, that a university was the best and most rewarding of all internal improvements. He appealed to the citizens of the state and especially to those of Nashville for assistance. He proposed that the first of his colleges should be erected through subscription, and bear the name of Andrew Jackson, "the hero of New Orleans." His

appeals were couched in the highest terms, and formed a dignified aside in many of his distinguished commencement addresses. But there were few large gifts or any certain, steady support. The good doctor was regarded as a visionary and an enthusiast by many of his fellow citizens.

Dr. Lindsley reached the conclusion before many years had elapsed that ultimately the support of the university must come from the increasing body of alumni. In 1834 he proclaimed, "We count not on the State's treasury, nor upon legislative indemnification. We rely not upon ecclesiastical patronage, or sectarian zeal, or individual munificence; nor, indeed, upon any of the usual sources of pecuniary revenue which have reared and sustained so many flourishing institutions in other sections of our happy Republic." Rather the principal hope rested in a loyal, enlightened, and patriotic alumni. "The claims of Alma Mater upon their affections, their zeal, their labours, their influence, their talents, and their wealth, will ever be acknowledged as of paramount and everlasting obligation." But this hope, too, was far from realization. Lindsley continued to refer to himself as "King Beggar."

Lindsley had troubles which no head of an eastern college experienced. He once wrote that Tennesseans were more interested in the dinner bell, a horse race, or a cock fight than in the activities of a literary institution. A large portion of the inhabitants, it was once said in a public discussion, had come to Tennessee to get away from civilization, and if it followed them, they would leave the country.

Frontier egotism also tended to thwart Lindsley's efforts. Of what use was education to a people who had wrested an empire out of a wilderness? "While we cherish," Lindsley protested, "this arrogant, superstitious, overweening, self-sufficient spirit, we shall never seek nor desire improvement, because we fancy that the very acme of human excellence has been attained." He had also to combat the rural dislike of towns as centers of extravagance and vice. The countrymen thought their sons would be corrupted at the University of Nashville. Then there was sectional jealousy, the rivalries among East, West, and Middle Tennessee; and, later, rivalry between the small colleges and the university.

The rise of denominationalism in the colleges of the West

also hurt the University of Nashville. Although he was a Presbyterian minister Dr. Lindsley did not wish to mold a denominational university. He wanted it to be a sincerely Christian institution worthy of the patronage of all denominations, and open freely to all whether in or out of the church. He hoped that through this spirit of Christian liberalism he might rally all groups to the support of his institution. He had in mind his alma mater, Princeton, Christian yet nonsectarian. Yet here, too, Lindsley suffered disappointment.

Emboldened perhaps by the university's early success, colleges sprang up like mushrooms in Middle Tennessee. In 1848, Lindsley stated that at the time of his arrival there were no colleges in Middle or West Tennessee, or in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, or Texas. Now there were thirty within a radius of two hundred miles of Nashville; nine within a radius of fifty miles. "These all claim," he said, "to be our superiors, and to be equal at least to old Harvard and Yale." But the tide could not be turned by one man. These were the rampant 'forties; every village must have its college. No doubt the movement gave the impression that higher education was being rapidly diffused but, as Lindsley pointed out, no single institution could become really strong. "Several of these," he said, "belong exclusively to individuals, and are bought and sold in open market like any other species of private property. They are invested with the usual corporate powers, and may confer all university degrees with pleasure."

At the beginning of his administration neither slavery nor sectionalism were issues pronounced enough to embarrass Lindsley in his work; toward its close, there were expressions of dissatisfaction. One critic writing in the *Daily Union* in 1849 expressed the view that if the university were to flourish a president from the South or West should be selected, preferably a general with a dash of chivalry, and "one who understands well the subject of our domestic institution of slavery!" This writer believed that it was not necessary for a college president to be "learned in books." Yet there is little real evidence to support the view that sectionalism was the basis of Lindsley's resignation in October 1850. His wife, Margaret Elizabeth Lawrence, had died in December 1844, just a year after the death of their youngest child, Philip. In April 1849 he

married Mrs. Mary Ann Ayers, the widow of his kinsman, Elias Ayers, who had founded the New Albany Theological Seminary in Indiana. In the spring of 1850 Lindsley was invited to accept a newly established professorship at New Albany.

The university had suffered severely in 1848 and 1849 because of the epidemic of cholera in Nashville. Professor James Hamilton fell victim to the disease, and in 1850 Dr. Girard Troost, the distinguished science professor, also died. Lindsley had been working upon a reorganization, rendered necessary because of the decision to move the university to another part of the city, a location which would make possible the introduction of the curricula in medicine and law of which he had dreamed for many years. The board decided to close the university in the fall of 1850 until the new plant was ready for use. These were the real factors in Lindsley's decision to resign. The end of an era had come and his work was finished; an endowment of \$140,000 above indebtedness had been built up, and the membership of the classes from 1843-1849 had been larger than that of any six previous classes.

Dr. Lindsley's services at New Albany were slight. The institution was poorly supported and poorly attended. He tried to resign several times but his resignation was not finally accepted until April 1854. He died quite suddenly while attending, as a member, the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Nashville on May 23, 1855.

3

Though he failed to realize his ideal of a great regional university—at the time of his resignation the institution was described in the press as having “a worm eaten appearance”—Lindsley bequeathed to Tennessee a great tradition and a galaxy of ideas concerning popular and university education that still commands attention and respect. At one time there were twenty-eight members of the United States House of Representatives who had been graduated from his struggling institution. Lindsley's spirit lived on in his son, John Berrien Lindsley, head of the Medical School, later chancellor of the University of Nashville; and his battle for popular education

was won, finally, by his disciple Alfred Hume, who established the public school system in Nashville.

But it is as a pioneer in educational philosophy that Philip Lindsley has grown in stature through the years. His cardinal thesis was that education is the rightful heritage of every human being. It should be sought not merely as the means of making a livelihood but as a great good in itself. He denied that liberal education should be confined either to those preparing for the professions or to gentlemen of wealth and leisure. Men should be educated to the extent of their capacities, because all in some measure are capable of being improved and made happy through knowledge. Thus education is the great equalizer of society. Every individual who wishes to rise, or who wishes his child to rise, above the level of a mere laborer at task-work, should endeavor to obtain a liberal education. "None but the enemies of the people," he said, "will ever gravely maintain that a common-school education, in the ordinary meaning of the phrase, is all they need. This would be virtually telling them to be hewers of wood and drawers of water under political taskmasters, forever."

Lindsley was the avowed enemy of "the gospel of ignorance," which had its share of advocates in his day. "Ignorance," he declared bluntly, "never did any good, and never will or can do any good. Ignorant men are good for nothing, except so far as they are governed and directed by intelligent superiors. Hence it is the order of Providence, that in every well-regulated community, children, and all grossly ignorant persons, are held in subjection to age, and wisdom, and experience. No species or portion, even of the humblest manual or mechanical labour, can be performed until the party be taught how to do it." Again, he argued, "If it be said that the Deity has no need of human learning to propagate his religion, it may be replied that neither has he any need of human ignorance. He could, if he chose, dispense with human agency altogether. But we have yet to learn that Infinite Wisdom has ever selected an insufficient and inadequate agency for any purpose whatever." In taking this stand Lindsley was the rightful heir of Samuel Davies, John Witherspoon, Samuel Stanhope Smith, and the others of the Princeton tradition who insisted upon an educated ministry and an educated laity in their communities, no matter how small or how remote.

Although he believed in self-discipline, Lindsley rebelled against the current school philosophy of "spare the rod and spoil the child." He was in open revolt against the brutalities of the common school of the day as exhibited "from Maine to Tennessee." He believed that a program of instruction and supervised recreation could be worked out that was suited to the needs, capacity, and disposition of the child. "Children ought never be closely confined at an age when they cannot study. Do young children *study*," he challenged, "while constrained to sit, book in hand, through fear of the birch, during six long hours, upon a bench (and such a *bench*!) at school? They have not yet learned *how* to study; and, of course, must either go to sleep or passively submit to daily irksome and stupefying penance of doing nothing." He proposed, harking back to the fruitful experience of his own early childhood, "a domestic system of education," during the earliest period. "A mother who *can* teach," he said, "and who possesses the genuine spirit of maternity, is always the best possible instructress of her children, until they reach the age of ten or twelve. She can teach them all that is expected from a common school infinitely better than any schoolmaster."

Lindsley's views upon the common school system were far in advance of those of his time. Little was done before 1830 to erect a system of common schools in Tennessee; and another generation elapsed before the state had an adequate public school system. In 1826, in commenting upon the need for common schools, Lindsley developed fully his ideas. "How shall they be established? Let the people decide. What character and what form shall they assume? Let every county be divided into such a number of school districts or departments as will conveniently accommodate all the inhabitants. Erect comfortable and commodious school-houses. Attach to each school-house a lot of ten acres of land, for the purpose of healthful exercise, gardening, farming and the mechanical arts. For the body requires training as well as the mind. Besides, as multitudes live by manual labour, they ought betimes to acquire habits of industry, economy, temperance, hardihood, muscular strength, skill and dexterity."

Formal education Lindsley regarded as a *training process*, not as an end in itself. Life itself was the *greatest school* in

which it was never too late to learn something. In school and college we learn only how to learn; thereafter we should ever learn to live. Since life itself was given for continuous usefulness and improvement, young people should not be hurried too rapidly over their studies. "Let us not seek to make children youth, youth men, and men lawyers, physicians, clergymen or politicians, too fast. Let us keep our pupils at their proper work, and carry them as far as they can safely and surely go, and no further. Better teach them one thing well than twenty things imperfectly. Their education will then be as valuable as far as it extends." In 1848, in one of his last baccalaureate addresses, he voiced the opinion that students tended to enter college too young and with inadequate preparation. They should never enter before sixteen, nor graduate before twenty.

Lindsley had an exalted view of the teacher's vocation. The teacher, he said, must not be degraded to the level of a drudge, nor should communities employ as teachers any who are content to be drudges or are fit for no higher rank in society. "If there be one vocation more important to the community than any other, or than all others, it is that of the instructor of youth. Every such man deserves well of his country, and is more justly entitled to her lasting gratitude than multitudes of those whom she most delights to honour."

At this early period Lindsley proposed that there should be "seminaries" established to train teachers and qualify them for their profession, just as there were schools of law, medicine, and theology. Graduates of such professional schools received a certain recognition and status which would be accorded to teachers if seminaries for them were established. He pointed out that the *Seminarium Philologicum*, which was affiliated with the University of Göttingen, furnished the continent of Europe through a half century with many of its most eminent and successful classical professors and teachers. "At present," he said, "the great mass of our teachers are mere adventurers—either young men who are looking forward to some less laborious and more respectable vocation, and who, of course, have no ambition to excel in the business of teaching, and no motive to exertion but immediate and temporary relief from pecuniary embarrassment; or men who despair of doing better, or who have failed in other pursuits, or who are wandering from place

to place, teaching a year here and a year there, and gathering up what they can from the ignorance and credulity of their employers."

Lindsley was forthright on the necessity of obtaining good teachers at any cost. "Employ teachers qualified to govern and instruct children in the best possible manner," he told a large commencement audience. "Pay them according to their merits. Pay any sum necessary to command the services of the best and most accomplished teachers. Parsimony in this particular is not only impolitic; it is mean, it is absurd, it is ruinous. Better have no teachers, than to have incompetent, immoral, lazy, passionate or indiscreet ones; however cheaply they may be procured. Their influence will not be merely negative: it will be positive and most powerful. I have often looked with horror upon the kind of common schools and teachers to which thousands of children, during several of their best years, are cruelly and wantonly subjected in the older States. But it is or was the fashion, in many places, to hire a blockhead or a vagabond because he would teach a child for a dollar and twenty-five cents per quarter! Now, if there be anything on earth for which a parent ought to feel disposed to pay liberally, it is for the faithful instruction of his children. Compared with this, every other interest vanishes like chaff before the wind—it is less than nothing. And yet, unless the world has suddenly grown much wiser, there is no service so grudgingly and so pitifully rewarded. The consequence is what might have been expected. Every man of cleverness and ambition will turn his back with scorn upon the country school. He will become a lawyer, a physician, a merchant, a mechanic, a farmer, or a farmer's overseer, in preference. Until school-keeping be made an honorable and lucrative profession, suitable teachers will never be forthcoming in this free country."

Lindsley once observed that "education is indeed a topic about which everybody feels competent to speculate and to dogmatize—while few comprehend the nature or philosophy of the process." He would make education a science deserving the profound study of all who aspire to become educators. The university has a duty to develop such men and unless the university accepts the challenge of leadership there can be no good system of common schools. "The truth is, the cause of colleges and of schools of all sorts is one and indivisible. And he who should attempt to

establish good common schools without colleges, would be compelled to import a monthly cargo of foreign teachers, or stand before the public a convicted Utopian visionary."

Lindsley felt strongly that education, while it should be distinctly religious and Christian, need not be sectarian or even denominational. "A *public* college," he said, "that is, a literary and scientific college, designed for the use of the public generally, ought to be independent of all religious sectarian bias, or tendency, or influence. Science and philosophy ought to know no party in Church or State. They are degraded by every such connection. Christianity, indeed, if rightly interpreted, breathes a pure, angelic charity, and it is as much a stranger to the strife, and intrigue, and rancour, and intolerance, and pharisaism of party as science and philosophy can be." This was broad thinking, for Lindsley was no latitudinarian. He held to the distinctive doctrines of the Presbyterian church with a settled and unwavering faith, but, as one of his admirers said of him, "His religious character, moulded throughout on the Westminster Confession of Faith, was a perfect refutation of the slander that a man must needs be a bigot because he is a Calvinist."

In his own teaching, Lindsley was broad and thorough. A classicist, he maintained that there could be no finished scholarship and no real education without a knowledge of mathematics, languages, and sciences. "Classical learning is so interwoven with the very texture of modern science, literature and language, that it is vain to expect scholarship without it, and equally vain for ignorance and prejudice any longer to denounce it." Mastery in any field was impossible without accuracy, and mastery was attained only when the students knew that they knew the work. He had no patience with the smatterer, or the man who undertook to do what he had never learned. He applied the same standards to his faculty. "No man can teach more than he knows himself. The more he knows, the more useful he will be." A great teacher, therefore, is one who understands perfectly all that he assumes to teach. He must be able to do the work, and at the same time he must love the work. Finally, in addition to possessing the requisite intellectual traits, the great teacher must possess moral integrity, without which he cannot be trustworthy. The great teacher "will borrow light and information from every quarter . . . and yet will teach in a manner peculiar to himself. He

will constrain his pupils to love their studies. He will make it their delight to advance in wisdom and knowledge." As for headmasters and college presidents, they should possess "a large measure of the wisdom of Solomon, the learning of Selden, and the patience of Job."

George Mifflin Dallas [1792-1864]

THE OTHER VICE-PRESIDENT FROM PRINCETON

BY STRUTHERS BURT

FATE is anything but fair-minded when it comes to posthumous fame. Clearly it is amoral or, one might more truthfully say, immoral. Drama seems to be the requisite, and it is immaterial whether this drama is virtuous or disgraceful. Jonathan Edwards, although his name is respected, and perpetuated, within certain small circles, is by no means as secure through the ages as Billy the Kid. When it comes to that curiously inconspicuous position, the vice-presidency of the United States, pregnant with potentialities for abrupt transition into importance, the irony is emphasized. Unless his chief dies in office, apparently the only way a Vice-President can achieve immortality is to shoot a former Secretary of the Treasury.

Princeton's most famous Vice-President was a murderer, a philanderer, and a traitor. He is as secure in the minds of Princetonians and other Americans, if not in their hearts, as George Washington. No one forgets Aaron Burr, of the class of 1772, but hardly anyone remembers another Princeton Vice-President who was one of the most distinguished and useful men of his time and who, as much as any man, had to do with the shaping of a critical period in this country's history. That Vice-President, moreover, had the distinction of having the largest city of northern Texas named after him.

The name of this Vice-President is George Mifflin Dallas, and he graduated in 1810, thirty-eight years after his more glamorous but less respectable predecessor. Burdened with honors, he died in 1864 in his native city of Philadelphia and speedily achieved that oblivion which is the reward of excellent citizenship.

Dallas was a charming man, like Burr, although he does not seem to have used his charm to destroy the opposite sex. He is described as "at once stately and genial, robust and refined, and

equipped not only with the learning which befits a scholar, but also with all the graces which add such charm to learning and power," and there is a portrait of him late in life which shows a singularly handsome person, with a magnificent brow, an aquiline nose, splendid direct eyes, and a shock of white hair. The observer quoted above goes on to say that Dallas was brought up "in that atmosphere which now appears so fascinating to us all—the atmosphere which surrounded the old school of American gentlemen at the period immediately succeeding the Revolution."

So far as lasting fame is concerned, Dallas started with three distinct handicaps. He was born a Philadelphian—and Philadelphia has always considered fame an aberration to be suppressed in the interests of good taste. He went to Princeton—and Princeton (totally lacking in the shrewd New England salesmanship of Harvard and Yale) has quietly maintained throughout the two hundred years of its distinguished history that fame, at least where Princeton men are concerned, is a gift, not won, but bestowed by well-to-do ancestors, a gift crowned by the final act of graduation; after which, time stops, and whatever else happens is merely ornament, a baroque insult to the fine simplicity of the original structure. As a third handicap George Mifflin Dallas had ancestors who were distinguished and extremely well-to-do. Then to the injury of life-long prominence, a constant irritation in the minds of the mediocre, he added the insult of unorthodox political views. He was that rare person, a liberal aristocrat, surrounded as liberal aristocrats invariably are by countless friends and relatives, then known as Federalists, engaged in the age-old upper-class occupation of "gnashing one's teeth." He was distinctly "a traitor to his class." He was one of the earliest of Democrats and a fervent admirer of Andrew Jackson, with whose election to the Presidency he had much to do.

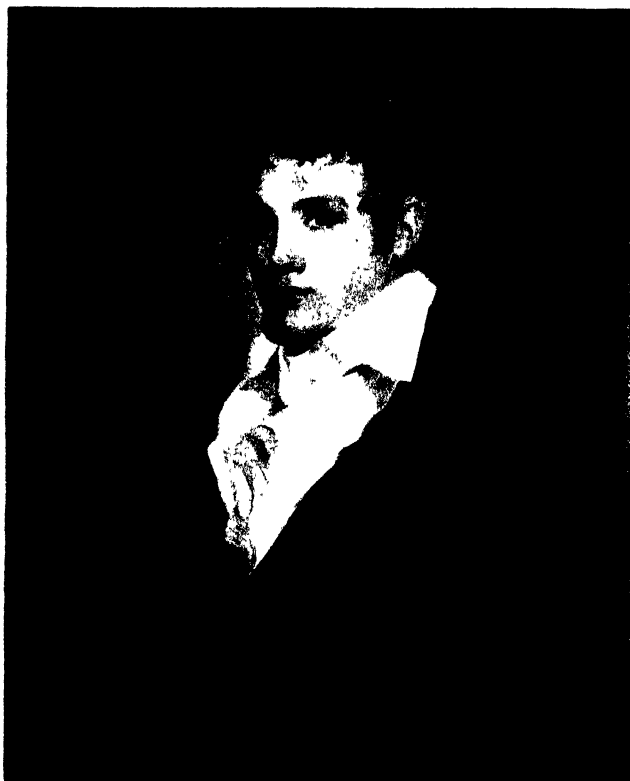
George Mifflin Dallas was born in Philadelphia July 10, 1792, only five years after the ratification in the same city of the Constitution which turned this country from a congeries of hostile states into a united nation. Philadelphia was still the Federal Capital, and the future Vice-President, senator from Pennsylvania, and minister to Russia and England, was the second son of one of Philadelphia's most distinguished citizens, the Honorable Alexander James Dallas. On his mother's side he was

descended from Sir Nicholas Trevanion, a wealthy landowner in Cornwall, England. Mrs. Dallas had been Arabella Maria Smith, daughter of Major George Smith of the British army. Her husband's family traced its descent from the Scotch Barons of Dallas. Alexander Dallas, like so many other distinguished Americans toward the end of the eighteenth century, was a West Indian, born, in 1759, on the island of Jamaica, the son of a wealthy physician and planter. No one has as yet properly estimated the contribution made to this country by the slave insurrections and the decline in sugar which occurred about this time in the Greater and Lesser Antilles.

Alexander James Dallas read law as a youth in the Temple in London and for a while resided in England, where he met his wife. Then he was recalled to Jamaica to take charge of the declining family estates, a task that proved to be hopeless. Partly because of this and partly because of his wife's health, in 1783, a mere boy of twenty-four, with £700 in capital, he immigrated to America and settled in Philadelphia, at the time by far the most important of the new-world cities.

The Revolutionary War was hardly over. Only the year before had the preliminary articles of peace between the United States and England been signed in Paris, and since Alexander Dallas and his wife arrived in June it was not until three months later, September 3, that the definitive treaty was completed. The British army was still in New York (it did not evacuate that city until November 25) and five months were to pass after the Dallas's arrival before, on December 4, 1783, General Washington made his farewell address at Fraunces Tavern, resigning his commission, and retiring to his beloved Mount Vernon. Six years were to elapse before this country had its first president.

The more one studies the eighteenth century the more one comes to admire its placid fortitude, its cool adventuresomeness, and its willingness to forget and forgive the bitterness of war. The young English subject, Alexander James Dallas, had not the slightest difficulty in finding his way in his new home, in transforming himself into an American, and a prominent one. Within a short time he was one of Philadelphia's leading lawyers, displaying the imaginative diversity of his mind by writing plays for Mr. Lewis Hallam, Philadelphia's English-born actor-manager, and contributing to the *Columbian Magazine* and other



GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS
From A Painting By Thomas Sully

literary periodicals. In 1794 he was appointed aide-de-camp to Governor Mifflin of Pennsylvania, and helped to suppress the Whiskey Rebellion in the western part of the state; the year before he had helped organize the Democratic Society, thus setting a tradition for his family and exhibiting his own turn of mind. From then on opportunity and distinction waited upon him increasingly.

In 1814 we find Alexander Dallas as Madison's Secretary of the Treasury, proposing to Congress the establishment of a government bank. The bill of 1815 passed by Congress for this purpose was vetoed by President Madison, but a year later, April 3, 1816, a second bill was approved by the president and the Bank of the United States was incorporated with an initial capital of thirty-five millions.

By this time Dallas had five children, two daughters and three sons, each of whom was to be, in his own way, as distinguished as his father.

The eldest, Commodore Alexander James Dallas, as a young lieutenant in command of a gun-division of the United States frigate *President*, one of the tall sisters of the early American navy (*Old Ironsides* was another), fired the first shot in the War of 1812—on the American side, that is; the British man-of-war, *Little Belt*, fired first. For this the Commodore was brought before a Court of Special Inquiry, by his superiors, openly deprecating but secretly delighted, for we were not yet at war with England and he had acted without immediate orders. He was acquitted under a general order which, very sensibly, had been designed to take care of just such incidents. Years later, many times decorated, he died on board his ship in Callao Bay, Peru. His first wife was the sister of Philadelphia's great Civil War general, George G. Meade. The third son, Trevanion, became an outstanding judge. Of the sisters, one, Sophia, married Richard Bache, grandson of Benjamin Franklin, and the other, Matilda, married William Wilkins who was to be a colleague of her brother in the United States Senate.

2

George Mifflin Dallas, the second son and the most distinguished of them all, received his early education at the hands

of Mr. Dorfenille of Germantown and Provost Andrews of the University of Pennsylvania. He was ready for college at fourteen and entered the College of New Jersey, with the class of 1810, graduating with the highest of honors. In that class there were 26 graduates—the usual class today is about 600. The average age of graduation then was 18; the present average of graduation is 22. (There are moments when one wonders what the young men do with the extra four years.) Twenty-one years later, George Dallas, already a most distinguished man, delivered the annual commencement address to the class of 1831, on the evening of September 27, in “The Church at Princeton,” an address published at the request of the American Whig and Clisophic Societies. He began with this sentence: “There are some present—tho’ the eyes, the smiles, and the complexions of youth remind me that there can be but few—who may remember that he, who has now the honor to address them, quitted this very platform, bidding farewell to collected friends and to collegiate life, exactly one and twenty years ago.” At the moment Mr. Dallas was only thirty-nine

This ancient had already been Mayor of Philadelphia and United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania; he had been instrumental in procuring the presidency for Andrew Jackson, and was on the eve of being elected United States Senator from Pennsylvania to fill the unexpired term of Senator Barnard, who had resigned. Almost at the moment of graduation his life of public service began. Quietly enough he had gone from Princeton to his father’s office to study law, but within less than two years, June 18, 1812, we were at war again with Great Britain, and he at once volunteered. Until recently, at least, we have regarded ourselves as a peaceful nation. But whatever our hopes and intentions, there is not, since Princeton’s founding two hundred years ago, a single generation of Princeton men, if generations be counted four to a century, that has not known a major war. Young Dallas was not permitted to be a soldier for long. He had exhibited too marked talents in other directions and in 1813 he was appointed private secretary to Albert Gallatin, the great Swiss who had become an American citizen and had been Jefferson’s Secretary of the Treasury. Gallatin was being sent by President Madison on a

mission to Russia to secure the good offices of the Czar in peace negotiations with England.

Dallas returned to Philadelphia, passed his examinations for the bar, and in April 1813 departed with the commissioners for a country he was to know well and admire exceedingly. When the official party reached Russia, it was found that England had already declined the offer of the Czar to mediate, so Dallas and the other commissioners, among them John Quincy Adams, were sent with dispatches to Count Lieven, the Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The purpose of the mission was to ascertain the wishes of the British government as to further negotiations, and the result was the designation of Ghent as the place of meeting for the drawing up of the treaty of peace. Dallas, only twenty-two, was entrusted with the official dispatches to the government of the United States and, leaving Ghent, arrived in this country in October 1814 and delivered the letters to that other Princetonian, James Madison. President Madison, as a reward for this excellent performance, appointed Dallas Remitter of the Treasury, of which his father was at that time Secretary. Two years later George Dallas resigned his office to become solicitor of the United States Bank, which had just been established, largely through his father's efforts. In April of 1816 he tried his first case in Philadelphia, and the following month, on May 23, married Sophia Nicklin of that city. Meanwhile, the Treaty of Ghent had been signed, the Battle of New Orleans had been fought, making Andrew Jackson a famous man, and Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo.

Every day is crucial in the life of a nation, and all periods are dramatic no matter how peaceful and ordinary they may seem to those living in them. But certain periods are more obviously colorful and formative than others, and the graduates of the College of New Jersey around the turn of the nineteenth century found themselves embarked upon some of the most critical decades this country has ever known, more critical, perhaps, than any others save those of the 'fifties and 'sixties and those of today.

History's most sardonic footnote is the way succeeding generations honor above all others the very ancestors who if they were contemporaries would be regarded as the most dangerous and radical of men. Dallas was by no means a radical, although

the more reactionary of his period thought him so. Indeed, he inclined to be conservative and, as a Pennsylvanian, especially so in financial matters; but he was at times a liberal, and as a constructive liberal often found himself aligned with what were then considered radical ideas. Sometimes conservatism got in his way, or what he considered to be political obligations, as happened when, while senator, he worked, contrary to his own beliefs, for the rechartering of the United States Bank and for a protective tariff. This he did, as he said, in obedience to the instructions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania which had elected him. On the whole, however, throughout his entire career he showed himself to be a man of singular intellectual integrity and courage, and very much of one piece.

The young men of the class of 1810 at the College of New Jersey were born, as we have said, at the very moment, almost, when this country actually became a country; and a nation, like a man, is no sooner born than troubles begin to fly upward like sparks in a chimney. Two great questions began to emerge, two tendencies to split the country into halves. Alexander Hamilton and the Federalists had done a magnificent job in uniting the jealous states, but they were unaware of or were bitterly hostile to the underlying sentiments of the average American, to the "American Urge," it might be called. They did not understand or like democracy as we now understand it. This, then, became the first great domestic question. The second was slavery, with its then concomitant, states' rights. Washington, Jefferson, other great Americans, had foreseen this latter danger, and had trembled. "Like a fire bell in the night," Jefferson had written in 1819. One could change the simile to that of the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" shaping itself into a tornado.

Dallas, like most Northern Democrats, found himself in the unhappy predicament of having to work with a party divided by an irreconcilable argument. Strongly antislavery, like most Northern Democrats, he took out his discomfort on the open Abolitionists whom he considered to be trouble-makers. He hated the Secessionists equally. Here were indeed the seeds of weakness and disorder, and the giant nation to be was still a stripling, muscles and sinews young and still unhardened.

The foreign picture was as disturbing as the domestic. Europe,

especially England, was slow to accept the United States as an equal or even as an accomplished fact. All through Dallas's life, American foreign policy was difficult to maintain and the position of America in the world parlous. It took the Civil War to convince Europe that America was something that had happened. Interestingly enough in the light of present-day events, Russia, as it has been with few exceptions through our entire history, was a cordial friend. Looking back on those decades between 1790 and 1860, one agrees with the commentator who remarked that the American Revolution "was impossible—but then, it wasn't." Nor should the historian fail to give full credit to Napoleon for what, without the slightest good will or intention, he did for this country. He kept Europe busy, and he was a party to the Louisiana Purchase.

The last, by and large, is probably the most important event in the history of this country, and it was accomplished, as you remember, by Thomas Jefferson in the most high-handed fashion and without the consent of Congress. At the time he was accused of being "an extravagant fool." He had purchased half of the present territory of the United States at the rate of about three and one-half cents an acre.

With the acquisition of the great tract beyond the Mississippi, centripetal energies emerged far stronger than the centrifugal ones. This country became an empire, its democratic tendencies were assured, and yet, at the same time, the strength of its central government was reinforced. Moreover, the Civil War, far in the future, was won in advance, although no one realized any of these portents at the moment. The best the most farsighted could do was to hope that here, possibly, were unifying and strengthening and healing tendencies and events more powerful than the forces of disunion and destruction.

Upon the expiration of his term in the Senate, March 3, 1833, Dallas declined reelection and accepted the position of attorney-general of Pennsylvania offered him by Governor Wolf. Upon the relinquishment of this office he practiced law for a while in Philadelphia with great success. Like so many public men, despite proverbial comments on the subject, he needed to mend his private fortune. In 1837, aged forty-five, he was appointed by President Van Buren minister to Russia and remained there two years, being recalled at his own request in 1839 to resume once

more the practice of the law. President Van Buren offered him the attorney-generalship in his cabinet, but he declined.

3

It was in diplomacy that Dallas's qualities shone: his charm, his tact, his breeding, his patience, his imposing presence, and his sturdy Americanism—the real aristocrat is always a patriot—but his two years in Russia were more interesting and amusing than important. With Mrs. Dallas and his daughters, he enjoyed them, and a record, as well worth reading today as ever, is preserved in his diary edited by his daughter Susan and published in 1892. Little of importance was taking place between this country and Russia, merely more or less routine matters of trade, but the Court at St. Petersburg was one of the gayest and most indefatigable in Europe and one gets a clear and detailed picture of its pursuit of pleasure from the Dallas diary. The Czar, Nicholas I, went out of his way to be attentive to the handsome, youthful American minister, and Dallas, in turn, received a pleasant impression of an enlightened autocrat. He records one informal conversation with Nicholas that may have some bearing upon Russo-American relations today.

"When he adverted," writes Dallas, "to the accusations commonly made against him, I interrupted him, as apologizing for them in some degree, with the remark, 'But, then, you are so powerful, that you naturally inspire jealousy.' 'Yes,' he said, 'we are powerful; only, however, for defence, not for attack.' " Dallas adds, "And he seemed anxious that he should express this last idea distinctly."

During Dallas's term as United States minister, President Van Buren offered him the secretaryship of the navy, but he declined. This was followed, on his return to America, by the offer of the attorney-generalship, which, as has already been mentioned, he also declined. This in itself is something of a record—the declining of two cabinet posts within two years.

For a while Dallas was busy with his practice of the law in Philadelphia and his interest in Pennsylvania politics. The practice of the law prospered; but politically Dallas failed to hold his own with his fellow Democrat, James Buchanan. Between these two men there had always been rivalry and reciprocal

dislike, which makes Buchanan's generous behavior to Dallas, when Buchanan was elected president in 1857, all the more commendable; especially commendable as coming from a not altogether commendable man. In the convention of 1844 the scales tipped in Dallas's favor. Buchanan, Cass, and Van Buren were discarded in favor of the North Carolinian, James Polk, and, when Silas Wright refused the honor, Dallas suddenly found himself Vice-President.

The period during which Dallas presided over the Senate could not have been more stormy. Conflict with Mexico was looming on the horizon and, on May 13, 1846, war was declared. Slavery and secession were rising like a tidal wave to overwhelm the country, and Dallas as a Democrat had to steer his course between two utterly opposing points of view. The Wilmot Proviso, which sought to prohibit slavery in any territory acquired from Mexico, was very much to the fore, and in tariff matters as well Dallas found himself in the inevitable quandary of a free-trader from Pennsylvania. Dallas's party, naturally, was pledged to revision downward, but in 1846 he worked for a compromise which would provide more protection than was afforded by the Walker Bill, then before Congress. Failing in this, he cast the deciding vote in favor of the bill.

It was during Dallas's vice-presidency that the tiny village of Peter's Corner in Texas changed its name to Dallas and began to grow into a great city.

At the end of Polk's administration Dallas was glad to retire from active politics. His name does not appear conspicuously in public life again until, in 1856, Franklin Pierce appointed him minister to England, succeeding his life-long rival, James Buchanan. Dallas made a most excellent United States minister to Great Britain, and at an extremely critical time. With the desperate folly which has pursued Anglo-American relations all through their history, England and America were close to war. With the persistence of an overlong, sinister farce, a certain pattern reappears. English fools and American fools, temporarily in power, make all the trouble they can. At the last moment, the situation is saved by sensible Americans and Englishmen and by the inescapable sympathy between the two nations—"that noble race whose motto is Freedom," as Winston Churchill, the American novelist, wrote in 1899. "I pray God," he went

on to say, "that the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack may one day float together to cleanse this world of tyranny." A wish, and a vision, fulfilled twice in the last twenty-eight years.

Three bitter questions were in dispute between Great Britain and the United States in 1856, all of them nonsense. And as always, ready to add to the smoldering trash-heap were certain sections of the American and English press and the inevitable village idiot with a match, this time in the person of Sir Edward Cust, Master of Ceremonies at the Court of St. James. Sir Edward chose this particular moment to object to the dress of three American gentlemen taken by Mr. Dallas to a Royal levée at Buckingham Palace; most absurdly of all to the dress of Professor Mahan of West Point who, since he had the assimilated rank of major, appeared in the full-dress uniform of an American officer. Sir Edward said these gentlemen could not pass the Queen, so the three and Mr. Dallas withdrew, since, as Dallas wrote in a letter to the State Department, "It was impossible to do less, and we did no more."

First and, at the moment, foremost, was the question of the recall of Crampton, British minister at Washington. England was still involved in the Crimean War, and Crampton had taken to invading our neutrality by enlisting men on American soil for the British army. His recall was demanded, and England refused. In May of 1856 he was dismissed by President Pierce. This was only three months after Dallas arrived in England, and for a while it looked as if he, in return, would be dismissed by the British government. Fortunately with great good sense the British ministry refrained. But two vexing problems remained: the status, under the Monroe Doctrine and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, of Great Britain in Central America; and the questioned right of British men-of-war to search American vessels under the joint agreement between the two nations to suppress the slave trade.

England, at the time, maintained a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians in Nicaragua, occupied the Bay Islands off the coast of Honduras, and was actively interfering in a quarrel between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, all of which, the United States protested, was in direct violation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. In addition to this, there was a dispute over San Juan Island and the northwest boundary of this country. Negotiations

had reached such an angry impasse that within six months of his arrival (June 6, 1856) Dallas wrote: "It will not surprise me if I should turn out to be the last minister from the United States to the British Court, and that will certainly be fame if it be not honour." Fortunately the British government was in the control of liberal and intelligent men, and, by working hard all that summer, Dallas and Lord Clarendon were able by October to prepare and sign what was called the Dallas-Clarendon Convention. This provided that the dispute between Costa Rica and Nicaragua over their border should be arbitrated by the United States and Great Britain, that the Mosquito Indians should be given their independence, and that the Bay Islands should be turned over to Honduras under a treaty just made between that country and England.

The Senate agreed to all of this except the treaty. That clause was stricken out, and the Dallas-Clarendon Convention passed by a narrow vote. England, however, refused to abide by the amended agreement, and once more difficulties arose. Meanwhile, Buchanan had succeeded Pierce as President and, with great wisdom and generosity, he retained his old rival as minister to Great Britain. Dallas remained in England all during Buchanan's term, until 1860 and the very eve of the Civil War. He was followed by the more famous but no more intrepid Charles Francis Adams. President Buchanan took Central American affairs out of Dallas's hands and conducted them directly from Washington.

Dallas, however, was directly responsible for the cessation of England's provocative searching of American vessels in connection with the suppression of the slave trade. From Lord Malmesbury, the British Foreign Secretary, he obtained a complete disavowal of this dangerous precedent. Dallas regarded this as the greatest triumph of his diplomatic career. The maneuver by which he forced a full public acknowledgment of the disavowal is significant of his astuteness as a diplomat. As he noted, in a letter to Cass, "The slight doubt hinted in some newspapers, as to the extent of the renunciation on the boarding question, and the reticence of ministerial M.P.'s when interpellated, seemed to make it important that the exact character of what had been done should be fixed before Parliament ad-

journed, and before the possible contingency of a change from Derby to Palmerston could take place."

To compel the government to speak out Dallas made use of the Fourth of July banquet given in London. In responding to the toast he commented wittily (and pointedly) on the lack of an American diplomacy. Insofar as it did exist, it was to be compared to the American militia. "To be sure," Dallas continued, "in the United States, from the outset, we have always had a partiality for the militia. (*Hear, hear.*) Our first military achievements were gained by men among whom were some of the rawest possible militia. (*Hear, and a laugh.*) And it has so happened, probably by accident, that our militia has over and over again proved equal to the best regulars of Europe. (*Cheers.*)"

In the same urbane and apparently guileless manner, Dallas went on to say that our militia diplomacy had just won a modest victory over England in the matter of "some little difficulties on the coasts of the United States and in the West Indian Sea." Carefully avoiding any disclosure of the terms of the agreement which had been reached, his praise of British candor and fair dealing so whetted the appetite of the public to know exactly what had been agreed upon that all the details were soon made known. "And now England," Dallas wrote to Cass, "through her omnipotent Wittenagemote, through all her leading journals, specially the Thunderer and Lord Palmerston's organ, as well as by table oratory, is made to know the identical pretension her government has finally withdrawn from as illegal."

When Dallas returned to America, the world was falling about his ears as it fell about the ears of all Northern Democrats in that fateful period. He had begun life as a liberal, a progressive, although one of conservative temper, an Andrew Jackson man; circumstances over which he no longer had control were forcing him into the ambiguous position of an unwilling ally of a party which, forgetting its early history, was dedicating itself to tyranny and the dismemberment of his beloved country, a party headed for political suicide or, if not actual death, at least national impotency for a quarter of a century. Dallas was sixty-eight, too old to change, too fixed in his ways to envisage the new portent of Abraham Lincoln.

He returned to Philadelphia and lived quietly until his death in 1864, continuing to vote the Democratic ticket. The guns were still firing; he did not know who had won, his country or his friends to the south.

He has been spoken of as an excellent example of "the gentleman in politics." The phrase, pleasant as it is, is not enough. There have been numerous "gentlemen in politics" who have behaved very badly, and still more who, if not actively dishonest, have been at least actively timorous. Dallas was courageous, intelligent, and upstanding. Princeton has good cause to be proud of him.

Charles Hodge

[1797-1878]

NESTOR OF ORTHODOXY

BY JOHN OLIVER NELSON

THREE thousand divinity students sat at his feet to learn their theology—more parsons, Presbyterian and otherwise, than were trained by any other American in the nineteenth century. Thousands more drank deep of his heavy *Systematic Theology*, in three volumes. Like a mighty army, preachers, teachers, and college presidents bore forth from Princeton town the somber banner of Charles Hodge, to an incalculably great part of the nation. No other alumnus of Princeton College, possibly excepting Woodrow Wilson, shaped so deeply the thought-molds of his day.

Our own philistine generation, less alert to preachers than to news broadcasters, would knit its brow in astonishment over this pulpit-borne outreach of one dogmatist. Trained by advertisers to equate what is best with what is newest, we would find scandal in his serene stubbornness among fresh ideas. Partly in ignorance and partly in distaste we resent his seminary title of Professor of Exegetical, Didactic, and Polemical Theology. Thus even among churchmen today, appraisal of Charles Hodge runs the scale from uncritical veneration to condescension, dismay, or downright incredulity.

Yet he undeniably stands as the Nestor of nineteenth-century religious life in America. His "system"—more than any other—has been the doctrinal hothouse in which both the solid fruit of piety and the exotic blooms of theological fancy have sprung into being.

That "system," to a remarkable degree, was the shadow of Hodge's own active life—shaped firmly by tradition, inspired by deep loyalties and friendships, disciplined by polemic, and grounded in a few great central assumptions about life and God and the universe. The story of his years, especially as they brought him to Princeton, is the story of his theological outlook.

More truly probably than he knew, Charles Hodge modestly claimed that there was nothing unusual about his religiousness

"except that it began very early." It did indeed. With his very swaddling-clothes he seems to have been wrapped—as he appeared on December 27, 1797—in a mantle of piety. This picture we may accept, even with the gloss of retrospect, as describing his attitudes as a tiny lad: "As far back as I can remember, I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and asking him for everything I wanted. If I lost a book, or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school and out of school, whether playing or studying."

For such intimations of immortality his mother was doubtless largely responsible. A quiet Bostonian of steadfast Huguenot stock, Mary Blanchard Hodge was diligent in prayer and devout in every Christian exercise. Her husband, Hugh Hodge, who died shortly after Charles was born, was a similarly sober churchman. But even earlier prenatal inheritance pointed the lad to Presbyterian orthodoxy: his merchant grandfather, a hearty Ulsterman, was so truculent a Calvinist that on Biblical grounds he refused till his dying hour to grant that the earth really moves! Such sturdy ghosts Charles found in the quaint Hodge dwelling, near Christ Church graveyard in Philadelphia. All around him was a dependable Presbyterian world—which had begun even to move only during his own generation.

To be sure, the earth was moving all too fast for some Americans even in the decade of Hodge's birth. Unorthodox, unsettling ideas were abroad. Thousands were still breathless over Tom Paine's daring *Common Sense*. And although few reputable church-goers stooped to read that tract, it was clear to many that religion itself was falling on evil days. The Episcopal bishop of New York gave up his post, believing with Chief Justice Marshall and the bishop of Virginia that "the Church was too far gone ever to be revived." Even at Harvard College, "the infuriated steeds of infidelity" were being bridled only with difficulty.

The boy's early pastor, shovel-hatted Ashbel Green, was ruffled by no such strange winds of doctrine. He earnestly put Charles and his older brother Hugh through the catechism on his pastoral calls—as he was to do years later when he was president at Princeton College, and they both undergraduates.

As Widow Hodge sent Charles off to school, sound piety fol-

lowed him close behind. First there was a roomful of little boys and girls taught by "an old lady in Arch Street." But then he went to a Presbyterian elder's classes facing Independence Hall, and thence to a sunny Swedenborgian schoolmaster. In those early years, he records one devastating comment, having to do less with his religion than with his artistic success. His drawing-school teacher, peering over the lad's shoulder, lamented "Charles, I think I could spit paint better than that!"

When he was twelve, both brothers were packed away to boarding school, to a Presbyterian parson at Somerville, New Jersey. This was on the exciting route of the Swift & Sure Mail Coach Line between Philadelphia and New York. But this shift away from home aroused in the quiet, well-behaved boy no wish to be emancipated from his mother's faith: "I cannot recollect that I ever uttered a profane word, except once. It was when I was thirteen or fourteen years old. I was walking with my brother, and struck my foot against a stone, and said: 'D——n it.' My brother was shocked and exclaimed, 'Why Charles!!' I cannot tell why I said it. . . . I am thankful that no similar experience ever occurred to me."

The very next year after going to Somerville, Charles was footing his unprofane way through the ruts of Princeton town itself, to the new Hodge home on Witherspoon Street. His resourceful mother had taken a frame dwelling on that muddy thoroughfare, which then went by the name of Guinea Lane. There she boarded seven Hodge relatives who were students at the college. Hugh began his premedical work in Nassau Hall and Charles was off to the little town academy. A member now of the class of 1815, the fourteen-year-old boy settled in Princeton, which for sixty-six years he was to call home.

2

Within a few months—during the War of 1812—Charles could have been seen, a gangling, wide-eyed youth, lying at length on the gallery rail watching a solemn occasion. The place was the First Presbyterian Church, a stone's throw from the college, which served for every sizable town gathering. The event was the inaugural of the new Theological Seminary in town. The sole professor who was invested that night was Archibald

Alexander, the man who was to influence Hodge more than anyone else. It was several days later that the slight, genial professor stepped into the schoolroom just as the boy was stammering over his Greek lesson: their eyes met, and the friendship was sure. Soon, as the reverend professor drove his gig over to Flemington and other preaching points, young Hodge was his constant companion, listening and questioning as the muddy miles went by. At fourteen the boy was already an apprentice to theological orthodoxy.

In spite of stammered Greek (the language was always hard for him), Charles was ready for college that very year. September 1812 found him knocking at the door of the college examiner. That tall, spare Presbyterian cleric after due academic scrutiny admitted him to the sophomore class. The boy was thus a Princeton sophomore at fourteen, with custom rather than precocity apparently justifying the accelerated course. The Hodge boys had classes, of course, in The College, where students lived upstairs.

Princeton College that year, as the boys' Philadelphia pastor Dr. Ashbel Green arrived as president, was in a cool religious climate. But the new executive's strategy soon became plain: even before school opened he earnestly proposed to his three faculty members that they all observe with him a day of prayer, asking God's blessing upon the college. This exercise, apparently carried out with due thoughtfulness, was no innovation in a school which had actually been begun in the study of a Presbyterian minister in Elizabeth, to train candidates for ordination.

However fervent in spirit, Princeton was undeniably dense in doctrine. Long before Dr. Green's day, urbane British critics held "the principles inculcated in the College of New Jersey" to be "antiquated and unfashionable." All the presidents, and usually faculty members, were Presbyterian ministers. And ten years before Hodge arrived, rumblings of student unbelief had led the college to prescribe as Sabbath reading a sobering list of books: Paley's *Evidences for a Just and Holy Life* for all seniors, Campbell on miracles for juniors, and catechisms with the Bible itself for underclassmen. In Hodge's day, all four classes additionally were required to recite to the president from Scripture each Sunday afternoon. These pre-

scriptions were the stanch ancestors of that pale, vanishing twentieth-century stepchild, "compulsory chapel" on Sunday!

But a new note was being sounded as Dr. Alexander himself began Sunday evening preaching in the stuffy basement of the Old Library. Here was excitement about the Christian faith. A town sermon-taster declared that "while most other ministers preached about religion, he preached religion." It was plain that the spirited theologian was not far from his own carefree, card-playing student days: its was a common claim that "Dr. Alexander must have been very wicked in his youth, or he could not know so well how wicked men felt!" Hodge never missed these Sunday night sessions.

As the curriculum opened up to him, however, he found going on among his colleagues a casual subterfuge obviously unaffected by Alexander's preachments. He records with glee an incident in the requirement that each student memorize in Latin his own church catechism. It seems that Presbyterians were at a sore disadvantage in that their Westminster Shorter Catechism belied its name in being far longer than the Episcopal catechism. Thus many a canny Presbyterian was moved to pass himself off as an Episcopalian! Dr. Green soon put two and two together, and quietly announced that Episcopalians thenceforth should memorize also the Thirty-Nine Articles of their faith for recitation. Denominational parity was restored.

Actual courses given in the College of New Jersey were in Hodge's day quite as safe as the catechisms themselves. Studies in belles-lettres, for example, were by no means so effete as that name might imply: "Blair's Lectures" was the text. In Philosophy the staple was "Witherspoon's Lectures," solidly dogmatic reasons for the existence of God with short side-strips into metaphysics in other areas. The logic text was by Andrew—"a little book about as large as an Almanac, which we got through in four recitations"—the only logic Hodge ever studied. He says little of courses offered by the vice-president: natural philosophy, mathematics, and chemistry. But these also were doubtless theological, even if only by professorial digression.

The one faculty man who kindled sparks in Charles Hodge was the Reverend Philip Lindsley, Class of 1804, master in Greek and destined to become one of the great educational pioneers in the South. The refrain of this dapper scholar was



CHARLES HODGE

that "one of the best preparations for death is a thorough knowledge of Greek grammar." Like his successors among Princeton "preceptor guys" of another century, Lindsley invariably took the "wrong" side in argument, maintaining popery against Protestantism, heresy against orthodoxy, Arminius against Calvin. Culture, he claimed, reached its climax several thousand years ago. Before such versatile contrariness Hodge, a rather cautious Whig Hall debater, was all admiration—because he *liked* the forthright Mr. Lindsley.

One glimpse of his classroom life is typically human. Sitting beside his lifelong friend, John Johns of Delaware, Hodge had to recite to Dr. Green on St. Paul's violent shipwreck on Malta. "Was Paul ever at Malta?" the good doctor asked. "Y-yes sir," Charles ventured, "He—touched there on his voyage to Rome." At his side, straight-faced Johns murmured, "Hm-m-m. Pretty hard touch!" As Hodge suddenly recalled the shipwreck, he exploded with laughter, to be "justly reprimanded" by the non-plused President.

Campus romance, as well as classroom levity, was already a part of Princeton college atmosphere as Hodge found it—even as its background was the then more glamorous Witherspoon Street. At the Hodge house new boarders had appeared, including a vivacious Philadelphian just his age, Sarah Bache. She was with her family, proud to be a niece of Dr. Caspar Wistar of the University of Pennsylvania, and a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. Soon the "stately junior," Hodge, was ardently helping her home through the puddles of Princeton springtime. Nine years after they met—a decent Victorian affiancement—they were to be married. Hodge and Wistar have both been Princeton names in each generation since.

But college was not all catechism, classroom recitations, and "meeting the right girl." For Charles, the climax of undergraduate days and a turning point of life came with a famous campus revival of religion.

It was one of those reawakenings which have perennially kindled leadership in "the Princeton tradition." The school had of course begun as the direct result of a religious revival. After a spiritual lull, the renewal in Hodge's day affected the little college for several student generations. Thenceforth during the whole century, a slow rhythm of spiritual movements sent many

hundreds of Princetonians into idealistic fields of service. The national student Y.M.C.A. was organized at Princeton. The Student Volunteer Movement for foreign missions began there at the turn of the century. Even in recent decades, a secularized Princeton provided more leaders than any other campus for the religious movement known as the Oxford Group. "Princeton in the nation's service" has been motivated through most of her history by such revivals as gave Charles Hodge his vocation in 1815.

This particular renewal was a surprise even to Drs. Green and Alexander, who had unremittingly prayed for it. We read in the President's report to the trustees: "The divine influence seemed to descend like the silent dew of heaven, and in about four weeks there were very few individuals in the College edifice who were not deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of spiritual and eternal things. There was scarcely a room; perhaps not one; which was not a place of earnest, secret devotion."

But Widow Hodge, with level eye, sized up the whole event as she wrote Hugh in Philadelphia about the experience which had come to his brother in the revival:

"Though it is said two or three students ridiculed those that had joined the Church, this is very doubtful. But on Monday a great change took place in College. A general seriousness was observed in the Refectory. The rooms of Biggs, Baker and others were filled with students soliciting information on the subject of religion, and getting books. In the evening, while the Whig Society held their meeting, twenty Clios met in Allen's room to pray. On Tuesday . . . the Senior lecture-room was full, and there have been prayer-meetings every evening. No doubt there is much sympathy in the business, and as they instinctively followed each other last winter in mischief, they are led in the same manner this season to be good. But it is very probable that after the effervescence subsides, there will be a good number who will experience a radical change.

"The important step Charles has taken occasions much solicitude. He was so young, I could have wished it had been deferred at least to the end of his College course. But you know his importunity, and when duty and feeling urged him forward, I could not throw a straw in the way."

Public discovery of this new commitment of Charles's was made one Saturday when there happened to be a recruiting sergeant and drummer in town seeking men for the current war with Britain. On Nassau Street one student startled another with the shout, "Guess what! Hodge has enlisted!" "Is it possible?" gasped the other. "Yes," the fatuous informant continued: "Enlisted under the banner of King Jesus!"

Such exchanges on the front campus began to draw crowds to the prayer meetings. Few enough students had been professing Christians: only 12 out of 105 undergraduates. Within a short period 30 more accepted Christ. And before they graduated, almost all the student body had recorded such a decision—issuing forth to become a notable roster of preachers, teachers, and evangelists.

No one was more concerned than Hodge to share this new-found certainty, and one conversion was a dramatic one. Several juniors gambled at Folet's tavern one night until three, when they were denied further lights and reported by the cautious innkeeper to the college. Grimly awaited by the faculty, the miscreants were expelled as soon as they lifted the Nassau Hall latch. In utter dejection, one met with Hodge as he packed for home—and was roundly converted before he left! Gratefully reporting his new beliefs to Mrs. Hodge, he declared, "To your dear Charles I am indebted for these impressions."

In his new zeal, Charles seemed to demonstrate a new buoyancy and warmth. He yearned to have his brother Hugh experience the same great conviction, and his letter is revealing:

"The step which your brother has taken, accompanied by dear Kinsey, you are already acquainted with. And why not my dearest brother too? Oh! that you, that Atkinson, that all, were here to see what has been done! for I cannot but think that all who see the present state of the College must also feel that this is indeed the harvest, the accepted time, the day of salvation! Oh! my brother! though it is only your little Toby who is writing to you, yet he loves you; he knows how many inestimable qualities you possess, and shudders at the thought of your wanting the one thing needful. You must not, you do not, at least I hope you will not, want it. . . .

"If you were to see me kiss Richards, you must think that a great change had taken place. . . . There are a thousand things

I would tell you. . . . It being half-past twelve at night is sufficient reason for my bidding you

“good-night.

“Your Brother”

Here is a new Hodge, deeply excited about his Christian faith, eager to tell others about it, finding in it a personal allegiance which brought his whole life into focus. “A great change had taken place,” indeed, during his senior year at Princeton.

Within a few months, in September 1815, he was graduated from the college. His closest friend, John Johns, shared first honor with another, while Hodge shared second honor with a fourth. To achieve that standing, he had studied long and hard. He was pale and worn as he gave the valedictory address—in First Church, where it really constituted his first “preaching” in the town which became his sounding-board for sixty years.

What had the College of New Jersey given him? He seems to have left it—like thousands of other alumni—richer in friendships than in anything else he found there. The cramped, creaking curriculum certainly shaped his thinking. His conversion in a student religious revival pointed his whole sense of calling. But as we read his letters and examine his later life, it seems plain that a warm, personal approach to ideas and people began during his college years.

Possibly at Princeton, the shared infelicities of March slush and August smother, the ineffable May, and the symbolic town-gown confrontation along Nassau Street, do subtly weld young men’s friendship. Whatever the cause, Charles Hodge found at Princeton personal loyalties—lifelong, most of them—which were already becoming the pattern for his unabashed favoritism among ideas also.

3

After commencement, it was found that his academic exertions had actually taxed his health to the extent of inducing “a weak chest.” For a whole year he rested and read in his mother’s house in Philadelphia—except for a tour of Virginia accom-

panying Dr. Alexander on a reminiscent retracing of old preaching circuits.

The sabbatical seems to have been successful, for autumn of 1816 found the nineteen-year-old lad back in Princeton at Seminary, again sharing classes with his friend Johns. There were 26 students, all classes being in the homes of the professors. When the stately new Seminary building was completed the next year, Hodge was the very first to preach in its "Oratory," where generations have trembled through maiden homiletic efforts ever since.

Now at length the influence of Dr. Alexander became all-enveloping. Charles, like nearly all his classmates, was unenthusiastic about the other professor, Dr. Samuel Miller, who was the precise defender of Presbyterian history and government against all comers. Indeed, he records that "the good Doctor wore out his lead-pencil in thumping the desk to make us behave." For Archibald Alexander on the other hand he had nothing but earnest praise.

The seminary curriculum set up by this spirited revival theologian was at least as archaic as that of the college nearby. We pass over other subjects to consider Hodge's own field of theology: here the text and method were most ponderous of all. For the basis of study was a prolix three-tome Latin work written in 1629, the *Institutes* of Francis Turretine. It was in this omnibus of dogma that every Princeton seminarian jolted along until Hodge's own system was available. It is a marvel of scholastic complexity: under each of twenty *loci*, it presents a number of *quaestiones*, which argue the *status quaestionis* at length until the *fontes solutionum* bubble up in oracular answer to each posed problem. There are crushing replies all along the way directed to Anabaptists, Jesuits, Lutherans, antinomians, Jews, Synergists, and a host of others hostile to the Reformed system.

Three seminary years of unresisted training in such disciplines showed Hodge to be a careful, prayerful student and preacher. Thus at the end of his course, Dr. Alexander's young friend of gig-riding days was asked to stay on, even as an assistant in Hebrew. The flattered Charles, who had planned to become a parson, was awed and overjoyed. For another year in Philadelphia he retired from school life, studying. Then he returned to Princeton, armed with a new appointment to his

position by the Presbyterian General Assembly, and moved into the home of Dr. Alexander. His teaching began in the fall of 1820.

During that same season he visited Yale College and Boston, and met many an affable but heretical New England divine. This casual excursion was effected "in Mr. Hodge's old-fashioned two-wheeled gig, on springs shaped like the letter C; a form of conveyance now utterly extinct"—but then surely a luxury for a twenty-three-year-old instructor in Hebrew on a salary of \$400 a year! This sporty conveyance was unfortunately all the more necessary because of a new "obscure and painful affection of the nerves of his right thigh"—a handicap which was to cripple Hodge as he grew older.

The young man was a good teacher. In two years he was elected professor of Oriental and Biblical literature. Soon, married to comely Sarah Bache, he set up housekeeping in a dwelling directly across from Nassau Hall, on the corner where Lower Pyne Hall now stands. After two years there, the Hodges moved to the house they had built at the west end of Alexander Hall at the seminary. In this comfortable dwelling Charles Hodge raised his family, wrote, studied, and prayed, for the fifty-eight years until his death.

As his academic responsibilities increased, it soon appeared that Princeton's all did not constitute enough education for the young professor. He began to "feel constantly the most painful sense of unfitness" for teaching and—with surprising abandon—came to the conclusion that European study was the one remedy. The minimum useful period for such a visit seemed to be no less than two years. So, abruptly leaving his wife, and the children baptized by Dr. Alexander, together with the Presbyterianism which for twenty-eight years had sheltered his thinking, he embarked for the Continent.

The two years in Halle, Paris, and Berlin show Hodge in a curious light, if we judge by his letters. Here for the first time he was confronted everywhere with ideas hostile to his own, with the result that all his Alexandrine orthodoxy came to the fore in defense of the faith. The sober Princetonian was horrified at what passed on the Continent as "Christian" theology—those very currents of religious thought which are studied today as *the* development of theology. The preaching of the

renowned German theologian, Schleiermacher, for example, filled him with wonder and dismay. The quarantine instructions of Dr. Alexander were ever with him: "Remember that you breathe a poisoned atmosphere. . . . I wish you to come home enriched with Biblical learning, but abhorring German philosophy and theology. I have been paying some attention to Kant's philosophy, but it confounds and astonishes me."

Thus when Charles returned from Europe in 1828, he was completely unscathed in doctrine, and entrenched in every belief in which he had been brought up. More firmly than ever, he "knew his friends" in the realm of ideas. In his first lecture at Princeton upon his return, he roundly declared: "Wherever you find vital piety—that is, penitence and a devotional spirit—there you will find the doctrines of the fall, of depravity, of regeneration, of atonement, and of the deity of Jesus Christ. I never saw or heard of a single individual who exhibited a spirit of piety who rejected any one of these doctrines."

4

Bedecked with his laurels of continental study, Charles Hodge within the next dozen years became firmly cemented into the theological niche he occupied for the rest of his life. His field was obviously no longer that of mere textual interpretation. Nor was he a mere bandier-about of established Princeton shibboleths. Rather, he was the full-panoplied defender of the whole tradition of Calvinist orthodoxy in America in the nineteenth century.

Like his ideas, his literary flair was at first derivative, then gradually creative and affirmative. The periodical he founded, known generally as *The Princeton Review*, appeared in 1825 as a mere publication of reprints and translations, later to become what an eminent New Englander called "the most powerful organ in the land." Through various changes of name and sponsorship, this famous magazine claimed Hodge as its unchanging muse and censor until 1871. By that time a British secular quarterly was ready to say this of it: "It is beyond all question the greatest purely theological Review that has ever been published in the English tongue, and has waged war in defense of the Westminster standards for a period of forty

years, with a polemic vigor and unity of design without any parallel in the history of religious journalism."

Assuredly the minatory, monitory pages of *The Princeton Review* bear out such a judgment. Hodge's very first controversial article was a "tocsin of alarm" over the illiberal, autocratic policy of the American Education Society as it distributed funds to needy students. The next year, he pronounced anathema over the views of a certain Dr. Cox on Christian regeneration, recording as well his suspicion of New England tampering with the imputation of Adam's guilt to all men. By 1839 his succession of *delenda est's* had led him to Emerson and German transcendentalism. As opposed to German philosophic thinking, he says: "A sanity of intellect, and incapacity to see wonders in nonsense, is the leading trait of the English mind. The Germans can believe any thing. Animal magnetism is for them as one of the exact sciences. What suits the Germans, therefore, does not suit us. Hence almost all those, who in England or in this country, have professed transcendentalism, like puss in boots, have made them [selves] ridiculous. If it was not for its profaneness, what could be more ludicrous than Mr. Emerson's address?"

In the same vein, he found his foil in 1847 to be the Congregational saint Horace Bushnell, whom he laments as "a poet, and neither a philosopher nor theologian; a bright star, which has wandered from its orbit, and which must continue to wander, unless it return and obey the attraction of the great central orb—God's everlasting word."

Yet despite such witch-hunting forays, the attitude of Editor Hodge and his host of contributors was by no means negative: if anything, it is overpositive. Often a heavy treatise or a small tract is liquidated by a mere deprecatory preface, following which the "Princeton position" is expounded in I-II-III, a-b-c fullness. The conservative position appears in reviews of books on philosophy, letters, music, and even Anglo-Saxon; articles historical and political and literary take their turn. Profound subjects receive solemn treatment, trivial ones the light touch. For instance, Hodge starts off on the absurd claims of a particularly pompous bishop with observations on the effects of conceit: "A little vanity provokes you; a little more incenses you; a good deal enrages you; but after that, every addition is

positively agreeable. . . . Neither critical bitterness nor Presbyterian sourness has enabled us to withstand [the bishop's] irresistible *bonhomie*." This, typically, is no bigoted raillery: it is amused tolerance from a position so sure of itself that it can concede much.

Such balance and urbanity were characteristic of Charles Hodge. They account for much of the might of *The Princeton Review* among churchmen, and especially among Presbyterians. Thousands of Presbyterian clergymen, alumni of Hodge's own classroom, bore witness that whatever he might say, it was "sound." Once when the General Assembly itself voted overwhelmingly that Roman Catholic baptism is no baptism, Hodge in a sage article reversed that *gaffe* singlehanded, supplying the position the Church still holds. As he defined what ministers mean when they "accept" Presbyterian standards—a generous, liberal view—his interpretation became the last word, as it has continued to be until today.

So we see the man most typically in *The Review*. In his hands it became the cudgel, the clarion, and the sedative of orthodoxy. It made "the Princeton position" in matters of faith known around the world, and respected in many parts of it. Within the seminary itself, it kept doctrinal thinking, however static, from drying up into small-town orthodoxy. Yet, peculiarly enough, Hodge's proudest boast as he relinquished the editorship at last was this: "An original idea in theology is not to be found in the pages of the *Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review* from the beginning until now." Even granting the truth of this characteristic claim, we may grant that the now yellowed pages of his periodical do "reshuffle prejudices" with candor, conviction, and, often, brilliance.

Turning from *The Review*, we may note that the complacent changelessness of its position gives a fruitful clue to Hodge's power in many fields. This phenomenal resistance to any sort of change was a trait which his son found "very remarkable, and without any parallel in this age." It appeared in daily habits, in friendships, in church leadership, and in doctrine.

To students, this professorial distaste for change was a distinct blessing: the mellow Hodge lectures, in tattered notebooks, were tenderly handed on from time beyond memory, their repetition predictable almost to the hour. Students marveled to

see him each morning, for decades, limping to the doorway of his home at a set hour, to record temperature, wind direction, and the state of the sky. One hollow-backed chair he used *exclusively* in his study for thirty-eight years; sitting, resting his lame leg, reading, praying, writing, talking. The little tailor shop he first happened to patronize in Princeton he clung to for sixty years, despite the succession of good and bad proprietors, and the complaints of the younger Hodges. Invariably he voted the Whig ticket until that party changed; then Republican for the rest of his days. His precise views on temperance, slavery, and government were absolutely unaffected by time, war, or any ravage of circumstance.

This almost pathological attitude was, in church affairs, a repeated astonishment to his brethren. In earlier years, when a denominational split threatened over an issue dear to him, he refused to advance it because it would be so radical a change. But long after the schism did occur, when it gave happy promise of healing, the ancient professor was against *that* change also: he hitched up his buggy one day and drove the nine miles to Cranbury, with a great painful boil on his neck, to cast his vote for letting well enough alone!

Such conservatism applied most notably, of course, in the field of doctrine, where Hodge's influence was greatest. Orthodoxy he identified with his boyhood catechism, with the long gig rides at Dr. Alexander's side, with the heart-warming revival in Nassau Hall—and such orthodoxy needed, for him, no further examination. His repeated complaint was that “the spirit of free inquiry is gone forth; . . . sentiments are no longer revered for having been held sacred by the best of men, from time immemorial. . . .” Thus Hodge felt that the past spoke with comforting and obvious unanimity in support of his own opinions, and he was ready to defend that interpretation with his very life.

This partiality had to do particularly with what Hodge accepted as “Calvinism” or “Old Calvinism.” He continually referred to “the theology of the Reformers” as though this were a recognized, systematic whole—as it most assuredly was not. Championing “the faith which was once delivered unto the saints,” Hodge was embarrassingly arbitrary in choosing both

what faith and which saints. A friendly Lutheran chided him gently for his regular practice of merely overlooking those estimable "Old Calvinists" with whom he disagreed: "If Dr. Hodge long ago encountered these divines, he quietly turned away into his own brighter path, with other visions of the divine glory."

Even Hodge's greatest successor at Princeton, Benjamin Breckenridge Warfield, remarked that in textual study Hodge "was content to accept another man's [opinion] without having really made it his own, . . . guided sometimes it seemed by theological predilection." When a reply to one of his *Review* articles showed animosity, Hodge merely closed the page, refusing so much as to hear what was said: in this way, his son remarked, "he certainly missed much improving discipline which his antagonists have laboriously prepared for his good." Hodge preferred friendly points of view.

With this instinct of finding double truth in what he liked, he conversely discovered far less than half-truth in what he happened to dislike. Just as he unconsciously exaggerated the unanimity of "all Christians," "all Presbyterians," or "all pious men," he looked askance at opposite ideas as "delusive," "immoral," or "tending to atheism." Thus despite his efforts to be objective and balanced, Hodge consigns many a valid argument or noble Christian insight, abruptly, to the Pit, on evidence decidedly circumstantial. He chooses no view, actually, on the *balance* of evidence: either there is all evidence, or none! Either Deity has spoken, or has not.

Such dogmatism is rather clearer in his books than in his periodical articles. These volumes bore his influence afar. A *Commentary on Romans* published in 1834 was soon translated in France and widely used in both languages. A *Constitutional History of the Presbyterian Church*, stoutly supporting "Old School" views, met its needs in 1840. A large tract, *The Way of Life*, was in that same year reprinted in London and translated into Hindustani, as well as sold in America to the total of 35,000 copies—respectable circulation for a sermon even today. *Commentaries*, on Ephesians in 1856 and Corinthians in 1857 and 1859, fall under Warfield's appraisal of Hodge exegesis: they have "an air of second-handedness" about them.

5

Finally in 1867, when he was sixty-nine, he began work on his magnum opus, the *Systematic Theology*. In 1871 its third and final volume came off the press. This was the climax of his work, and has been his chief monument.

In three somberly bound tomes, the *Systematic Theology* has lent dignity to parsonage libraries for many decades. Like most treatises designed for immediate, practical use, they have progressively been "dated" as time has passed since 1871. First they were study-table needs; then respectable twelve-dollar reference for the shelf; finally apparatus for pressing flowers or butterflies. Yet even in this process, the immense prestige of the work has outlived its actual usefulness. Though libraries honor it and seminarians may glean from it an occasional pat three-point "proof," its Victorian Calvinism has become among most churchmen an honored anachronism. It commands a peculiar deference from a generation which today can surpass its erudition but not equal its conviction.

How, we may well ask, does a man set about writing such an encyclopedic edifice of doctrine? For Hodge, that initial problem was hardly serious, for he followed very closely indeed an older pattern. The *Systematic Theology* bears a marked family resemblance to Turretine's *Institutes*, the text—also in three volumes—which Hodge studied under Alexander and placed before his own classes for thirty years. This model supplied the form. Content was provided by the venerable professor's lecture notes, recast with refutations of current heterodoxies. As these 2,000 pages, three volumes, in English, now supplanted Turretine's 2,000 pages, three volumes, in Latin, Hodge's system had taken classic form, and a central strain of Calvinist orthodoxy had been naturalized in America.

To glance at some of the distinctive assertions Hodge makes in this monumental work may indicate how different is the climate of religious discussion in our day. Nailed highest to the mast of his theological craft is the paramount claim—held by Yale in that period to be the one distinctive Princeton tenet—regarding inspiration of the Bible. It is this: the *original* texts of Scripture, now lost, were letter-perfect as dictated by Deity, and any possible error has somehow crept in since. New England

theologians cuttingly pointed out that "the hypothesis has no small advantage in this, that if it is not susceptible of proof, it is equally secure from refutation"! Yet this principle of the original verbal inerrancy of the Bible became the warrant for proof-texts and the basis of all proof for doctrine in Princeton.

Even with this assurance of verbal inspiration, however, which "Old Calvinists" had used to prove many a harsh teaching, Hodge simply omits Scriptural proof which sustains that in which he chooses not to believe. When he comes to the Calvinist doctrine of rigid predestination, for example, he benignly proposes "simply to state what the Spirit has revealed on that subject," quietly ignoring what Romans 9:22 plainly "reveals" regarding dread "vessels of wrath fitted for destruction." Yet, other doctrines are conclusively established by proof-texts from the same chapter of Romans.

In dealing with the central and ultimate Christian teaching of redemption of the believer by Christ—which Hodge profoundly, daily experienced himself—the warmth of his conviction contrasts strangely with the legalism by which he supports it. For, as did such scholastics as Turretine, he shows redemption as a contractual status in seventeenth-century legal terms—the very impersonality against which Bushnell and many another modern theologian was protesting. Such legalism is more appropriate to Hodge's convinced teaching of the sacredness of the Sabbath; to this concern, as a sound Victorian moralist, he gives more weight than any Reformation theologian.

With these mere glances at the *Systematic Theology*, let us indulge a summary sentence as inclusive as one of Hodge's own. We may say that the work presents Hodge's glowing, unmistakable personal piety; painstakingly upheld by legal, scholastic reasons; and based squarely upon chosen proof-texts from an originally inerrant Bible. In these three aspects of his presentation of Christian truth, he became the prophet and exemplar of Princeton Seminary.

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The publication of his epochal opus was followed within the year, in 1872, by the delightful and revealing occasion of his

semicentennial as a professor in the school. In crowded First Church—where as a lad he had watched the seminary's existence begin—the old man reclined on a sofa secluded at the back of an enlarged stage. From there he heard the eulogies, with characteristic grace and modesty. Once, as the ex-president of Yale spoke of Dr. Hodge with emotion, he quietly emerged from his concealment and kissed his ancient friend. It was announced that seminary alumni and friends had raised \$45,000 for a Chair in his honor, giving him personally \$15,000 besides as a gift. Scores of colleges and divinity schools in America and abroad sent emissaries or greetings. Hodge's second wife, who had been Mrs. Mary Hunter Stockton, was there, as were his eight children, his now blind brother Hugh, and the great company of Hodge grandchildren. His keen, whimsical son Archie, professor at the seminary in Pittsburgh, was busy noting details which he later set down in an able biography of his father.

By this time, both the sainted Archibald Alexander and the respected Samuel Miller—his two original faculty colleagues—had long been gone. Hodge had for many years been the Professor of Exegetical, Didactic, and Polemic Theology. He had been since 1850 a trustee of Princeton College, and long a member of each of the administrative boards of his denomination. Yet, as his letters show again and again, even his duties had been less important than his friends. At his semicentennial his cup was full, except that his classmate, "Dear John [Johns], my twin-brother friend" was detained by his duties as bishop of Virginia.

Certainly he looked the part of the patriarch and radiant Christian even in these later days. Light complexioned, with curling hair, erect bearing, and benign, calm gaze, he seemed younger than his seventy-four years. As he lectured, his cane resting by his chair, his eyes closed, and his fragile gold-rimmed glasses thrust up above his forehead, he was a unique tradition on the campus.

After the semicentennial at Princeton, his crowning honor came when the Presbyterian General Assembly met in Baltimore the following year, in 1873. Because he was too feeble to accept the assembly's invitation that he meet with them, the assembly itself adjourned in a body "to wait upon Dr. Hodge" in Washington! The old man was dissolved in tears as the group, having

sung the Long Metre Doxology in the Capitol rotunda, presented themselves to do him honor at Willard's Hotel. It was perhaps upon such an occasion that one editor prepared an obituary which later noted that in Hodge, Princeton had "its greatest ornament, the Presbyterian Church its most precious gem, the American Church her greatest earth-born luminary."

After that there were quiet days at Princeton. At the memorable "Sabbath Afternoon Conferences" in the Oratory in Alexander Hall, Hodge's mildly spoken contribution capped the presentations by other professors, and provided what many a seminarian regarded as a patriarchal blessing. The year before his death, he had the quiet satisfaction of attending in First Church another inaugural, that of his son Archibald Alexander Hodge as his successor in the chair of didactic theology.

During the days of his eightieth year, just before his death on June 19, 1878, he sat daily in his beloved chair in the study. His questions were about the grandchildren, whose tiniest concerns he cherished, about the General Assembly, the Berlin Conference, and affairs at Princeton College. But when his hushed family crowded his bedroom, they knew that his favorite hymn, "Dearest Saviour," was on his lips when he died.

Parke Godwin

[1816-1904]

PATHFINDER IN POLITICS AND JOURNALISM

BY CARLOS BAKER

ONE November night over a hundred years ago Parke Godwin and his fellow students at the College of New Jersey tumbled out of their quarters into the frosty air to see some fireworks. All around them, Godwin remembered, the night burned like a sea of streaming flame. What they witnessed is well known among astronomers as the Leonid meteor-shower of November 13, 1833, when (as another observer said) the domed sky resembled a fiery umbrella, and awed watchers felt as if they ought to duck. For Godwin, the literary man, the occasion recalled that most high and palmy state of Rome, "a little ere the mightiest Julius fell." This epidemic of meteors and another of Asiatic cholera, which virtually closed the college in the summer of 1832, were probably the most exciting events of Godwin's career at Princeton. By 1866, when the next most famous meteor-shower of the century came along, Godwin had grown famous, too—as author, journalist, editor, translator, son-in-law and editorial associate of William Cullen Bryant; and, in the words of a recent historian, one of the two most radical spirits in the city of New York.

Though Godwin's ancestry would hardly have presaged his radicalism, it might have predicted his adventurous spirit. His great-grandfather Abraham, who died in 1777, was one of the first settlers in the Dutch colonial community of Totowa, now Paterson, New Jersey. He kept a low-built, stone inn on the banks of the Passaic which stood as a kind of landmark until it was pulled down in 1886. The two sons of the innkeeper, Abraham and David, ran off in their early teens to join the army and emerged as veteran campaigners at the end of the Revolutionary War. Parke Godwin knew his soldiering grandfather Abraham as the "Old General," a prominent figure in the Jersey militia during the early national period. Parke's father, third Abraham in the line, was known around Paterson as the



PARKE GODWIN

"Young General," both to distinguish him from Abraham II and to signalize his participation in the War of 1812 as an officer under Pike and Montgomery. The "Young General" married Martha Parke of Paterson, probably in the Old Dutch Church of Totowa, and on February 25, 1816, Parke Godwin was born.

The Godwins of Paterson were a numerous and substantial clan, serving the community first as merchants and later, with the development of Alexander Hamilton's Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures, as owner-operators of machine and textile factories. Like many of their affluent neighbors, they kept slaves, though as a young man Parke was to become an ardent abolitionist. During Parke's boyhood his father was postmaster of the swiftly growing industrial town, and the condition of the family finances enabled the boy to attend the excellent academy at Kinderhook, a pleasant old Dutch settlement a few miles below Albany on the Hudson, a situation which later became well known as the country seat of Martin Van Buren after his retirement from the presidency of the United States.

So good was young Godwin's preparation that he was admitted to sophomore standing at the College of New Jersey November 10, 1831. He presently made up his sole deficiency (in geometry), and while never a brilliant student he remained always in the first third of his class, was a commencement speaker for the Cliosophic Society in 1833, and was one of the honorary orators at his own commencement in the fall of 1834. Like his fellow-students, Godwin "lodged in the college edifice and dined in the Refectory." Unlike many of them he was never caught in the act of playing the violin on the Sabbath, mixing Christmas eggnogs, importing gunpowder from New York in order to make cartridges for the old cannon on the back campus, playing cards during study hours, sneaking out of a winter's night to go sleigh riding, or getting drunk at Joline's Tavern across the road. Under the strict scholastic regimen of the period there was ample reason for students to blow off steam, but if Parke Godwin ever did, the faculty failed to learn of it, and when he applied, as he did in 1837, for the M.A. degree (no further residential study being required in those days) it was readily granted to him.

During the two years immediately following his graduation Parke Godwin considered both the law and the ministry as possible careers. Back home in Paterson he read law for a time, then moved west to St. Louis where he was admitted to the bar. He thought temporarily of establishing a law practice in Louisville. But he afterward told friends that the institution of slavery, as he found it in Kentucky during the middle 'thirties, was more than he could stomach, and he returned to the North. For a little over four months (November 21, 1835-April 12, 1836) Godwin was enrolled as a divinity student at Princeton Theological Seminary, boarding at Mrs. Gaston's house during the long winter. But with the arrival of a Princeton spring he concluded that theology was not for him, and by the summer of 1836 was living ("a briefless barrister in the great city") in a modest boardinghouse at 316 Fourth Street, New York.

Here Godwin met the man with whom his subsequent fortunes were to be intimately associated. One summer evening the young lawyer walked into the dining-room to find the proprietor talking with a spare, stern-faced, middle-aged man who was introduced as the new boarder. Godwin was somewhat puzzled by the stranger's saturnine expression and a little embarrassed by his habit of looking fixedly into the eyes of the person he was addressing. But there was also a gentleness and sweetness in the manner of the older man which the youngster immediately liked. When the new boarder had left the room, the proprietor told Godwin that he was William Cullen Bryant, the poet, that his wife and daughters would be back from Europe in the fall, and that he had taken a room here in the meantime in order to be close to his editorial offices at the *Evening Post* on Pine Street.

Godwin found Bryant hard to know. Not only was there a discrepancy in their ages, but Bryant was also naturally austere, preoccupied with *Post* affairs, given to early rising, long solitary walks in the afternoons, and early retirement. Sometimes on a Sunday Godwin got in a word with him, and there were a couple of memorable occasions when the two men strolled among the open fields of upper Manhattan. Although the return of Mrs. Bryant and her daughters, Fanny and Julia, resulted in a slight access of gaiety to Bryant's manner, the friendship with Godwin remained at best very desultory for some months.

Then, suddenly, Bryant's chief assistant fell ill and Godwin accepted, with a combination of surprise, self-doubt, and delight, the offer of his job. With Bryant to do the editorials, and one other general reporter to handle incidental intelligence, Godwin began making himself into a journalist. Morning after morning they took up their pens or began their legwork at seven; night after night they saw the paper to bed. Small as the staff was and heavy as was the burden which they assumed, the *Post* had already a reputation for political leadership, and Bryant was anxious to maintain initiative even in these lean years. Young Godwin, aged twenty-one, became Bryant's right-hand man.

2

"It is among the cheering signs of the times," wrote Godwin early in 1842, "that young men of education and talent, who have been accustomed to crowd the professions of law, medicine, and theology, are many of them now directing their energies to the business of editorship and popular instruction." A few years before, the newspaper game had been looked upon in some quarters as a cheap political racket. Now, like Bryant, Godwin had been ready to abandon the profession of law in favor of an editorial career, and in the next three decades, partly in company with Bryant, partly on his own, Godwin was to direct considerable energy to the edification of the people. His early experience on the *Evening Post* (1836-1844) constituted Parke Godwin's graduate school. It awakened him to the actualities of politics, equipped him to be a professional writer, and added cubits to his mental stature. Moreover, his initial association with the *Post* gave him a start toward financial independence. From 1840 to 1844, he owned an interest in the paper, at a time when the average annual gross receipts were close to \$40,000. Although he complained, on buying back into the *Post* in 1860, that his connection with the paper had not hitherto been very remunerative, the *Post* was valued in 1865 at somewhere near a million dollars, so that during the Reconstruction period the early labors of Bryant and Godwin were amply repaid.

The growing friendship between Godwin and Bryant was shortly strengthened by a domestic tie. At the Bryant household

on Ninth Street Godwin paid court to, and on May 12, 1842, married Frances, the older of the Bryant girls. The marriage was long and happy, and the golden wedding anniversary was celebrated in 1892, a year before Mrs. Godwin's death. Their winter residence was in New York, but they spent many of their summers, when they were not traveling on the continent, in a house which Bryant built for them on his extensive acreage at Roslyn, Long Island. In later years they sojourned also at a cottage erected for them by the poet on a hill near the Bryant homestead at Cummington, Massachusetts—partly, one suspects, because the old man liked to have his grandchildren about him. In all there were eight of them, four girls and four boys: Minna, Anna, Frances, Nora, Harold, Bryant, Alfred, and Walter. The last two died, as little boys of three and six, in 1860 and 1867 respectively.

On his wedding day in 1842 Godwin, then aged twenty-six, stood only on the threshold of his long literary career. From the first the *Post* had given him opportunity to do dramatic criticism and book reviewing, and the opportunity widened when the paper began in this same year to publish a weekly supplement. He had also begun by 1839 to contribute reviews and articles to J. L. O'Sullivan's *Democratic Review*, one of the liveliest and most liberal periodicals of the day. Moreover he was meeting, chiefly through Bryant, a number of prominent literary men: William Gilmore Simms of South Carolina, a voluble and warm-voiced talker who wished to set the *Post* right on the emergent southern question; Edgar Allan Poe, who said little but looked much with his "wonderful lustrous eyes"; and most memorable, the "burly, brusque, and boisterous" Fenimore Cooper, who strode into Pine Street like a bluff sailor, full of acidulous anecdotes about continental society.

One of Cooper's recent Leatherstocking Tales, *The Pathfinder* (1840), provided Godwin with a name for the literary and political journal which he launched February 25, 1843, while still part owner and assistant editor of the *Post*. Although this excellent little publication never sailed very far, and ceased after the fifteenth number on June 3, 1843, it is interesting to notice that its title was perpetuated as Godwin's journalistic nickname, and was later used as a campaign designation for Frémont, first presidential candidate of the new Republican

party, in the formation of which Pathfinder Godwin was a moving spirit.

The sale of his share of the *Post*, together with a five-year appointment (1844-1849) as deputy collector of the Port of New York, gave Godwin in 1844 the wherewithal to exercise his influence as a radical thinker. Like many other young idealists in the 1840's Godwin shared the transcendentalist faith in the possibility of remaking society from the inside out, and the hope that this end might gradually be accomplished through the widespread development of such communities as Brook Farm. Godwin was too busy in New York to join the divine lotos-eaters at West Roxbury, but he did what he could to promote their ideals and to popularize their organizational methods.

In December 1843 he published in W. E. Channing's short-lived New York journal, *The Present*, an article called "Constructive Democracy." The substance of his argument was reproduced in 1844 in the well-known pamphlet, *Democracy, Constructive and Pacific*, which Horace Greeley called the best of the contemporary studies of collectivism. The burden of Godwin's argument was that the various democratic revolutions of the era were the destructive (and in a sense negative) phase of a necessary constructive development. Destructive democracy had swept away the debris of feudalism, established representative government, spread education, and inculcated a sense of the dignity of the individual. Despite these advances and reorientations, however, democracy's destructive phase had neglected economic reform, and had provided no adequate substitute for the relatively feeble but not ineffective trade organizations which had been eliminated in the revolutionary process. Hence *laissez-faire* capitalistic monopoly, and the formation of a new economic feudalism, and increasing servitude among workers. What was therefore to be done?

The word *association*, which Godwin uses to describe his proposed township, indicates that he was already familiar with the associationist views of Fourier, who had died only seven years before. In his 120-page pamphlet (priced at a quarter for wide distribution) called *A Popular View of the Doctrines of Charles Fourier* (1844) Godwin sought to present a complete view of the subject. He drew heavily on the writings of Fourier's French

disciple Renaud (of whose *Vue Synthétique* the pamphlet is substantially a translation) and depended somewhat on the interpretive observations of Hugh Doherty in England and Albert Brisbane in America. Not an original work, the *Popular View* nonetheless provided one of the three most exhaustive expositions of Fourierism which had appeared in this country up to that time. The other two were both by Albert Brisbane: *The Social Destiny of Man* (1840) and *Association: A Concise Exposition* (1843). By the following year, Godwin's little book was widely accepted as a standard American authority on Associationism.

When the Fourierist journal, *The Harbinger*, commenced publication June 14, 1845, it was accordingly proud to list Parke Godwin as a regular contributing editor. This six-penny weekly was published every Saturday morning simultaneously in Boston and New York under the aegis of the Brook Farm Phalanx, who printed it on their presses in West Roxbury. It was the successor to their paper, the *Phalanx*, which had recently suspended publication, and early numbers included contributions by Dana, Lowell, Whittier, W. W. Story, and N. P. Willis. As a prominent disciple of Fourier, Godwin served as chairman of a Central Executive Committee which undertook to indoctrinate the country with Associationist principles through the establishment of lecture courses; in the fall of 1845 he helped arrange a national convention of the Union of Reformers in New York, and by May 1846 was listed as "Foreign" Corresponding Secretary of the American Union of Associationists, his duties apparently being to keep the American movement apprised of the best foreign thinking on the subject. Although he was very active in Associationist circles during 1845-1847, Godwin's identifiable contributions to the chief organ of the group were not extensive. Besides one or two squibs on life in New York, these included a very long open letter to the Italian patriot Mazzini on the latter's misinterpretations of Fourierism, and a review of Van Amringe's disquisition on Associationism. In November 1845, the *Harbinger* announced as forthcoming a book by Godwin on Swedenborg, Fourier, and Goethe; it was to be called *The Teachers of the Nineteenth Century*, and might well have been an important synthesis of modern trends in religion, politics,

and literature. But in common with several other books which Godwin projected and failed to finish, it never appeared.

Having proselytized for some of the more advanced ideas in French political thought, Godwin next turned his attention to German literature. In March 1845, in collaboration with his wife, C. P. Cranch, and G. C. Hebbe, he translated and edited with a brief introductory memoir a two-volume edition of the tales of Heinrich Zschokke. In January 1846 Godwin had in press the first part of a four-part issue of Goethe's *Dichtung and Wahrheit* which he edited in this and the next year. Part I was translated by Godwin, and Parts II, III, and IV respectively by J. H. Hopkins, Jr., of Vermont, C. A. Dana, and J. S. Dwight of Brook Farm. The edition duly appeared in 1846-1847. In the following year, however, there ensued a piece of trans-Atlantic skulduggery which used to make Godwin's blood boil every time he thought of it. The Bohn Library in London issued (1848-1849) an English version of the Goethe autobiography ostensibly translated by John Oxenford. Although in a prefatory note Oxenford had the temerity to condemn the "American version" as slipshod, the first half of Oxenford's work is an almost literal reprint of the translation as made by Godwin and Hopkins. In the second American edition of his translation (1850), Godwin openly accused Oxenford of thievery. But nothing came of the matter except that the first half of the Bohn version, though more recently corrected, is still essentially that of Godwin and his co-translator.

As the decade of the 1840's closed, Godwin may well have felt a certain satisfaction in his achievement. He had established a family, held down a responsible political post, gained considerable editorial experience, and built a reputation as competent journalist, judicious reviewer, reputable translator of French and German classics, and as one of the leading exponents of nonrevolutionary collectivist thought in the United States.

3

Godwin's record as formulator of left-of-center political opinion brought him a further editorial opportunity in the politically crucial period of the 1850's. The publisher George Palmer Putnam had begun to believe that America needed a

journal which would "combine the popular character of a Magazine with the higher and graver aims of a Quarterly Review." Such a publication would also adopt the policy of encouraging American writers, as opposed to magazines like *Harper's* which clipped most of its materials from British periodicals. Putnam fixed the fairly princely rate of three to ten dollars a page for original American contributions, and in the fall of 1852 quietly solicited the cooperation of a good many leading American authors, a number of whom promised to help.

The managing editor of *Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science, and Art* was Charles F. Briggs, ex-sailor, journalist, friend of Poe and Lowell, whose pseudonym, Harry Franco, had originated in his *Tale of the Great Panic* (1839). One of the two associate editors was George William Curtis, a handsome, adventurous youngster in his late twenties, who had been in 1842-1843 one of the liveliest of the Brook Farmers, and had recently (1851-1852) established a reputation as author of the "Howadji" travel books and of a pleasant volume called *Lotus-eating*. As associate editor in charge of political matters Putnam engaged Parke Godwin.

Godwin and Curtis had formed at least a nodding acquaintance in the days when both were contributors to the *Harbinger*. Now, as co-editors, they soon became close friends. The contrast between them was striking: the tall, personable Curtis was smooth, travel-polished, poised, well-dressed, and seems to have been something of a social lion. The rather homely, chunky Godwin, with his leonine head, glowing eyes, hexagonal spectacles, firm chin, and fringe of whisker, impressed one of his acquaintances in the office as "affectedly rough in his dress and expression," writing forcible English, but permitting himself a "larger freedom of utterance than would have seemed fitting, or even possible, to the more refined standard of Curtis," and posing, at this period, "as one who shunned society." The three editors had collaborated, for the holiday season of 1852-1853, on a gift volume called *The Homes of American Authors*, to which Curtis had contributed essays on Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, Briggs a piece on Lowell, and Godwin an account of a visit to Audubon. It is worth noting that the volume was later reissued, with additions, under the direction of Elbert

Hubbard, with the better-known title, *Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors*.

The new magazine got off to a good start in January 1853. Briggs' introductory statement praised the affluence of the European genius, but asserted that *Putnam's* had "no less faith in the opulence of our own [American] resources." Godwin's unsigned review (all contributions were anonymous) of the *American Authors* volume echoed these nationalistic sentiments. Before the magazine closed its accounts in 1857 it had lived up to its opening promise. A partial list of contributors reads like a Who's Who in American literature for the period: Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Agassiz, Whittier, James Freeman Clarke, Lydia Maria Child, Julia Ward Howe, Francis Parkman, James T. Fields, Edward Everett Hale, Catherine Sedgwick, Bayard Taylor, Henry T. Tuckerman, John P. Kennedy, Frederick S. Cozzens, Caroline Kirkland, Herman Melville, and William Cullen Bryant. One fantastic sidelight was the publication (beginning in January 1856) of Delia Bacon's spirited views on the Shakespeare-Bacon question.

The success of the first number was encouraging, and the ebullient Briggs immediately set about planning for the second. "Let us each," he told his associate editors, "write an article on the state of parties. You, Howadji, who hang a little candle in the naughty world of fashion, will show it up in their light; you, Pathfinder, who consort with scurvy politicians, will say of it what they think."

The articles resulting from Briggs' suggestion made lively reading. Curtis's "Our Best Society" was a graceful but trenchant criticism of the kind of life led by Mrs. Potiphar, a typical social lioness whose parties are conducted on the basis of "too much of everything." During the year Curtis did several others. These satires were soon collected under the title of *The Potiphar Papers*. Godwin, however, set his sights at the "scurvy politicians," beginning with an attack on "Our New President," Franklin Pierce, for handing out political appointments to a "parcel of heelers and hoodlums." Where Curtis's essays gathered acclaim and provided amusement, Godwin's raised a hurricane of protest. "But Commodore Putnam . . . was a brave soul, and said, 'Brace up, my lads! Put her head one point nearer to the wind and crowd on sail!'" So

Godwin continued, into the summer of 1856, to contribute forthright and closely reasoned articles on parties and politics, working for repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, restoration of the Missouri Compromise and the free-soil principle, and attacking the nationalist fear of papal domination of American politics through Catholic immigration. "It was never our intention to issue a monthly exclusively for milliners," he cried. "We had no ambition to institute a monopoly manufacture of love-tales and sing-song verses." For three good years *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* was Godwin's political pulpit.

In the midst of these efforts, Godwin continued to be also a man of letters. He had begun the decade with *Vala* (1851), a highly fanciful version of the birth, upbringing, early training, and ultimate success of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. The piece was expanded from an original attempt in the *Evening Post*, and was given a handsome blue-and-gold binding, with enough wood engravings to catch the eyes of youngsters, and a fairy-tale atmosphere to hold their attention. Godwin's purpose, as he put it, was "a desire to glorify Art, by investing the principal incidents in the career of a reigning musical celebrity with the strange but beautiful costume of the Northern Myth." It is interesting to recall that in 1877 Godwin read a paper on "Art as a Branch of College Instruction" to the Princeton Alumni Association of New York. In 1852 he edited a *Handbook of Universal Biography*, which went into further editions in 1866 and 1878 as the *Cyclopedia of Biography*. Toward the end of the decade he began a *History of France*, of which the first (and only) volume, "Ancient Gaul," appeared in 1860. And between 1853 and 1856 Godwin did a considerable number of long review articles on some of the most notable books of the day—Harriet Martineau's translation of Comte, Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, Lewes' *Goethe*, Alison's *History of Europe*, the third volume of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Emerson's *English Traits*, and Thackeray's *Newcomes*—articles which suggest that if Godwin had not divided his attention between literature and politics, he might have made himself into a very respectable critic.

But of Godwin at this period one might have said what Jonathan Scott said of William Hazlitt: politics went like a mastiff at his side, and "Love me, love my dog" was his maxim.

As the campaign year of 1856 approached, the little world of *Putnam's Monthly* was profoundly stirred, as Godwin later said, by the "agitations of the outer world," specifically those issues which were dividing the Union and hurrying the nation to the verge of war. It was no accident that Godwin should have chosen this critical year in which to collect his controversial contributions to *Putnam's Monthly* as *Political Essays*. Nor was it accidental that he should have been actively interested in the formation (1854-1855) of the new Republican party, which he describes as a merger of the Anti-Slavery Whigs and the Free Soil wing of the Democratic party. But when the first national convention of the new party assembled at Philadelphia in June 1856, to nominate Frémont and Judge Dayton (Princeton, class of 1825) a kind of accident thrust Godwin to the fore.

George Haven Putnam recalls that Godwin was present at the convention as press representative, and that he was requested to act as clerk for the platform committee. "As a result of this more or less accidental appointment, certain of the important planks in the platform came to be identical in character and almost identical in expression" with Godwin's political articles in *Putnam's*. "The principles of the Republican Party were of course the result of the work of hundreds of thinkers and of leaders," adds Putnam, "but Godwin might justly claim a large share in the credit for the first formulation of these principles." Although Buchanan won the election (because, said Godwin, the nation was not yet ready, and because Pathfinder Frémont was not an adequate leader) Godwin's influence was still discernible in the Republican platform on which Lincoln was nominated and elected in 1860.

The election of Lincoln had repercussions in Godwin's editorial life. John Bigelow, Bryant's editorial associate and biographer, was Lincoln's appointee as consul general at Paris, and thought it best to sell his one-third interest in the *Evening Post*. By means of a small cash outlay and a note for the rest, Godwin became third owner of the newspaper at a figure of \$111,460. Nevins points out that the purchase was a bargain at that price, and that in 1861 the three owners (Bryant, Godwin, and Isaac Henderson) split profits of \$210,000. Godwin's fortune was made before the close of the war.

As the war progressed, Godwin showed that he was able to be at once an active party worker and a man of principle. The *Post* had backed Lincoln in 1860 over strong New York opinion favoring Seward, and through the first six or eight months of Lincoln's incumbency supported the Republican administration with genuine zeal. By the end of 1861, however, the *Post* had begun to grow impatient with "Lincoln's failure to declare emancipation to be the great end of the contest," and an incipient revolt began to develop among a group which included Bryant, Greeley, Orestes Brownson, and David Dudley Field. Had the rebellion progressed it might well have resulted in the withdrawal from the Lincoln camp of an influential group of New York editors, and a refusal to back Lincoln for renomination in the campaign of 1864. Although Pathfinder Frémont had not lived up to the expectations, Godwin was a whole-hearted Lincoln advocate, and refused to share the fears of his fellow editors. Late in February or early in March, 1862, he went to Washington to see what was what.

In an interview which he vividly recalled many years later, Godwin saw Lincoln alone in the White House. The President's son Willie had died only a few days earlier (February 20), and Godwin, who had recently lost a boy himself, noticed Lincoln's "sad, patient, pleading look." The President received his visitor kindly and came immediately to the point. "You gentlemen in New York," said Lincoln, "are dissatisfied with me because I do not proclaim the emancipation of the slaves. Let me tell you one thing: you do not wish that end more earnestly than I do, but until I get the Army of the West well down into Tennessee I do not think it expedient to offend the sentiment of the Middle States, which are for the Union, but not yet for emancipation. As soon, however, as the proper military movements are accomplished, then I will take a more decided position. Tell your friends so, and I think they know I shall keep my word."

When Godwin carried this promise home to New York, adverse criticism of the President was temporarily quieted, at least on the emancipation issue. Bryant and the rest were still troubled, however, by the conduct of McClellan, and by Lincoln's apparent tendency toward indecision. They continued to bring to bear upon Lincoln, as far as was possible, the pressure of a united front, and the spur of many critical editorials, personal

interviews, and letters to him and to members of his cabinet. In the end, Lincoln kept his word. On July 22 he read his secretaries a first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. Early in August he was able to satisfy Bryant that he meant to act when conditions warranted; later in the month he wrote Greeley that the document was ready in his desk drawer awaiting a favorable psychological moment for being made public; and on September 22, on the strength of the good news from the battlefield at Antietam, he issued his preliminary announcement, indicating that as of January 1, 1863, emancipation was proclaimed. During the remainder of the war, Bryant and Godwin continued to urge the principle of universal emancipation, and hailed the constitutional amendment of 1865 as a capstone to their long labors in the cause of the slaves.

In the years after the war both Godwin and Bryant made long-delayed journeys to Europe. In the summer of 1865 the Godwins were abroad when Mrs. Bryant ("Mama By" to the Godwin children) passed away, and in 1867 Bryant and his younger daughter Julia were in Dresden when they heard the news of the death of six-year old Walter Godwin. Despite these domestic afflictions and the interruptions of foreign travel, both men continued to devote their attentions to the newspaper, conferring together in the evenings about the editorials of the following day, and maintaining the *Post's* reputation as an organ of principle rather than party—a reputation which earned them in 1865 the applause of John Stuart Mill and in other years of many other champions of individual liberty and freedom of the press.

Now, perhaps, Godwin was less energetic than formerly. A bout of rheumatic fever in 1860 had diminished a little his physical vigor. Moreover, with more money and more leisure, he had begun to modify somewhat his former prejudice against moving in metropolitan social circles, and to accept invitations as after-dinner speaker on such occasions as the Free Trade League convocation at Delmonico's in 1868. Now also he began to give more time to the study of literature, notably to the works of Shakespeare.

He writes amusingly in these years of a pilgrimage to Stratford when, after a call at Shakespeare's tomb in the church by the river, it occurred to Godwin that he and his companion

must have a swim in the Avon. They had just finished undressing in a secluded spot and were trying the temperature of the water with their toes when a passing boat containing a girl sent them scuttling to cover. As soon as she was out of eye-shot, Godwin emerged with a mouthful of heroic phrases. "Durst thou, Cassius," he cried, "leap in with me and swim to yonder point?" Just then another boat appeared, "not quite as gay as Cleopatra's barge," but "filled like hers with beautiful young women." Again the frustrated swimmers dived for the bushes, remaining there until a break in the river traffic allowed them to frolic unrestrictedly in the Avon and to reflect pleasantly that here also "the youthful poet had many times stretched his limbs"—assuming that Shakespeare could swim.

Godwin's admirers were disappointed when he once more left the *Post* as the decade of the 'sixties closed. "No leading writer of the day makes more impression on the public mind than he," said Henry Watterson, adding that in Godwin's retirement "the journals of the great metropolis are real and not apparent sufferers." In one of a series of estimates of New York journalists published in that excellent magazine, *The Galaxy*, Eugene Benson praised Godwin as a genuine lover of liberty who worked always with "an unsectarian and unpartisan spirit . . . responsive to all noble enthusiasms, quiescent if not distrustful before all violent and hurried reforms, radical in principle but conservative in practice." As if to mark the end of his journalistic career, Godwin gathered up eighteen of his literary contributions to the old *Democratic Review* and *Putnam's*, and published them in 1870 as *Out of the Past*.

Princeton added her plaudits. At the commencement ceremonies June 24, 1872, Godwin was presented with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and in the following year William Cullen Bryant, who spoke at the dedication of the new Chancellor Green Library, was similarly honored. Bryant (and no doubt in the preceding year, Godwin) found Princeton a pleasant old village, "embowered in lofty elms and other great trees—too shady, in fact, but grandly so." Bryant lodged at the house of President McCosh who, he said, was taking "great pains to commend" his flourishing college to the public. Only two years later Godwin's son Harold entered Princeton. One of his classmates

was a bright young Virginian named Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

4

Although he had presumably done enough to deserve a leave of absence, Godwin's vacations from journalism, editing, and political activity were sporadic and of limited duration. For eight months (April-November, 1870) he edited the new series of *Putnam's Monthly*. Subsequently, he ran the *Post* for "various short periods"—a sturdy, white-haired, bush-bearded radical who still acted, it was said, "like a lion in a den of Daniels." Now, also, he saw that if he were to stick to his principles, he must sacrifice party affiliations. The formation of the Republican party in the middle 'fifties had been a necessary move. Yet Godwin knew then, and said now, that it had been at best a coalition war party, "heterogeneous in composition" and somewhat "incoherent in aim and impulse" except for the liberal left-wing group which had fought through on the slavery issue. The Republican record during the Reconstruction had, however, been very black indeed. Since Lincoln's death the party had "put forward no man to amend or compensate the defects of its make up." It had promised much and performed little; it had been grossly incompetent in handling federal finances; and it had consistently strengthened party machinery without due attention to the machinery of social reform. Godwin saw eye to eye with men like Adams, Sumner, Schurz, and Greeley who in 1872 formed an Independent Republican association, and "sought an alliance with the democratic opposition." And in October 1876 Godwin spoke forcefully at the Cooper Union in favor of the candidacy of Governor Tilden. Election of the Republican candidate, Rutherford B. Hayes, would be, said Godwin, like setting a new hen on the same old "nest of rotten eggs."

Godwin was now sixty and would have liked to retire. But in 1878, while he was traveling in Europe with his wife, news reached them of her father's unexpected death, and upon their return to this country Godwin became managing editor of the *Post* as well as protector of the Bryant family's controlling interest. Owing perhaps to his advancing age, Godwin's three-year tenure of editorship disappointed some of his admirers.

His young assistant, George Cary Eggleston, noticed in him an increasing tendency toward indolence. Like Mark Twain, he enjoyed writing at home in bed, and upon occasion his editorials reached the *Post* by special runner too late for inclusion. Sometimes they did not arrive at all.

When Godwin was sixty-five, however, the opportunity to retire presented itself. He discovered in the late winter of 1881 that Henry Villard, the railroad magnate, was in the market for a good metropolitan daily. That very eminent liberal, Carl Schurz, was to become managing editor of whatever paper Villard succeeded in buying, and Schurz indicated that the Villard interests preferred the *Post* to any of the other New York papers. At length, and not without considerable reluctance, Godwin decided to sell and obtained the consent of the Bryant heirs. In May the sale of the Bryant holdings was completed at a figure of \$450,000, and the proud old newspaper passed from Godwin's hands into those of Schurz, Horace White, and E. L. Godkin, whom Nevins calls the "ablest triumvirate ever enlisted by an American daily."

In the course of these events Godwin had not too much cause for regret. For one thing, he had thought it well to invest the Bryant family capital in some "less precarious enterprise than a newspaper." For another, he had found it increasingly difficult, since the death of Bryant, to get along with the business manager and part owner of the *Post*, Isaac Henderson. In the third place, the family newspaper tradition was being carried on by his son Harold, who had already (1881) become art editor of the New York *Evening Mail*, and with Frederic Marquand was to buy an interest (1884) in the *Commercial Advertiser*. Fourth, Godwin was already in the midst of a time-consuming task: the editing of Bryant's poetry and prose in four volumes (1883-1884), and the preparation of a two-volume biography of his late father-in-law. As nineteenth-century biographies go, the *Life of Bryant* (1883) is an excellent piece of work. The volumes are rich in journalistic reminiscences, and when Mr. Allan Nevins undertook his valuable history of the *Evening Post*, Godwin's work, though incomplete in many details, was the major source book.

Godwin's children were now growing up. In 1884 Harold went to Bath in England to marry Elizabeth, sister of two of

his Princeton cronies, Professor Allan Marquand '74 and Frederic Marquand '78. Harold's eldest son Frederick was to become a member of the Princeton class of 1912. Minna Godwin became Mrs. Frederic N. Goddard. Parke's second surviving son, Bryant, married abroad and had one son, Conrad, who was adopted after his father's death by the Goddards. Anna Godwin married Alfred De Castro, and their only daughter Nathalie (the present Mrs. R. Stuyvesant Pierrepont of Far Hills, New Jersey) became the mother of R. S. Pierrepont, Jr., Princeton class of 1937. A third daughter, Frances, became Mrs. Alfred Ludlow White, and the fourth, Nora, died unmarried. The center of family reunions continued to be Cedarmere, Bryant's Long Island estate; Mrs. Harold Godwin and her two daughters at present occupy the Bryant homestead, and her niece by marriage, Mrs. Conrad Goddard, the old Godwin house.

In the 'nineties Parke Godwin was a familiar and well-loved figure in Manhattan. His granddaughter, Mrs. Pierrepont, recalls his enthusiasm for the opera. Two front-row seats were reserved for him every night of the season; the artists used to bow to him from the stage and were frequent visitors at his New York home. Except for opera, he went little to the theater, although a performance of Shakespeare by his close friends Edwin Booth, E. H. Sothern, and Julia Marlowe, would always attract him. According to his granddaughter, "Sunday afternoons at 19 East 37th Street were really salons; the most interesting people in New York could be found there, and the conversation was brilliant. Even a child appreciated the flow of wit and quick repartee." At his various clubs the editorial advice of this veteran of the press was sought after, and his memories took him back so far that he was often drawn into reminiscences. In 1892 he prepared and privately printed a short account of his soldiering ancestors, and in 1895, just short of his eightieth birthday, he gathered and published the five best and longest of the commemorative addresses he had been called on to give. The volume contains valuable personal memoirs of Bryant, Curtis, Kossuth, Audubon, and Edwin Booth.

Even now, however, the grand old man was unwilling finally to lay down his pen, and with encouragement from friends like H. H. Furness, editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare*, he began an editorial and interpretive task which might have daunted a

much younger man. For one of his years, the *New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare* (1900) was a considerable achievement. He suggested, and eloquently defended, a new ordering and interpretation of Shakespeare's highly controversial sonnet sequence. Although the recent editor of the New Variorum edition of the *Sonnets* has not been deeply impressed by the worth of Godwin's contribution to Shakespearean scholarship, the old man's often brilliant conjectural emendations have been scrupulously recorded, and his version of the meaning of the sonnets gets a fair enough hearing. The book shows everywhere a breadth of acquaintance with the plays of Shakespeare, far in excess of what one might expect from an amateur scholar, and the interpretations have the virtue of consistency while showing Godwin's reluctance to agree with those who cast aspersions on the moral uprightness of Shakespeare.

About Christmas time in his eighty-eighth year, Godwin fell ill and it shortly became evident that he was too old to throw the affliction off. At five-thirty on the morning of January 7, 1904, with several of his daughters around his bed, Godwin died at his New York home. At the funeral (January 9) in the Church of the Messiah, all newspaperdom mourned his loss, as they had mourned his retirement from active journalism a quarter century before. He was buried, like the other members of his family, near another great liberal editor in the Bryant family plot at Roslyn.

As journalist, essayist, historian, biographer, and orator, Godwin acquitted himself ably throughout a busy life. But it is for his consistent radicalism, his high-minded devotion to principle, and his defense of human rights in the face of human greed and exploitation, that Godwin deserves the admiration of liberal thinkers everywhere. In the 1840's he worked out and widely distributed a practical, level-headed application of associationist principles to the American economy. From the early 1850's until the close of the Civil War he fought machine politics, worked for the establishment of a liberal Republican party, made sure that his own high ideals were translated into planks in that party's official platform, and did his best to put down incipient rebellions which would have destroyed the effectiveness of the party in its great campaign for emancipation.

In the 1870's he forthrightly criticized, for internal corruption and do-nothingism, the party he had helped to launch, and stood firmly with those who worked to lead disappointed liberals into the camp of the opposition. On such a record any man could proudly take his stand.

John Sharpenstein Hager [1818-189

FORTY-NINER IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER

BY GEORGE R. STEWART

IN the development of the early West the college graduate played but an inconspicuous part. Many a frontier lawyer and doctor had at best studied under some older man, and the frontier preacher—missionary or circuit-rider—had usually felt that to receive the call was sufficient, without learning inside college halls to expound the Scripture from the originals. Even when a college man appeared, he might well be one whose record, in college or afterward, would scarcely bear scrutiny, as for example, "Doctor" John Marsh (Harvard, A.B., 1823), a well-known figure in California several years before the gold rush.

The reasons for this lack of college graduates upon the frontier are not difficult to suggest. The frontier had small demand or respect for the classical learning which was then the staple of collegiate training. Moreover, the college man himself (originally attracted by book learning, and confirmed in this habit by four years of advanced study) was not likely to feel the attraction of the boisterous and rough life of the territories.

The gold rush of 1849—an exceptional episode in so many respects—was also exceptional in the somewhat larger number of more highly cultured gentlemen which it attracted—often to their disaster. A story of the time is that of the boatman on San Francisco Bay who being commended on his skill at rowing, replied: "Oh, I stroked for my college at Oxford."

For a slightly later period, some interesting statistics appear in the list of members of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast. In 1867 their roster reached about 750 names, including some honorary listings. Yale was far ahead with 65 members, including the governor, the Episcopalian bishop, and many other prominent men. West Point listed 48 members; Harvard, 38; Williams, 26; and Dartmouth, 24. The College of New Jersey was far down the line with a total of only 11. Of these last, three were in Oregon, three in San Francisco, and five

scattered in the smaller towns of California. Five were clergymen, two teachers (one of them an ex-minister), two merchants, and one a lawyer; one gave no profession.

We may conclude from this list that in the post-frontier period of California college men were still rare, but were likely (particularly if they were Yale men) to hold important positions. We may conclude also that Princeton graduates were practically nonexistent, and when appearing were most likely to be ministers of small towns in the cow-counties. The list suggests that Princeton played little part in the development of the far West, and was not—perhaps to its credit—a training school for frontiersmen.

There was of course the inevitable exception. At least one Princetonian braved the frontier, conquered it, lived through to a success-story ending, and yet throughout never lost that sense of public service and cultivated living which commencement speakers extol.

1

John Sharpenstein Hager was born in New Jersey in 1818, received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1836, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced in Morristown from 1840 to 1849. This career follows a very ordinary pattern. Within young Hager, however, an adventurous spirit must somewhere have smoldered, for in the spring of 1849 he suddenly threw up his law practice and with some friends embarked for El Dorado.

No portrait of this gold seeker is at hand, but from later photographs one deduces a handsome young man with a strong and serious-looking face and deeply reflecting eyes. He was six feet tall and of a powerful physique. During the next few years on the frontier this stanch body was much more useful than his degree.

Hager traveled by the Isthmus route, and arrived at San Francisco on June 13, 1849. The voyagers had been exposed to some epidemic at Panama, and Hager had scarcely landed before he was taken with a fever. He lay ill for several weeks. In that city of tumultuous gold seekers, medical attention was

seldom obtainable; probably his own native vitality pulled him through. After several weeks he proceeded to the mines on Bear River with some of his original companions. With excellent foresight they had apparently brought supplies with them, so that they could set up a store as well as actually dig for gold. The former was probably more profitable. In addition, according to a dubious and possibly malicious anecdote, Hager read some medical books, and set up as a doctor. For a while he got along well enough as a pill-dispenser, but finally (and here perhaps the story becomes too artistic to hold our credence) he had suddenly to return to layman's status when summoned to an accouchement.

In the fall of '49 Hager set out to San Francisco for more supplies. On his arrival there he soon realized that the city on the Bay was the rising metropolis of the West; like many others he had learned that mining was a mere laborer's occupation; he decided to set up again as a lawyer.

First, however, he must return to the mines and sell out his share in the store. Here was almost his ruin. With two companions he started north from Sacramento driving a four-mule wagon loaded with supplies. Before he had gone more than a few miles, the winter rains struck. The road became impassable; then the river overflowed into its flood-plain. The Princeton graduate and bar member found himself suddenly reduced to a rain-pelted frontiersman camped upon a little elevation of land, wholly surrounded by muddy water. The long-continued exposure brought on a violent attack of rheumatism. After the flood had continued through a Biblical forty days and forty nights, the waters receded, and Hager managed to get his wagon through to the camp near Nevada City where his store was then located. To his surprise he found the whole country snowed under. Shortly afterward he sold out his share of the store, and returned to San Francisco.

He opened a law office on Clay Street, but was hardly established when the great fire of May 4, 1850 burned him out completely. He relocated at the corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets, but the summer fogs proved as hard upon him as the winter rains and he suffered intensely from rheumatism. Nevertheless, he worked at his practice; when unable

to appear in court, he tried cases before referees, sometimes actually when lying in bed.

He was so confined when on May 4, 1851 (the anniversary of the previous disaster) another fire swept the city. Hager was unable to walk but had arranged with some friends to carry him away, if necessary. As he lay watching the flames advance from one direction, the fire swept down so rapidly behind him that the building in which he was lying took fire. His friends rushed in barely in time to carry him out through a shower of sparks and burning wood. The building to which he was taken became unsafe, and he was moved on to his physician's office. This again was threatened, and with face covered against sparks he was carried still farther. When he was again laid down, he removed the cloth, and found himself in an undertaking establishment surrounded by coffins. He slept there that night, and in the morning remarked to his physician with good spirit that he had apparently followed the established usage: "from the doctor to the undertaker."

After lying in bed for seven months he was able to go out on crutches, and still later regained some degree of physical vigor. He rapidly built himself an excellent practice which in 1852 he estimated as worth \$3,000 a month. His success, especially in the face of illness, is a remarkable tribute to his mental vitality.

Such success, we may add, was not the result of lack of competition. Probably no more able set of men (for their environment) ever existed than the Pacific Coast lawyers of that period. Swashbucklers, duelists, hard drinkers, riotous livers, able executives, finished orators, witty raconteurs, ambitious and not too scrupulous politicians—they ruled their communities, and still inspire both respect and disgust. Baker, Broderick, Gwin, Terry, Stewart, Wistar, and a score of others—if they missed death in duel or battle, they usually wound up as senator or general. Among such men Hager made his way, and certain evidence would indicate he shared their social manners.

Essentially, however, Hager seems to have been hardly of this type. He possessed too deep a sense of duty and social justice, along with a certain love of a quieter life. In 1852, for instance, nominated against his wishes for the State Senate, he accepted only as a matter of duty and was elected.

2

In 1855 he became judge of the Fourth District Court in San Francisco, an office which he held for six and a half years. His acceptance of a judgeship is another indication that Hager had ideals other than those of a Gwin or a Baker.

The period was notable for intense and exciting trials. In Hager's years of office eighty men appeared before him for murder or manslaughter, nine in a single month. It was also a period when corruption was often alleged against the courts, but Hager seems to have escaped such charges. One of the early cases in his court was the famous trial of Cora for the killing of General Richardson. The failure of the jury to convict brought charges of tampering by the defense, and helped lead to the Committee of Vigilance of 1856. One of the best tributes to Hager's reputation as a judge is an indirect one. On September 13, 1859 Judge Terry killed Senator Broderick in a duel which has frequently been called a political murder. Terry was to be brought to trial in Hager's court; he labored, however, to obtain a change of venue, and once having obtained it he quickly was able to have the charges quashed by a more compliant judge.

Probably the most interesting of all of Hager's trials was that of A. A. Cohen in connection with the receivership of Adams & Company in 1856. Some of its details give an excellent picture of the problems of an early judge. At the time of the failure the assets of the company consisted chiefly of some \$600,000 in "dust." This had been stored in a safe in a collection of bags and boxes and miscellaneous containers including a milk pail two-thirds full of gold. Under the direction of Mr. Cohen, the receiver, all this was hastily removed under cover of darkness to prevent an attachment. Somewhere a large amount was alleged to have disappeared, and when charges were brought against Mr. Cohen, he disappeared also. He was found, however, in the hold of a steamer named *Uncle Sam* and thence dragged by three firemen. When he was brought to trial, it was discovered that (to continue the same motif) the books of the company had disappeared. With the redoubtable Colonel Baker as defending attorney the trial commenced. Baker raged and tore. He wheedled the jury and browbeat the witnesses. In scarcely veiled



JOHN SHARPENSTEIN HAGER

language he dared the opposing attorney to a duel. He became so violent against the court that Hager fined him \$100 for contempt. In the middle of the trial, a bag containing the missing books calmly floated in at North Beach, where they were found by a comic-opera Irishman and brought to court; (in Baker's words) "like Venus from the bath they came dripping in." The Irishman was examined:

Q. What do you do?

A. Business is awful; I ain't got nothing to do. . . .

Q. What kind of weather was it yesterday, Peter?

A. Sure and we were all alive yesterday. Why do you ask?

Judgment was found against Cohen for \$120,500.

Cohen in some way escaped paying this money, but he paid a grudge by committing to paper two scurrilous anecdotes against Judge Hager and giving them to the historian H. H. Bancroft, so that they now repose in the inviolable archives of the Bancroft Library of the University of California. Baker went on to become United States senator and to fall before a Confederate volley at Ball's Bluff, just after another San Francisco lawyer, Colonel Wistar, his beard matted with blood, still leading his men, had suffered his third wound. One of the witnesses, James King, became the martyr whose murder finally aroused the citizens to form the great Vigilance Committee of 1856. A minor witness, identified as "Wm. T. Sherman," later became well known in Georgia. By and large, the Cohen trial will probably stand well in competition for being as colorful as any over which a Princeton man has ever presided.

Hager was originally appointed judge to complete an unfinished term, and he was later elected to a full term. The confining work of the courtroom had, however, proved deleterious to his already weakened health, and he did not seek re-election. Instead, he left San Francisco on April 11, 1862 to revisit his home and to travel in Europe. Apparently, like so many others of the period, he had made money in San Francisco investments and he was able to spend about two years in travel, passing much time at German watering-places in the attempt to rebuild his health but going far enough afield to take a look at the digging of the Suez Canal. This period of travel seems to mark a break in his career. Before this time he was a comparatively young

man definitely engrossed in the struggle of life. He returned to San Francisco a man of forty-six, wealthy enough not to be much concerned to get more money, not sufficiently ambitious and unscrupulous to thrust willingly into the malodorous political life of the time.

Although in his later years, Hager held many appointive and elective offices, these came to him usually without his own seeking. In 1868 he declined to compete for the Democratic nomination for the governorship, although the prospects were good and a Democratic candidate (incidentally a Yale man) was elected. It is perhaps significant that in spite of other titles to which he could lay claim, Hager was always known commonly as "Judge."

Hager's more important later offices may be briefly summarized. In 1864 he was elected to the State Senate for an unexpired term, and in 1866 for a full term of four years. In 1871 he was a member of the "Committee of One Hundred" organized to protect San Francisco against threatened injuries by the Central Pacific Railroad. In 1873 he was elected United States senator to fill out an unexpired term, declining to run for the longer term. In 1879 he served as a member of the convention which drafted a new constitution for California. In 1882 he was a member of the board to draft a new charter for San Francisco. In 1885 President Cleveland appointed him Collector of the Port of San Francisco, and he held this position until 1889. From 1868 until his death he was a regent of the University of California.

3

It would be useless to recapitulate Hager's attitudes upon the various issues of the time, most of them long since forgotten. In actual affiliation he remained always a Democrat, although for a while he was associated with that branch known as the Anti-Monopoly Democrats. As for his general political philosophy—in one of his speeches in the Senate he quoted John Stuart Mill with approval, and in many respects he resembles the British liberals of that period. His career also has in it something then more commonly British than American. He was a gentleman of private means who held public office,

spoke, and cast his vote, not for his own or his party's immediate ends, but rather for the long-term good of the community.

Hager's guiding star politically was probably his objection to what was then most commonly termed "monopoly," but which in modern times would need to be interpreted as rapacious corporate business. This often necessitated also the defense of the general public interest against the inroads of private greed whether individual or corporate. As early as his first term in the State Senate he labored hard, and managed to defeat a trickily worded bill which would have put much of the water front of San Francisco Bay into private hands. In the 'sixties he was consistently, although usually unsuccessfully, opposing the grants to the Central Pacific Railroad. As a member of the Committee on Pacific Railroads, in the United States Senate, he managed to defeat several such proposed grants.

Hager, as an Anti-Monopoly Democrat, was a United States senator for only fourteen months, and during that time was a member of a minority faction of a minority party. He had therefore no chance to attain leadership. Twice, however, he spoke at length and with good effect. His oratorical style was restrained. He relied upon the presentation of fact rather than upon the arousal of emotion. He quoted a Latin hexameter, lines from *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and several other snatches of poetry.

In connection with a Reconstruction scandal in Louisiana, Hager delivered his longest speech. Besides castigating the general conduct of the administration, he delivered a particular denunciation against "special privileges, subsidies, bonuses."

Upon another occasion Hager supported a Chinese exclusion act. His speech, however, was remarkable for moderation. He disclaimed race prejudice, and approached the question as primarily one of labor, that is, of economics. He recognized that those corporations and individuals favoring Chinese immigration did so from no desire to better the Chinese, but to obtain labor at the lowest possible wage, regardless of the social problems.

In many activities of his later years Hager showed himself a public-spirited gentleman. He was a life member of the San Francisco Mercantile Library, and an organizer and life trustee of the San Francisco Free Public Library. One of his greatest

personal triumphs occurred in 1882. At that time the two chief political parties agreed that a new charter was needed for the city and county of San Francisco and that a nonpartisan board of fifteen should be set up to draft the charter. Seven Republicans and seven Democrats were nominated, and then Hager was unanimously chosen as the fifteenth member, a nomination which was ratified by a general election.

In view of his own college training Hager's association with the University of California is of especial interest. Hager was a member of the State Senate in 1868 when the bill for founding the university was presented, and a contemporary commentator included him in a list of some ten men whose "untiring efforts" finally achieved the passing of the bill. In the same year he was appointed a regent of the university, an office he held for twenty-two years.

As a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1879 Hager again rendered important services to the University of California. Although the institution had by that time functioned successfully for a decade, it was nevertheless under severe attack. Since it was nonsectarian, many of the stricter church members considered it "godless" and advocated its abolition. With them joined certain levelers who felt that a university was essentially for the few and was therefore undemocratic. Even more powerful attacks aimed at restriction and alteration. A considerable faction believed that the state should support only such "practical" colleges as those of agriculture and engineering. Still others urged that the university should be brought more directly under the control of the governor and the legislature.

Many such movements have been successful and it is widely conceded that in general our state universities have labored under two chief handicaps—overemphasis upon the purely utilitarian curricula, and too great subjection to political control. In 1879 the test came in California, and those men holding broader views of the function of a university met the threat upon the floor of the convention. In the struggle Hager took an active part. Finally, one of the few accomplishments of that not very admirable convention was the provision in the new constitution that the university under its regents should be a separately functioning branch of the state government, not directly under

the orders of either the governor or the legislature. The other attacks upon the university also met defeat.

Although the University of California seems to stem more directly from Yale than from any other eastern university, nevertheless, through Hager, Princeton may well claim some appreciable share in its development.

4

Ripe with honors, Judge Hager entered into his sixties. In 1872 he had married Miss Elizabeth Lucas of St. Louis, and he was now the father of two daughters. His wife was wealthy in her own right, and the family was socially prominent—entering in the Blue Book a summer home at Menlo Park. The Judge continued to list himself as an attorney, but maintained no office. For several years the family lived in various hotels—the Baldwin, the Palace, the Occidental; but later, they established a home at the corner of Gough and Jackson Streets. To Senator, Regent, and Collector of the Port might now also be added the title Doctor, for Hager had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from his alma mater; but he still remained "Judge." Perhaps this degree and his regential tie to the new university caused him to brush up his Latin; for in the *Overland Monthly* for May 1886 he published a translation of *Dies Irae*. Closely preserving the meter and rhyme scheme of the original, it is accurate and a little wooden. But in spite of other successes the Judge was not immune to literary fame, and in an article on his life which he supervised about this time, he took care to include his translation *in extenso*.

In March 1890 Hager had passed his seventy-second birthday; he seemed to have outlived his earlier disabilities and to be unusually vigorous for his age. On the evening of the nineteenth he entertained a number of friends to a late hour. But on going to bed he felt tired and ill. A physician was called but, before he arrived, the Judge was dead.

The life of Judge Hager follows a well established curve. A Forty-Niner, he came to the frontier at its wildest. Strong enough to survive flood and fire, he lived on through the riotous years of duels and Vigilante Committees, when "dust" meant gold and was stored in milk pails. He prospered as the com-

munity prospered; lived to see a settled urban civilization, and to attain what would have seemed to most Forty-Niners the final decadence—a listing in the social register. But, although this may be a well established curve, few college graduates followed it, and perhaps Hager is in this respect unique among alumni of Princeton.

Although he achieved the United States Senate, Hager is not an important historical figure and is not today remembered even in California. He was not one of those great and ambitious individualists who impress their names willy-nilly upon the world. He belongs to a lesser and yet nobler class; such men to some degree sink themselves in the public good, and their work (themselves forgotten) lives on in the communities and institutions which they fostered.

Francis Preston Blair, Jr. [1821-187

BORDER STATESMAN

BY WHEATON J. LANE, IN COLLABORATION

WITH NELSON R. BURR

FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR, JR., or Frank Blair as he was known to his contemporaries, displayed throughout his career the untamed spirit of his ancestors. When he was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1821, the family had been eminent in America for nearly a century. They were Scots, recognized as "bonnie fighters" in the numerous wars of the old country, and their hot blood did not cool in Frank. Some two hundred years before, when the Stuart kings tried to force the English Prayer Book down Scotland's throat, one Bryce Blair left for Ireland and started a flax mill near Carrickfergus in Ulster. There his descendants were good pope and king haters, in 1689 leading in the Protestant defense of Londonderry. A fearless and independent breed, hard to handle!

Men who lived for a century among the hardy Irish kerns feared neither the Atlantic nor the redskin. One Samuel Blair caught the Pennsylvania fever that threatened to depopulate Ulster; he set sail with six of his children, including Samuel (b. 1712) and John (b. 1718). Traveling the Presbyterian path of the Delaware valley, they found a warm hand and an understanding heart in William Tennent, pastor at Neshaminy, Bucks County. There they found the frontier, the Germans, and Tennent's Log College, the seed of Princeton: all destined to mold the fortunes of the Blairs for one hundred and fifty years.

From their pastor the boys received the evangelical and reforming spirit that revived and expanded the Presbyterian Church. Both became ministers, Samuel in 1733 and John in 1742, and soon were outstanding religious radicals or New Lights. Samuel, whom President Davies of Princeton called "the incomparable," could "move thousands to tears" in the pulpit, and he trained many famous men in his school at Fagg's Manor in Chester County. John preached on the frontier in

Pennsylvania and Virginia, and ran the school after his brother's death. Later, he served two years as professor of divinity and vice-president of Princeton. These sires of the American Blairs, both authors, gave to their progeny a flair for vivid language, and a bold crusading spirit that put principle above party.

From eastern Pennsylvania the Blairs eventually carried to Missouri their Princeton tradition of service to church and state. John's son, James, inevitably went to Princeton, became a lawyer, and represented a frontier county in the Virginia legislature. At his home in Abingdon, his son, Francis Preston, was born in 1791. With characteristic Blair restlessness, he tired of Virginia and took Boone's Wilderness Trail to turbulent Kentucky. Admitted to the bar by "examination," he entered in 1796 a long period of service as attorney general of the state. His Virginia wife, Elizabeth, a daughter of Ann Preston Smith, brought to the Blair family the honorable name *Francis Preston*, which the parents bestowed upon their son in memory of a Revolutionary soldier. Their grandson was to bear it proudly and bravely.

Life in Kentucky bred into the family a spirit of "border state democracy," a potent factor in politics for three generations. James' belligerent populism got into the blood of his son, who at twenty helped his father draft a defense of Kentucky's right to tax the Bank of the United States. While still in his teens he knew the shifty meanings of "political maneuvers." But the father was more than a frontier politician, which the state recognized by entrusting to him the revision of its tangled laws.

Young Francis Preston attended Transylvania University at Lexington, the first university in the West; and when he was graduated with honors in 1811, he carried into the world the school's progressive spirit, his father's flair for politics, and the Blair gift for molding the English language. Chagrined by his failure to endure the physical strain of warfare in 1812 (he had volunteered but a lung hemorrhage led to his discharge) he sought to improve his health by working a farm near the capital at Frankfort. Soon he proposed to his boyhood flame, Eliza Violet Gist, granddaughter of Christopher Gist, Revolutionary hero. Her father gave a dubious glance at the slight suitor and hazarded the guess that she would be a widow in six months. Retorting, "I would rather be Frank's widow than any other



FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR, JR.

man's wife," she married him, and helped him battle to rugged vigor, while he cultivated political contacts. In 1824 he was a National Republican, supporting Henry Clay for the presidency, and so started the nationalist tradition of the family in politics. He owned slaves but was significantly silent when others defended slavery. His quiet conviction that slavery was wrong passed to his sons. But he found neither farming, which was unprofitable, nor the bar, to which he had been admitted, completely satisfying. Thus political journalism soon attracted him.

The newspaper for which Blair began writing editorials was the flamboyant *Argus of Western America*, a sheet which reflected the ideas of frontier democracy and inevitably supported its idol, Andrew Jackson. When Old Hickory was ensconced in the White House, the need for a strong and reliable administration organ at Washington became evident. Jackson looked over the editorials of the *Argus of Western America*, currently blasting the disunion sentiment in South Carolina. He consulted the Kentucky editor and politician, Amos Kendall, who gave Blair assurance of financial backing. There was no better man for the job than the little editor who had fought the Bank monster for twenty years, and who fervently hated both John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun. Blair came to Washington; instinctively he and Jackson understood each other.

The Blair family settled in a handsome dwelling at 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue, which soon became known as Blair House. It was later, in the Civil War, to be occupied by Montgomery Blair; and in 1942 was purchased as the guest house of the State Department. On many an evening Old Hickory slipped across the street and entered by the side gate to confer with his new editor. Soon the latter was a member of the famous Kitchen Cabinet, a group that largely controlled the policies of the administration.

The *Globe*, started in 1830, so ardently claimed to represent Jackson that only recently have scholars revealed how much it spoke the Blair political creed of the next forty years. It ferreted out and ran down every danger to the Union, cried up the Constitution, and in short was the watchdog of the nationalist party. Blair the frontiersman spoke in its editorials favoring development of the West by free white labor. His was a ticklish position, and at first there was doubt of his courage among the more

rowdy Jacksonians, who actually expected him to sport a bowie knife. But they soon discerned in him the usual Blair courteousness and fearless temper as he made enemies right and left and yet soothed ardent partisans by his appeals to the masses. He was secure after Jackson's victory of 1832, for which he was in part responsible. Already the old man was in the habit of meeting every pressing issue by crying, "Send it to Bla-ar!"

About the *Globe* office visitors used to notice the editor's third and youngest son, who attracted attention by his precocious interest in the great family game of politics. Already Frank's chats with his father were the bugbear of callers who waited until the political firm of Blair had talked itself out to the satisfaction of the junior partner. The boy displayed the impetuous and yet affable temper that later made him such an appealing politician. Old Hickory, his father's cronies, and his school chums liked his hardihood, mental alertness, and love of fun.

He never won the rank of teacher's pet, and was ready to punch any overofficial schoolmaster. "I don't intend to let any man under the sun strike me but my father," he wrote at fourteen from his school in Maryland. By that time he was a partisan, interested in the election for mayor of Washington, and reading the *Globe* religiously. At school in Connecticut the young Democrat was an unhappy exile among the Whigs, but was somewhat consoled by the present of a hickory stick from a local Jacksonian.

Yale College, still fighting a rear-guard action of Puritanism, applied another kind of rod and sent him home, frankly opining that his disposition to smash his tutor's windows might be cured by a change to "some other institution." His bill of \$41 for clothes and \$7.31 for books shows a type of interest which persisted at his next stop, the University of North Carolina. Here the president of the university soon suggested another change of scene, but softened on promise of reform; finally in desperation he reported to the elder Blair a succession of absences from prayers and recitations and fifteen instances of "other improprieties." The faculty resolved that his admission at the next session would be "inexpedient"; and the bursar, coldly eying the usual tailor's bills, wrote to the father that "nothing but mischief" had been accomplished.

Perhaps hoping for a little more tolerance, Frank headed for Princeton, the traditional source of his family's more sober

strain. Though promising "better things," he still begged his father for sums not destined for books. Within a few weeks he was admonished by President Carnahan and put on probation, and soon afterward he was rusticated for drinking at a tavern in Queenston. The rigid curriculum of that period allowed little choice in courses. As was to be expected, he did well in Professor Alexander's English Composition, but Carnahan's moral philosophy and Maclean's Greek Testament had little interest for him. At the final examinations in 1841 he stood forty-first in a class of fifty-six, with an average of 62.8.

Yet all would have gone well had not Frank, a few days before commencement, "engaged in a personal conflict at a house of refreshment," inflicting "severe wounds" upon a classmate. Only partly mollified by the affair's being "amicably settled," the faculty resolved to bar the two contestants from commencement exercises but to award the degrees a year later if they complied with this restriction. Frank obediently removed himself from Princeton, and later, upon payment of local debts, received his degree as authorized.

In his flair for contacts, dress, and bending the elbow, the affable politician could be seen emerging; and his rather mild interest in Clio, which he joined in 1839, foretold his brilliance as a campaign orator. His fraternal name in the society was Falstaff, in honor of capacity rather than girth. Although never an officer—in fact at the end he was suspended for nonpayment of fines—he shared in the debates; and once anticipated his future place as a statesman by arguing the negative of the question, "Should the Southern states establish a direct foreign trade?" No Blair could ever sanction anything so dangerous to the Union! For the rest of his life he was to be debating with somebody, smashing rules, and doing his own thinking.

2

Upon leaving Princeton, he followed his older brother Montgomery, a West Pointer, to study law at Transylvania. Admission to the bar came after his graduation in 1843. While lingering among friends and relatives, he met and fell in love with Apolline Alexander, one of the innumerable Blair cousins. To gain professional success and a home for her, he entered the law office of Senator Thomas H. Benton at St. Louis and nearly

worked himself into collapse. Too restless and too fond of rough politics to be a court lawyer, Frank confessed to his father that a fee of twenty-five dollars looked big.

Thus without reluctance he took advice to follow the Santa Fe Trail and was soon kicking up his heels in the turbulent Mexican borderlands, where two nations were spoiling for a fight. The Princeton faculty would have repented their rashness in giving him a degree, if they could have seen him at Bent's Fort out on the Arkansas, playing cards, shooting pool, dancing with the Indian and Mexican women, and plunking a banjo until the stars paled. The Mexican War found him there, and he volunteered as a private in Colonel Doniphan's Regiment. On the march to Santa Fe he served as a scout, for his hunting trips about the Fort had given him a knowledge of Mexican lore. General Kearny tendered him his first office—attorney general of New Mexico—a title of vague meaning but on the strength of which he drew up "indictments for treason against the United States upon which convictions were had and sentences of death pronounced." He also helped draw up Kearny's Code for a region that sat loose to laws; and when the office folded up in 1847, he returned in health to St. Louis, and thence to Kentucky to marry his "Apo." She made him a happy home, a club for the Blair political clan to which she was to add seven children. She fully expected to see her husband President.

While Frank and his young bride were settling in St. Louis, the course of politics seemed to hold some promise that her ambition would be realized. The Blairs, with their strong sense of Jacksonian nationalism, began their long and ceaseless efforts to form a union party capable of defying the sectional extremists. The *Globe's* editorials, to which Frank had contributed, had lashed abolitionists and slavocrats with a fine impartiality. The thinly veiled passions in the election of 1844 had revealed to the Blairs, like lightning on the horizon, the menace of militant sectionalism and the resolve of the slavocracy to rule or ruin. As Blairs had always been in the advance guard of free men, they were determined that the West should remain open to the free farmer and the mechanic.

These principles, sharpened to a cutting edge by the family trait of frank talking, made for the Blairs a host of enemies. Polk was still new in the White House when the slavocrats, friends

of Calhoun, persuaded him to sack the elder Blair as editor of the *Globe*. That punishment, for his failure to stroke the fur of those irritable gentlemen, revealed to the startled country their intention to destroy the northern and western leaders who would not serve them. By the national standard of Old Hickory the Blairs in turn measured Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan, and despised them as dough-faces and tools. The Blairs' devotion to Jackson's principle of national union was to turn them from the Democratic party when it was run by slaveholders, and later back to it when it fought the equally disruptive clique of northern Republican Radicals.

By 1846 the watchful Blairs, noting the growing free-soil crusade, made a decision of crucial importance. The country sat up with a shock when the elder Blair praised the recently deceased antislavery leader John Quincy Adams, whom the *Globe* had berated a decade before. Blair had become convinced of the essential immorality of slavery, and the break with the Polk administration became final with the debate on the Wilmot Proviso, the bill devised to keep slavery out of the territory acquired from Mexico. All signs pointed to a war for control of the Democratic camp, and of the offending clan none was more eager to start than its youngest member.

In picking Missouri for the first round, the Blairs displayed courage, for migration from the South had driven slavery's roots into its rich lands. On the other hand, the state had attracted a large foreign-born population, largely Germans and Irish, whose economic and political inclinations would naturally oppose the "peculiar institution." All three of the Blairs recognized the state's key position as a crossroads of river and rail traffic, and as a gateway to the plains. Buying real estate in St. Louis, they urged the city's connection with the East by rail. As a protégé of Benton, Montgomery built up an excellent law practice, became United States attorney, and was elected mayor of St. Louis. Frank joined his brother and plunged into the savage party warfare raging around Benton, affectionately known as the "Old Roman." As the Blairs foresaw, it became a death struggle between urban free labor and small farmers on the one hand, and the slave culture rooted in the planting counties on the other. From this struggle the Blairs emerged as political leaders of the border state unionists.

In 1848 Frank attracted national attention by denouncing the "perfidy and corruption" of Polk's regime, supporting Van Buren for the presidency on the Free-Soil ticket, and defending Benton against the slavocrat "Fayette Clique" in Missouri. He delighted the Free-Soilers and caused the slaveholders limitless irritation by establishing a Free-Soil newspaper—the *Barnburner*—in St. Louis, and by fighting to prevent the nomination of Lewis Cass, for whom he had a boundless contempt. Although his paper soon folded and Cass swept the state, Frank had created a political furore and started a movement which in 1861 saved Missouri from secession. One of his speeches compared Free-Soilers with the heroes of 1776, and proclaimed the Lincoln doctrine of 1860: free land, free labor, and the restriction of slavery.

It took rare courage to preach such doctrines in Missouri at that time, and his boldness kept friends and relatives in terror for his life. Rival editors, with murder in their eyes, stalked the young upstart whose denunciations were signed "Radical." Loring Pickering, of the St. Louis *Union*, proposed a duel with bowie knives; he then tried to shoot Frank but fled when the latter opened fire. The views of the Blairs on slavery are best expressed in an open letter which Frank and Montgomery signed with other antislavery leaders: Congress could govern and admit territories without slavery, but not disturb it in states where it already existed; slavery hindered economic development, degraded labor, and fostered aristocracy; Missouri, with comparatively few slaveholders, had been saved from such a fate and should avoid it at all costs. Writing to his father in the early 1850's, Frank bluntly described the struggle as one "between the negro oligarchy and the free white men of the country."

With his principles crystallized and his ties to party loose, he was the only Free-Soiler elected in 1852 to the Missouri legislature. As the slavocrats controlled most of the press, his friends purchased a newspaper, called it the *Missouri Democrat*, and made him chief editor. From that time the cause of free soil made headway, with help from Irish workmen and from the German press, which swung the "Dutch" vote to Frank. With their aid he was re-elected to the legislature two years later.

The decade of the 1850's, a period of even greater political chaos and border brawling, stiffened Frank's resolve to join any

party devoted to checking the slave oligarchy. Disgusted with the weakness of Pierce, whom he called "a Knave and Jackass," he demanded a new party of union and freedom; and in 1854 he was hailed by Horace Greeley's *Tribune* as a likely leader for it. He undermined the power of the slavery leader in Missouri, Senator Atchison, by denouncing the latter's opposition to St. Louis as the terminus of a Pacific railroad. Atchison had been cooperating with southern politicians seeking to develop the southern route. When threatened with death, Frank declared he would gladly take on any "damned coward" who would meet him. Blasting Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska bill repealing the Missouri Compromise as "iniquitous beyond all expression," he steadily drifted toward the new Republican party.

But not publicly; in Missouri he had to be a Democrat to remain in politics. Although not particularly friendly to John C. Frémont, he favored Benton's son-in-law as an antislavery candidate for the presidency. In the meantime he fought the local slavocrats who tried to grab Kansas, and attacked their squatter sovereignty as "the doctrine of violence, of murder, and of civil war." In the spring of 1855 his followers captured St. Louis to split the Missouri Democrats, who sent rival delegations to the national convention. The next year "Young Hickory," as Benton had named him, broke with his party and stumped for Frémont for President. Now a leader and orator of national renown, Frank won election to Congress nominally as a Democrat, actually as a Republican. He was the only Representative from a slave state who had a Free-Soil background. His friends celebrated by a giant bonfire on the St. Louis bluffs. He deserved the rockets and cheers, for he had endured an almost unbelievable hail of abuse. While being proclaimed a national statesman, he knew in his heart that he faced a most desperate battle, a battle for the loyalty of a great border state.

Thoroughly committed to checking the expansion of slavery, he urged his brother Montgomery to become attorney for Dred Scott, a "chattel" suing for freedom before the Supreme Court.

In Congress he lost no time in pledging himself to the gradual abolition of slavery, advocating a free Missouri and a trans-continental railroad by the middle route, and proposing to colonize Negro freedmen in Central America. Read out of the party by the proslavery Democrats, he retorted in a furious speech,

branding the three latest Presidents, Congress, and the Supreme Court as errand boys for slavocracy, and declaring that Buchanan had been nominated to enslave Kansas by force or fraud. Mindful of his constituents, he defended free immigrant labor from southern attacks, and rested the case for democracy on personal liberty as against property rights. Citing southern criticisms of slavery, he appealed to the progressive and humane southerners to free the slaves.

The ideas that Frank put forth at this time in reference to economic and social conditions in the South closely followed the arguments advanced by Hinton R. Helper in *The Impending Crisis*, which first appeared in 1857. Helper had been in close touch with the elder Blair in Maryland. Frank, like Helper, expressed concern over the fate of the "non-slaveholding people" of the South, who in the Jackson days had constituted the vast majority of the southern wing of the Democratic party. "There was a time," Frank declared, "when the Democratic party was not Democratic in name alone . . . when this party took ground against privileged classes, and against every attempt on the part of capitalists to usurp the power of this government, and pervert it to their own purposes." Recalling, like a good Jacksonian, the war on the Bank and the great battles over the tariff, he exclaimed that here was presented another struggle between capital and labor "in its most odious and revolting form." Here was a "colossal aggregation of wealth invested in negroes" attempting to control the government and willing to enforce a deadly competition between free men and slave labor in the territories; "and the Democratic party, instead of standing where it used to stand, in opposition to these anti-Democratic measures, is as servile a tool of the oligarchy as are the negro slaves themselves." Later editions of *The Impending Crisis* were dedicated to Frank.

In his gradual shift to the Republican party, it was inevitable that he should come into contact with Republican leaders in the neighboring state of Illinois. At an early date he met Lincoln, and was completely committed to the latter's campaign against Douglas for the United States Senate.

He had his own battle in Missouri, however, where he was the storm center of a bitter war between the embattled slavocracy and the Free-Soilers. The latter, consisting largely of Irish and Germans, cheered him to the echo at the St. Louis County con-

vention of 1858, unanimously endorsed his Congressional career, and renominated him with cries of "Blair, Blair!" The election was so close that his opponent appealed to the House, which finally seated Blair by two votes.

In that period of passionate feeling he proved his personal devotion to the cause of freedom by breaking the bonds of his own few slaves, and going on a nationwide crusade for a program of colonization of freedmen. For months he pleaded his hopeless cause from New England to Iowa. His most famous address, delivered at Boston before an audience that included Emerson and other notables, was entitled "The Destiny of the Races of this Continent." A later address at Cincinnati, "Colonization and Commerce," pointed out that Britain's imperial trade had been helped by liberation of her slaves, and advocated a general opening up of the tropics to free blacks.

3

As fateful 1860 approached, all three Blairs were Republicans, striving mightily for the success of the new party. There was more than a slight hope that Frank, not yet forty, might achieve the presidency at some later time; he was then professing an interest in the governorship. Obviously there was no future for him with the Democrats, after the split with their leaders and his endorsement of *The Impending Crisis*, which was to be used as a campaign document. The Blairs openly advised their friends, former Democrats, Whigs, and Know-Nothings, to call themselves Republicans. The "Free Democracy" which Frank had been building up in Missouri became substantially the nucleus of the Republican party in that state. While stumping Minnesota in 1859 Frank met Carl Schurz on a country road. They formed a friendship which, a decade later, resulted in their combined efforts to free the new party from vindictive radicalism.

At the Republican Convention of 1860 the Blairs were out in full force, Frank leading the Missouri delegation and the older Blair and Montgomery, now living in the East, representing Maryland. The Delaware group was also under Blair influence. Father and sons had agreed on supporting a conservative border state candidate, Judge Edward Bates of Missouri, who, it was

hoped, would attract support in North and South and prevent secession. Bates was nominated by Frank, but it was obvious that the real contest was between Lincoln and Seward. The Seward forces once approached Frank with the offer of the vice-presidential nomination in return for Blair support; it was promptly rejected. George William Curtis later gave a rather curious picture of Frank at the convention, lounging around and looking indifferent, but springing to his feet at the right moment to prevent the convention offending the small but important radical group led by Joshua Giddings of Ohio. Although unable to secure the nomination of Bates—Lincoln was successful on the third ballot—the Blairs helped write the platform which declared an end to the extension of slavery. When the delegates dispersed, Frank returned home to announce his support and campaign for Lincoln "because he represents the cause of human rights and the preservation of the Union."

Triumphantly reelected to Congress, Frank was mentioned as a possible cabinet member but that honor was reserved for Montgomery. To the latter, Frank wrote: "I returned last night from Springfield and had a very satisfactory conversation with Lincoln. He gave me to understand distinctly that he intended to offer you a place in the cabinet but that he intends to offer the place of Attorney-General to Mr. Bates of this city." Although enemies of the Blairs tried to persuade the new President against the appointment, Montgomery Blair was subsequently made Postmaster General.

In the border state of Missouri, the political situation following the election of Lincoln was most critical. Governor Claiborne Jackson was openly prosecessionist, and the group around him were directing their efforts toward disunion and toward joining South Carolina. The Blairs early realized that force alone would settle the question.

Frank acted with his usual speed and energy. The Wide-Awakes, supporters of Lincoln, were reorganized into Union Clubs. Quietly he armed and drilled these groups which contained a large German element. At the same time he successfully maneuvered a Unionist political fusion which beat the secessionists in electing a convention called to consider Missouri's stand. In constant touch with Lincoln and in cooperation with the St. Louis Committee of Safety, he and Captain Nathaniel Lyon

foiled a Confederate plot to seize the St. Louis Arsenal, without which the cause of the Unionists would have been militarily hopeless. They then captured the secessionist Camp Jackson on the west side of the city. The capture of Camp Jackson, although involving comparatively few men, has rightly been called one of the significant events of the Civil War. It was the first aggressive blow struck at the South. General Grant was later to write that but for Blair's action St. Louis would have fallen into secessionist hands. Blair and Lyon, now a general, then routed the governor's army, and in June 1861 took the state capital from the frightened Confederates. These maneuvers, which revealed Blair's unsuspected military ability, were undoubtedly his greatest national service. They saved Missouri and the upper Mississippi valley for the Union cause; and, as the first real blow at the Confederacy, sustained northern morale at a critical time. But Frank refused a commission as brigadier general, believing that his acceptance would divide the Unionists when such a split would be disastrous.

This fine triumph was soured by a bitter quarrel with Frémont, whom Frank had recommended to the administration as western military commander. Frémont seriously injured his reputation with conservatives by his famous order emancipating the slaves of rebels in Missouri, a move contrary to Lincoln's policy of emphasizing the war as one to preserve the Union, not to free the slaves. Disputes about supply contracts and measures for the defense of St. Louis were the ostensible reasons for the rift between Frémont and his former supporter, the real one being lack of elbow room for two hotheaded men. Frémont astounded the country by arresting Frank for insubordination, for the latter was at the time holding the rank of colonel in the First Missouri Volunteers. Frémont then yielded to pressure from Washington and offered to release him. Frank characteristically insisted upon a court of inquiry, and so energetically pressed charges of incompetence that Lincoln relieved Frémont of his command. Frank denounced his opponent's testimony, before a Congressional committee, as an "apology for disaster and defeat"; and broke with the Radical Republicans in March 1862 by a bitter attack on Frémont in the House.

He was confident of his position, for in the recent organization of Congress he had received forty votes, second place, for

the speakership; moreover, he had made a fine record as chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, in spite of the efforts of the Radical Thaddeus Stevens to unseat him. He repeatedly demanded an efficient army and an ironclad navy, no matter what the cost. The Radicals hissed "Contracts for friends," but the real cause of their dislike was his stand in favor of gradual emancipation of slaves and conciliation of the South. For that crime they would not pardon him, though he voted to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, raised seven regiments in the gloomy summer of 1862, and, as a brigadier general, fought brilliantly in the field under Sherman. They were determined to ruin him politically, and his return to Congress in 1864 meant the worst battle of his life. His hot temper betrayed him when he flayed the Radicals for opposing Lincoln's reconstruction plans. He also attacked certain policies of the Treasury Department, thus incurring the wrath of Salmon P. Chase. Then, resigning his seat, he returned to the more honest fight of the battlefield.

Lincoln, close to all three Blairs, hated to lose his voice in Congress, but there was working behind his back a host of powerful foes, including Chase, Seward, and Stanton who proved the most implacable of all. Back in Missouri the Radicals sapped his leadership in the Republican party and discredited his moderate attitude toward slavery and the South by a vicious whispering campaign. The attack appeared as early as the fall elections of 1862, when his enemies blamed him for the business depression in St. Louis caused by stoppage of the river trade.

By 1863 his political fences were crumbling rapidly, for his absence in the army gave his enemies an opportunity to wreck his patient effort to build a conservative Republican party in the border states. In the autumn he and Montgomery made several speeches assailing Radicalism, which led their foes to smear them with the charge of plotting to control the lower House. They assailed Frank with incredible venom and kept him off Congressional committees, while Thaddeus Stevens adroitly forced a resolution asking the President to explain Frank's dual position as congressman and army officer. Lincoln, who wanted the aid of the Blairs in opposing Radical demands, defended the maligned soldier so strongly that the hatred of the Radicals was further intensified.

Thoroughly enraged when the Blairs likened them to the Jacobin extremists of the French Revolution, the Radicals howled for the scalp of Montgomery, the Postmaster General. They were bitter when Lincoln ignored them. But Montgomery shrewdly guessed that the family would be an acceptable sacrifice to secure Radical support for an endorsement of Lincoln in 1864. The future looked black, with Frank driven from Congress, Radicals haunting the White House to demand his dismissal from military command, and Lincoln reluctantly requesting Montgomery's resignation. The brothers took their beating like good soldiers, with Montgomery carrying on bravely for the party and Frank declaring that Lincoln's defeat would be "the greatest disaster that could befall the country." Worse was to come, as the Radicals came into power in Missouri and forced the withdrawal of Frank's appointment to command the troops in St. Louis. They had practically kicked him back into the Democratic party when he came home from war in 1865.

4

He knew his course when Andrew Johnson revealed his sympathy with Lincoln's—and the Blairs'—views on reconstruction. The new President frequently visited the home of the elder Blair at Silver Spring near Washington. The Radicals viewed the recrudescence of Blair influence with alarm, and were frightened at the rumor that a Union Democratic party was being formed with Grant for President and Frank as Secretary of War. President Johnson wanted Frank in office and offered him several plums, but the Senate was in no mood to agree. If ever a man needed office, Frank did, for a venture in cotton raising on a Louisiana plantation failed and his law practice had evaporated. He did, however, become railroad commissioner on the Union Pacific, then building. Although in straitened circumstances, he led in organizing the Grand Army of the Republic, which, ironically, was destined to help prolong the Radical dictatorship he hated.

His views on reconstruction were gradually revealed in a series of speeches. In June 1865 he thrilled a vast pro-Johnson meeting at Cooper Institute in New York, advising immediate

admission of the seceded states. Later, in Missouri, he elaborated on the same theme, rightly claiming that his and Johnson's policy had been Lincoln's. The *New York World* declared this speech the "best and soundest popular speech made since the close of the war," but the Radicals sardonically cried "Mercy to criminals!" and whetted their knives. In his home state he fearlessly denounced their leaders from Governor Fletcher down, and assailed the Drake Constitution of 1865 which disfranchised Confederate sympathizers and prescribed the "iron-clad" oath of loyalty. His followers roared approval and called a convention at St. Louis to oppose the new Constitution. The convention declared itself for moderate reconstruction, endorsed Johnson, and roundly cheered Blair.

On a political tour in Missouri he met Father Cummings who had become a national martyr by being sent to jail for preaching without taking the "ironclad" oath, required of professional men. Frank urged him to appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Montgomery argued for the priest, invoking the constitutional clauses against bills of attainder and ex post facto laws; and the Blairs chalked up a victory against the Radicals when the court ruled for Cummings. In the meantime Frank kicked up another rumpus by refusing to take the test-oath for voters in the election of 1865 in Missouri, and of course was gleefully disqualified by the Radical election officials. He took his own advice and carried an appeal to the Supreme Court; and in 1870 lost the case, by the vote of Chase, then Chief Justice, whose inmost feelings are better imagined than described.

As the bright hope of a Union party faded, Frank threw himself into the fight for a "New Democracy," stumping his state in the spring of 1866 and drawing vast crowds from long distances to hear his vitriolic denunciations of the Radicals. Pistols and knives were in evidence at the meetings; his enemies made at least one attempt to kill him; and Governor Fletcher's troops kept Democrats from voting. The outcome of the Blair campaign was a Johnson convention of delegates from every state. It was held, in August, at Philadelphia. Although many good Unionists attended, the Republicans called it a mob of ex-rebels dominated by the Blairs. But it was too late to save the Lincoln-Johnson reconstruction policy, for the Radicals

were gaining public support and won the Congressional elections of 1866. The result was the Reconstruction Act of 1867 and ten years of humiliation for the South.

Frank clung stubbornly to his ideas: immediate admission of the southern states, amnesty to ex-Confederates, presidential leadership in reconstruction, repeal of test-oath laws, economic aid for the South, state laws regarding Negroes, and colonization of the freedmen. Throughout 1866 and 1867 his letters to his father reflected his fury at the Radical Negro policy and the "indescribable" conditions it bred in the South. He continued to advance his pet scheme of colonization but finally dropped it when men of such diverse views as Charles Sumner and Alexander H. Stephens plainly told him it was impracticable. He then turned to organizations to protect southern whites from Radical arrogance, and meanwhile worked to elect a Democratic president in 1868.

Who would be the candidate? The "Old Man" and Montgomery said Grant, who had early supported the Conservatives, but Frank correctly guessed that the elections of 1866 had scared the general into the Radical camp. The Blairs dropped him when Frank convinced them that Grant was a pliable tool of Stanton and that the Democrats would never swallow him. Well, then, why not Young Hickory himself? In a maneuver that is now familiar in presidential years, a boom for him was started by an admirer, a Unionist merchant in St. Louis. By late 1867 Frank was urging his enthusiastic father and brother to "see" the right people and build him up as the favorite of both the veterans and the suffering South, the champion of constitutional government. He hoped to gather a sufficient block of delegates to secure the nomination as a "dark horse."

In June Frank came east to see delegates in Silver Spring on their way to the Democratic convention in New York, while every wire was pulled by the deft fingers of his father and Montgomery. The latter was on the scene early as his brother's advance agent, and cultivated support at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention then in session. But Frank made a fatal slip at the eleventh hour; this was his letter of June 30 to his friend Colonel James O. Broadhead, giving a pledge that in case of his election he would declare the Radical Reconstruction acts "null and void," disperse the carpetbag governments, and allow the

southern whites to organize their own. It really said nothing new, but the Radical press screamed "Treason!" and "The South in the saddle again," while he was furiously assailed in Congress. Although the convention uproariously endorsed the Blair view of reconstruction, Frank received only a scattering of votes. Governor Seymour of New York carried the day but second place went to Blair unanimously; Seymour's war record was far less impressive than that of his running mate. In his letter of acceptance, the vice-presidential candidate lashed the Radical "military despotism" and "usurpation."

The Broadhead letter pursued him during the campaign in which he was called a rolling drunkard and a Robespierre. Eastern politicians warned him to soft pedal his views on the South until after election, but he stuck to them while Republican newspapers shrieked that his success would mean another civil war. A lack of harmony between Seymour and Blair arose from Seymour's sullen resentment at Blair's stealing the show by his speeches. Tilden advised him to campaign only in the West. Timid voters were lost by the Republican slogan of "Grant and Peace or Blair and Revolution." Although military rule in the South gave the Republicans a heavy majority in the electoral college, the Democrats polled over forty-seven per cent of the popular vote, actually a majority of the white voters. Grant carried Missouri because of the registry laws.

5

The election left Blair discouraged, a rusty lawyer, a defeated politician with only the modest salary of a railroad commissioner—and Grant was promptly to take that position from him. But there was still a last battle to be fought with the Missouri Radicals, and without delay he challenged them and fought for a seat in the United States Senate. The only road to success lay through restoring the vote to many disfranchised whites by cooperation with Liberal Republicans. When the Liberals revolted in 1870 and nominated their own ticket, the Democrats supported them and put Blair in the legislature. Large majorities swept away the odious test-oath, and with it Radical Republicanism, while Democrats and Liberals controlled the state government. Blair's reward was his election as senator from Mis-

souri in January 1871, to fill out the unexpired term of an old enemy, Charles D. Drake. His friends hailed it as a vindication and some regarded it as a steppingstone to the presidency. Amid the clinking glasses and laughter at a victory banquet in St. Louis, Frank must have seen that prize beckoning again.

Once in the Senate he cultivated the German vote through Carl Schurz, hoping to expand the Missouri alliance of Democrats and Liberals into a national party. In his usual headstrong way he brushed aside the fears of his friends that his loyalty to the Broadhead letter would wreck his chances for the presidential nomination on any ticket. Meanwhile he infuriated the Radicals by assailing Grantism on the Senate floor, introducing a bill to abolish all political disabilities, moving for a presidential explanation of martial law in South Carolina, and insisting on publicity for the Congressional investigation of outrages in the South. A resolution on the acquisition of Cuba was an expiring flicker of his long-cherished colonization dream. As always he was a westerner, mentally on the frontier, favoring land-grant aid for railroads and schools.

As he traveled for the Ku Klux Klan investigation, he became convinced that the one hope for the South lay in a victorious Democratic-Liberal Republican fusion in 1872—and lost no time or occasion to say so. Every politician saw his hand in the call from Missouri for a national convention of Liberals at Cincinnati on May 1. He was shrewdly appraising the increasing drift from Radicalism and the reaction to the corruption currently being revealed in Washington.

The nation's attention was fixed on the Liberal convention, as it was taken for granted that the Democrats would later endorse any acceptable nominee. Blair, once he realized that there was little support for himself, worked for his cousin, Gratz Brown, who had an enviable record as governor of Missouri. He finally had to take Brown as junior partner to Horace Greeley, but was consoled by the platform which favored civil service reform and demanded an end of the carnival of corruption in the South. For a while he believed that Greeley's record as the farmer's friend would win the West, and that the South would remember the New York editor as a signer of the bond for the release of Jefferson Davis. Although too ill to campaign with his old fire, he worked hard to line up the Democratic and German voters.

But at the end he could not help but sense the coming defeat by the oiled and gilded Republican machine. A paralysis of his right side, which developed in the heat of the campaign but which was caused by a nervous shock in the war, told his friends that his political days were over—though Blair himself would not admit it for the world. Painfully he learned to write with his left hand.

Greeley and Brown were routed, but the fusion victory in Missouri stirred his hopes of another election to the Senate. His enemies were riddling his chances, spreading stories of his physical debility, even as he woke to the reality that his family needed him as never before and that for him there appeared no career but politics. He was deeply hurt when the party, unmindful of his services, passed him by in January 1873; but he was somewhat soothed when the governor appointed him state superintendent of insurance. Returning to St. Louis from a rest at Clifton Springs, New York, he assumed office and was cheered by a brief recovery of health. But soon he had to endure again the loneliness and political inertia of the Springs, and he wrote to Montgomery of his despair of life. The family yielded to his plea to return to St. Louis where, on July 9, 1875, they found him dying on the floor. He had fallen in trying, with a flash of his old restless spirit, to rise from his chair. The youngest of the three political Blairs was the first to go.

Like his ancestors, Frank Blair never was neutral, but a keen fighter, no matter what the cause. Like all such men, he was either adored or fiercely hated. He was, for example, a shining hero to Mark Twain's family which "fought, bled, and died" for him in the 1868 election. Enemies rightly marked him as ambitious, but friends knew he passed up offices that would have been his for the asking. Foes took gleeful advantage of his outbreaks of temper, and knew nothing of his later remorse. They had to acknowledge his loyalty to principle, which probably cost him the presidency. The energy which might have been directed solely to that mark was dissipated, and yet performed its task in his efforts to save the Union.

As an officer Blair won rare devotion from his men, and time proved the wisdom and essential mercy of his determination to crush the Confederacy by swift and powerful blows. In spite of his seeming ruthlessness, he recoiled from destruction

and bloodshed. He fought, however, through the furious struggle for Vicksburg, took part in many later engagements, won the rank of major general, and marched with Sherman to the sea. As the commanding officer of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps respectively, he won the commendation of Sherman and Grant. While in the army he was in touch with Lincoln through his brother Montgomery, who conveyed Frank's ideas and opinions to the President. But life in the army brought no greater dangers than did the rowdy politics of Missouri, and he confronted each with equal zest.

Although he is known today only as a soldier and politician, his own time recognized him as one of the nation's outstanding orators. He thoroughly enjoyed playing upon the emotions of an audience, and neither friends nor foes could forget the epithets he used nor the air with which he laid a pistol on the table as a warning to bullies. Enemies sneered that the "Old Man" and Montgomery wrote his speeches; but they merely edited, the ideas were his.

Few American politicians have been so ferociously slandered. He drank, sometimes to excess, and stories of his tent full of champagne were national property; but he was not a drunkard and his indulgence did not make him less energetic. Nor did it mar his handsome appearance, which even in his last years made people turn to regard his slender and wiry frame, fine mop of reddish hair, and steel-gray eyes that reflected his moods. Generous to a fault, he was a poor financial manager. He held no grudge for long. Easy and courteous manners, coupled with the politician's habit of remembering names, made people forget his occasional explosions of angry profanity; and his high voice detracted nothing from the common sense and conviction of his speeches. Andrew Jackson, a good judge of men, probably would have considered Young Hickory the man to meet the crisis of 1861, and Frank Blair would not have asked a higher compliment.

When the state, for whose loyalty he fought, celebrated in 1903 the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, one hundred of her most eminent citizens gave him second place, after Senator Benton, in their lists of Missouri immortals. Appreciation of Frank Blair's career had been growing ever since his death, and had been reflected in the unveiling of his statue in St. Louis

when General Sherman recalled the bronzed young officer who had served on that famous march through Georgia. Now he stands in marble beside Benton, in the Capitol at Washington, where at the prime of his powers he might have stood as chief—a memorial of the warm-hearted energy and devotion of the Blair family, which in him gave to the country a most lovable champion of union, liberty, and democracy.

Joseph Henry

[1797-1878]

ARCHITECT OF ORGANIZED SCIENCE

BY JOHN A. WHEELER

AND HERBERT S. BAILEY, JR.

THE importance of science in the war just concluded has given the people of the United States a new and compelling interest in two questions: What kind of help do men need who are trying to advance human knowledge and control natural forces? What can and ought a national agency do to assist?

An appreciation of both problems has led the Congress and the country to consider seriously plans for a National Science Foundation. A desire prevails to support this planning with judgment and vision, based on past experience. In the life of no single person is this experience so clearly visible as in that of Joseph Henry. That great man just a century ago, on December 3, 1846, at the age of forty-nine, gave up his own scientific career to direct a kind of National Science Foundation of 1846, a unique institution, evoked by a bequest made to the United States by the Englishman, James Smithson, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

When Joseph Henry was invited to become the first "Secretary," which meant he would be the actual Director of the new Smithsonian Institution, he remarked to a close friend, "If I go, I shall probably exchange permanent fame for transient reputation." In a sense he was right, for going meant giving up his scientific investigation. It meant that instead of devoting himself to the pursuit of new knowledge in the laboratory, he would have to spend his time in endless details of administration, helping and directing others in the work that he loved to do. It was a difficult decision to make, and Henry accepted the new task reluctantly; he did not want to leave the congenial surroundings of Princeton, where he had spent fourteen happy years as Professor of Natural Philosophy. But to be true to himself, to be consistent with the strong moral compulsion that had always guided his life, he felt that he must further the

"increase and diffusion of knowledge" through the Smithsonian Institution.

Fortunately, Henry did not "exchange permanent fame for transient reputation." By 1846 he had already established himself as the foremost scientist in America. The very fact that he was chosen for the new post indicates his prominence. The Board of Regents had resolved at their first meeting that "it is essential for the advancement of the proper interests of the trust that the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution be a man possessing weight of character and a high grade of talent; and that it is further desirable that he possess eminent scientific and general requirements; that he be a man capable of advancing science and promoting letters by original research and effort, well qualified to act as a respected channel of communication between the Institution and scientific and literary individuals and societies in this and foreign countries; and, in a word, a man worthy to represent before the world of science and letters the Institution over which this Board presides."

Joseph Henry more than fulfilled the requirements of the Board. Under his direction a multitude of scientific efforts were stimulated and their success rewarded, new discoveries were published so that other investigators could make use of the latest information, and, most important, the whole scientific effort of the nation, which had previously been uncoordinated and haphazard, took on new life and purpose through the societies, foundations, and journals that Henry fostered.

From 1846 until his death in 1878 Joseph Henry served as Secretary to the Smithsonian Institution. His funeral was attended by the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, members of the National Academy of Sciences and of the Light House Board, and other illustrious personages. Henry's leadership of the Smithsonian alone deserved this tribute; but even if he had died in 1846 his immortality would have been assured by his scientific discoveries.

This man who devoted his life to advancing knowledge and making opportunities for others knew himself what it was to work without such opportunities. Henry's father was a day

laborer in Albany, New York. He was poor and also suffered from bad health. He and his wife, Ann Alexander, were both of Scotch ancestry. A few years before his father's early death and while he was still a small boy, Henry was sent to live with his grandmother in Galway, about forty miles from Albany. He worked in the general store of the village outside of school hours. Although he appeared to be only an average student, he became interested in reading works of fiction and in telling stories from them to a group who came regularly to the store. Once he saw a play in Albany and this excited him to join with a group of young friends in writing and acting plays. Their performances had to be fitted into the chinks between his duties for, at the age of thirteen, Henry was apprenticed to a watchmaker and jeweler. It was not apparent that a boy who had ended his education and who seemed destined for a small trade would ever become anything more than an obscure citizen in a provincial city.

One day, however, the sixteen-year old boy picked up at home a book entitled *Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy, and Chemistry* by G. Gregory. The opening questions fired his imagination: "You throw a stone or shoot an arrow into the air; why does it not go forward in the line or direction that you give it? Why does it stop at a certain distance and then return to you? . . . On the contrary, why does flame or smoke always mount upward, though no force is used to send them in that direction? And why should not the flame of a candle drop toward the floor when you reverse it, or hold it downward, instead of turning up and ascending into the air? . . . Again, you look into a clear well of water and see your own face and figure, as if painted there. Why is this? You are told that it is done by the reflection of light. But what is reflection of light?" The world opened to Henry's thought by this book appeared to him new, interesting, and important. His experience was one more step in that process of "diffusion of knowledge among men" which was to be a large part of his life work.

His reaction was decisive; he resigned as president of the dramatic organization, which had previously held his interest, and set out to get an education. He learned enough grammar to be able to earn money teaching the elements of this subject on

a trip through the country districts which surrounded Albany. This experience in teaching led on to his employment as instructor in a district school. On his salary, \$8 a month, raised after the first month's trial to \$15, he found it possible to go on with his education by attendance at an advanced class in the Albany Academy. This combination of teaching to keep his body alive and study to satisfy his intense interests in chemistry and physiology and mathematics was continued when he became tutor for two years in the family of General Stephen van Rensselaer.

At one time in this period Henry thought of becoming a physician, but he abandoned the idea when, at the age of twenty-nine, he was asked to take a position as engineer to survey a road across the State of New York from West Point to Lake Erie. His successful handling of this project interested him in the possibility of working on the construction of a canal in Ohio. Just when this and other opportunities were opening out to him, a vacancy developed in the staff of the Albany Academy, then one of the leading educational institutions in the country.

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A way had been saved for Henry to go on with science. He now occupied one of the few positions in the United States where one could be expected to carry on advanced work in physics. The kind of opportunity available for doing scientific work in this country in 1826 can therefore be seen by looking at Henry's position. Most of his work had to be done during the summer. Through the rest of the year he spent seven hours a day teaching arithmetic and other elementary subjects to small boys. There was practically none of the intellectual companionship of the modern university, where an investigator and a group of well prepared and keen-minded students together analyze the problems of a developing subject. Nor was it easy in those days for Henry to visit investigators in other towns to gain the stimulus of new points of view. Published sources of information were inadequate in content and hard to come by. Supplies were slow in coming from New York. One group of experiments was delayed by the difficulty of getting zinc for making batteries. One or two friends, willing with their hands

but helpless in planning, assisted at times with the experiments. In spite of these handicaps, Henry was able to make remarkable discoveries.

Any student of the history of science must be aware that it is a history of direct progression. There is no oscillation as there is in the history of literature where the standard of taste passes from extreme romanticism to extreme realism or from the very intellectual to the very emotional. In science there is a definite progress; by slow small steps man extends the range of his experience and reduces this experience to order.

Joseph Henry was living in an age of astounding scientific discoveries. Theories, which had been developing slowly through the years as small facts and observations were collected, were brought at last to birth when a group of discerning minds suddenly grasped the relations between the facts and the natural laws which govern them. Agassiz and Torrey in America, Faraday, Davy, Darwin, and Wheatstone in England, Gay-Lussac in France, Gauss, Ohm, and Weber in Germany, and Oersted in Denmark were contemporaries of Henry, to name only a few. If Herman Melville had never been born, *Moby Dick* would never have been written; but it would be impossible to say that if Joseph Henry had never lived, his discoveries would have been lost to the world. The stage was set for them, but sometimes when the stage is set an irritatingly long time passes before an actor appears who is able to play the scene. Credit must be given to the quick penetrating mind and the keen powers of observation that brought the new facts to light.

Joseph Henry's scientific interests were many. The table of contents for the two big volumes of his scientific writings covers four pages in small print. The papers he wrote at Albany and later at Princeton include such varied topics as: Chemical and Mechanical Effects of Steam; Topographical Sketch of the State of New York; The Production of Electrical Currents and Sparks from Magnetism; Capillary Transmission through Solids; Experiments on Phosphorescence; On the Effects of a Thunderstorm; On a New Method of Determining the Velocity of Projectiles; On Color Blindness; On the Origin and Classification of the Natural Motors; Experiment on the Magnetic Polarization of Light; On the Atomic Constitution of Matter; On the Radiation of Heat; On the Limited Perceptibility of a

Direct and Reflected Sound; On the Employment of Mineral Oil for Light House Illumination. The particular contributions for which he is remembered, however, are in electricity and magnetism. In this field he made several remarkable discoveries.

The first was the discovery of the phenomenon of self inductance, the inertial property of an electric circuit. The inductance of a circuit tends to prevent the current in the circuit from changing; if a current is flowing, induction tends to keep it flowing; if an electromotive force is applied, it tends to keep the current from building up. The inductance of a circuit is determined mainly by its shape, its size, and the materials of which it is constructed. A piece of copper wire, for example, will have more inductance if it is coiled than if it is straight; and the coil will have more inductance if a soft iron core is placed in its center. Joseph Henry is immortalized in the name of the electrical unit of inductance, which is called the henry.

Henry discovered self inductance when he noticed that by disconnecting a circuit constructed with long wires, he could produce a spark where the connection was broken; but no spark was observed when a short circuit was suddenly disconnected. He wrote that "the effect appears somewhat increased by coiling the wire into a helix; . . . I can account for these phenomena only by supposing the long wire to become charged with electricity, which, by its reaction on itself, projects a spark when the connection is broken."

The initial discovery is Henry's, but it remained for Faraday, with his pictographic mind, to visualize the magnetic lines of force in which the energy is stored. Faraday's work in England ran parallel to Henry's. It is quite probable, for example, that Faraday's discovery of mutual inductance, of the effect of one current-carrying wire on another, was previously observed by Henry. It is appropriate that we measure in farads the value of the electrical capacitor, which is so often connected in circuits with coils whose inductance is measured in henries.

At the time when Henry was experimenting with self inductance he was building more powerful electromagnets than had ever been built before. He did not use any new principle. Oersted (1820) had observed the effect of a current-carrying wire on a magnetic compass needle. Schweigger (1820) looped several turns of wire around the magnetic needle thus increasing the

effect and making the first fixed-coil galvanometer. Sturgeon (1825) looped eighteen turns of uninsulated wire around a horseshoe of soft iron which was insulated from the wire by a coat of shellac. At the time, Sturgeon's electromagnet, weak though it was, was the most powerful in the world. In 1828 Henry built a small electromagnet of soft iron wound with many turns of silk-insulated copper wire. This was the first modern electromagnet, and was certainly far more powerful than Sturgeon's. Henry continued experimenting with larger and larger magnets, and in 1831 he built a magnet for the Yale College laboratory which weighed $82\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and could lift 2,300 pounds.

Henry utilized these larger magnets in his experiments on self induction. The greater inductances permitted him to produce larger sparks when he interrupted their circuits. At Princeton, in his laboratory in Philosophy Hall (which stood on the present site of the Chancellor Green Library), he produced a spark so strong that its crack could be heard outside the room through a closed door.

Perhaps the production of sparks and the discovery of self induction seems less important than the building of the world's first modern electromagnet. But in discovering self induction Henry added to our basic knowledge of the physical world. Using already existing knowledge, he adopted a new technique and produced the first multi-turn multi-layer coil. He called this type of coil an intensity coil. No power line, radio, telegraph, electric motor, generator, telephone, or television apparatus can be constructed without the use of Henry's discovery of induction, nor could these devices exist without the use of multi-turn coils. It may well be asked why Sturgeon did not discover inductance before Henry. Surely his electromagnet of eighteen turns produced a spark when he opened its circuit. The phenomenon must have occurred before his eyes, but he was not keen enough to see it or, if he did see it, to wonder.

In 1831, the year before he came to Princeton, Henry suspended a little more than a mile of wire around the walls of a lecture room in the Albany Academy. At one end of the wire was a battery and at the other end an electromagnet. Close to the end of the electromagnet was a permanent magnet arranged on a pivot so that it could swing, and near one end of this permanent

magnet was a small bell. When the circuit was closed, the electromagnet was energized, repelling the end of the pivoted permanent magnet, which swung against the bell, thereby ringing it. This was a form of electromagnetic telegraph, but Henry did not see the commercial possibilities because he was not interested in the experiment for that purpose. To him it was a philosophical experiment, designed for demonstrating and investigating the laws of nature.

Other telegraphs had been devised before, using electrolytic or swinging needle indications. Henry's was the first telegraph with the great advantage of an acoustic indication, and was by far the most practical yet invented. Samuel F. B. Morse is credited with the invention of the telegraph in 1837. It is true that Morse first produced a practical telegraph and had the foresight to get it patented, but he acknowledged in 1848—he was writing to Professor S. C. Walker—that “justice has not hitherto been done to Professor Henry, either in Europe or this country, for the discovery of a scientific fact which in its bearing on telegraphs, whether of the magnetic needle or electromagnetic order, is of the greatest importance. . . . To Professor Henry is unquestionably due the honor of the discovery of a fact in science which proves the practicability of exciting magnetism through a long coil or at a distance, either to deflect a needle or magnetize soft iron.”

The fact referred to in Morse's letter is Henry's discovery of “quantity” and “intensity” circuits. This discovery was related to his multi-turn coil, which he called an intensity magnet. Morse's first telegraph could not operate over more than a few feet because he used a magnet of few turns. Morse's friend, Dr. L. D. Gale, Professor of Chemistry at New York University, suggested to him that he use a coil of many turns. Gale later wrote to Henry: “At the time I gave the suggestions above named, Professor Morse [of the Art faculty] was not familiar with the then existing state of the science of electro-magnetism. Had he been so, or had he read and appreciated the paper of Henry, the suggestions made by me would naturally have occurred to his mind as they did to my own.”

Morse's invention of the telegraph, then, rested directly on Henry's discovery of the intensity magnet. But the general principle that Henry observed in operation here has since found

even wider use. Henry found that in order to produce maximum effect it was sometimes necessary to connect cells in series and sometimes in parallel. Which connection was preferable depended on the type of circuit to which the cells were to be connected. He classed circuits as quantity circuits and intensity circuits, which we now recognize as low impedance and high impedance circuits. In order to get maximum power transfer, it was necessary to match the impedance of the source and that of the load; and Henry did this, without fully understanding why, by changing the connection of the batteries. This was an important practical observation. The theory behind it could have been deduced from Ohm's law; but Ohm's book, published in Germany in 1827, which would have been so helpful to Henry and Faraday, was unknown in England and America at the time.

3

In 1832, at the age of thirty-five, Henry came to Princeton as the first Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of New Jersey. At Princeton he built the house, now known as the Joseph Henry House, which has since become a landmark on the campus. It was originally near the present site of Reunion Hall but it has been moved three times. It now stands between the Chancellor Green Library and Nassau Street and is the official residence of the Dean of the College.

At Princeton Henry continued his studies of electromagnetism. He built a magnet more powerful than the one he had constructed for Yale College; this one was able to lift 3,500 pounds. For his convenience he erected a signal system across the front campus between his laboratory in Philosophy Hall and his house. This was a telegraph similar to the one he had used as a demonstration at the Albany Academy, with one new and important refinement. The circuit which carried the signal was an intensity circuit, and the magnet which it activated did not have much lifting power. Henry arranged the receiving end of the circuit so that the intensity magnet pulled a bar which closed a circuit connecting a cell and a quantity magnet. The quantity magnet was then powerful enough to produce any desired result, such as lifting a heavy weight. The important thing to notice is that Henry had constructed the first magnetic relay, a device

which is now very widely used in telephone, telegraph, and all kinds of control circuits.

Another discovery made by Henry at Princeton must be mentioned. In magnetizing a large number of steel needles by placing them in a spiral coil of wire through which current was flowing, he noticed that if the circuit was suddenly broken, some were magnetized with one polarity and others with the opposite polarity. He pondered over the phenomenon, considering the now-familiar spark which occurred when the circuit was broken; and he concluded that the spark was a damped oscillatory discharge, a fact since borne out by further investigation.

In another experiment Henry demonstrated the phenomenon of mutual induction through the enormous distance of two-hundred and twenty feet. In this case his primary wire was stretched across the campus in front of Nassau Hall, and his secondary wire, with both ends buried in the ground, was stretched back of Nassau Hall, obscured by the building. Steel needles placed close to the secondary wire served as indicators. These became magnetized when the primary was excited by a spark from an electrical machine. This experiment foreshadows the invention of radio, though it should be noted that the phenomenon was one of magnetic induction rather than electromagnetic radiation.

Although Henry's main field of inquiry was electricity and magnetism, he also continued other studies while at Princeton. With his brother-in-law, Professor Stephen Alexander, he investigated sunspots and solar radiation. He studied meteorology with Professor Guyot and recommended to the American Philosophical Society the establishment of meteorological observation stations. When Professor John Torrey went to Europe in 1833, Henry taught his courses in Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. He also found time to investigate capillarity, molecular physics, phosphorescence, and various phenomena of light and heat. Henry's scientific work shows that he had sound judgment in drawing conclusions from his observations. In the complex subject of electromagnetism, however, he did not have quite the ability of Faraday to make far reaching generalizations. This deficiency is related perhaps to his failure to make adequate use of mathematics as a tool. His collected papers contain little mathematics and no calculus. He is reported to

have studied, in his early years, the famous *Mécanique Analytique* of Lagrange, but there is little evidence that he ever taught this or any other advanced mathematical subject. Association with other scientists interested in mathematics would undoubtedly have been of benefit to his research.

Henry himself recognized the advantages of association and consultation. He visited Europe twice, once while on leave from Princeton and again as emissary from the Smithsonian Institution. On his first trip to England he exchanged scientific knowledge with Wheatstone and Faraday. When he showed Faraday the production of a spark from a circuit containing an intensity magnet, Faraday capered in boyish enthusiasm and cried, "Hurrah for the American Experimenter!" Faraday took a warm interest in Henry's work on electromagnetism, and a more active part than anyone else in attempting to secure for Henry the priority which he sometimes lost through incomplete or tardy publication.

During his visit to London in 1837, Henry learned from Richard Rush of a chancery suit in progress, the outcome of which was nine years later to change his entire career. In 1829, an Englishman, James Smithson, had died, bequeathing his fortune to the government of the United States in trust for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." It was not until 1835 that the United States officially learned of the existence of the will and it was a full year later before Congress, against some party opposition, put in its claim. In 1838 the suit for the money succeeded and Congress began an eight-year debate on the way in which the fund should be administered and used. Finally, on August 10, 1846, Congress agreed upon an Act of Establishment and created a distinguished Board of Regents to bring into being the new Smithsonian Institution. This board included the Vice-President of the United States, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, Senator Jefferson Davis, and the great lawyers and diplomats, Rufus Choate and Richard Rush.

4

The first and most important task of the Smithsonian Board of Regents was to select a distinguished man for Secretary and

director of the new national science foundation. It was clear to them as to others that Joseph Henry was the greatest scientist in America. As early as 1832, when Henry was appointed to the chair of Natural Philosophy at Princeton, Professor Benjamin Silliman at Yale, himself a scientific leader, had written, in recommending him, "Henry has no superior among scientific men of the country." His position in science, joined to his integrity of character, caused the Regents to vote unanimously to ask Henry to take the new position.

Reluctantly Joseph Henry accepted the call and embarked upon a new phase of his career. It must have been doubly hard to leave Princeton because, though he had many devoted pupils, he had developed no famous disciples to carry on his work. Yet the new task, though it prevented him from giving as much time to research as he would have liked, was probably of greater importance to the development of science than any discoveries he could have made.

Henry's interest in the Smithsonian Institution was intense; and once he had made up his mind to accept the responsibility, he gave himself wholeheartedly to his new tasks. It had cost him many pangs to leave his friends, his home, his laboratory, and the congenial atmosphere of Princeton, and he was determined to make the sacrifice worth while. As a teacher and an investigator, Henry had already devoted the major portion of his life to the very ideas which Smithson specified in his bequest, "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." His new position did not change the purpose of his life, rather it allowed him to pursue his ideal in a different way. Henry always kept the purpose of the Institution before him, and he interpreted Smithson's wishes strictly. "There is," he said, "another division with regard to knowledge which Smithson does not embrace in his design; viz. the application of knowledge to useful purposes in the arts. And it was not necessary he should found an institution for this purpose. There are already in every civilized country, establishments and patent laws for the encouragement of this department of mental industry. As soon as any branch of science can be brought to bear on the necessities, conveniences, or luxuries of life, it meets with encouragement and reward. Not so with the discovery of the incipient principles of science. The investigations which lead to these, receive no fostering care from



JOSEPH HENRY
From A Photograph By Mathew Brady

Government, and are considered by the superficial observer as trifles unworthy the attention of those who place the supreme good in that which immediately administers to the physical needs or luxuries of life. If physical well-being were alone the object of existence, every avenue of enjoyment should be explored to its utmost extent. But he who loves truth for its own sake, feels that its highest claims are lowered and its moral influence marred by being continually summoned to the bar of immediate and palpable utility."

Congress, which had the responsibility of administering Smithson's bequest, tended to be more interested in impressive libraries, buildings, and exhibits than in the stimulation of research. But Henry held firm to the letter and the spirit of the bequest. He stalwartly opposed unnecessary expenditures on grounds and buildings and other equipment. He was determined that the funds of the Smithsonian should be devoted to projects that would actually increase and spread human knowledge. In order to carry out Smithson's instructions, Henry set up an elaborate program, which he presented to the Board of Regents in his First Annual Report. The main points are listed in Section I:

To increase knowledge: It is proposed—

1. To stimulate men of talent to make original researches by offering suitable rewards for memoirs containing new truths; and,
2. To appropriate annually a portion of the income for particular researches, under the direction of suitable persons.

To diffuse knowledge: It is proposed—

1. To publish a series of periodical reports on the progress of the different branches of knowledge; and,
2. To publish occasionally separate treatises on subjects of general interest.

In the remaining part of the program these points are explained and illustrated in considerable detail.

The Smithsonian under Henry promoted research without actually proposing specific projects or carrying them out with its own personnel, except in special circumstances. Projects were proposed from outside, and the financial support of the Smith-

sonian was granted according to the merit of each case. This policy guaranteed diversity. No matter how wide his interests might be, no director, even such a one as Henry, could have the wide vision necessary to see all the research that needed to be done, nor to assess all the projects proposed. Accurate evaluation of the ideas of others might have been difficult if the Smithsonian had been carrying on extensive research projects of its own.

Henry's policy of helping others to do effective work was early seen to accomplish more than the Smithsonian could have done by using the same funds itself. Grants-in-aid of a few hundred dollars made the difference between no and yes for projects to which others were prepared to devote thousands of dollars worth of time and effort. These investigators, working independently or in local institutions and colleges, built up scientific knowledge throughout the Union, quietly, steadily, and effectively.

It is beyond the scope of this account to relate all the activities that were stimulated by the Smithsonian Institution under Henry's direction. A few, however, are particularly notable. In his first report to the Board of Regents, Henry suggested that a system of meteorological stations be set up; the observers were to report their data by telegraph so that early storm warnings could be obtained. This suggestion was later carried out, and the organization soon became so important that it no longer needed the support of the Smithsonian; its new name was the United States Weather Bureau.

The genesis of the Weather Bureau illustrates a principle that Henry always applied in the administration of the Smithsonian. As soon as any project was strong enough to stand on its own feet, it was cut loose from the Institution. This relieved the Smithsonian of long-standing financial obligations and freed its funds for initiating new investigations. This policy, and that of not undertaking any work which might be supported by another agency, enabled the Smithsonian to support scientific work that otherwise could never have been carried on.

Another project suggested by Henry was the publication of *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*. Henry himself edited the twenty-one volumes of the series. This publication encouraged men of science by providing an outlet for their findings

and at the same time spread new knowledge throughout the world.

By exchanging publications with associations and institutions in foreign countries, the Smithsonian was able to keep abreast of scientific developments everywhere. The system of exchanges, set up by Henry to aid in the "diffusion of knowledge among men," was not so simple to arrange as one might suppose; there were problems of local restrictions and transportation difficulties to be overcome. It was necessary to appoint agents in every corner of the world to procure and forward books and documents. The amount of material sent abroad steadily increased under Henry's direction; in his tenth year at the Institution, 14,000 pounds of publications were sent abroad; in his twentieth year the figure had risen to 22,000 pounds; and in 1877, the year before Henry's death and his thirtieth at the Smithsonian, 99,000 pounds of literature were shipped abroad. At that time there were more than two thousand foreign recipients of Smithsonian publications in cities from Iceland to Cape Town and from Tokio to Algiers. By an international agreement all publications sent to and from the Smithsonian were passed free of duty. Henry repeatedly pointed out that when James Smithson, an Englishman, had left his bequest dedicated to the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," he had not specified any particular men.

At Princeton Henry had been known as a mild-mannered professor who concerned himself with affairs very remote from the practical world, and when he forsook his life of secluded experimentation for one which entailed administration and the management of sizable sums of money, there were some who doubted his ability in the new field. But apparently Henry's scientific activities had concealed another talent. In 1846, when he was about to leave Princeton, Henry wrote to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College:

"The income of the Institution is not sufficient to carry out a fourth part of the plans mentioned in the Act of Congress, and contemplated in the Report of the Regents. . . . You will readily perceive that unless the Institution is started with great caution there is danger of absorbing all the income in a few objects, which in themselves may not be the best means of carrying out the design of the Testator. I have elaborated a simple plan of

organization, which I intend to press with all my energy. If this is adopted, I am confident that the name of Smithsonian will become familiar to every part of the civilized world."

Smithson had intended that the Institution be established for all time, and Henry was determined that the substance of Smithson's bequest be not all consumed in a few projects in a few years. The management of the fund by Henry and the Regents speaks for itself. The total bequest was \$541,379.63. In 1878, at Henry's death, the Smithsonian fund had increased to \$1,468,000.

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But Henry did not devote all his energies to the Smithsonian Institution. While he was in Washington he engaged in many other activities. Prominent among these was the Light House Board, on which he first served as chairman of the committee on experiments and later as chairman of the Board itself. He devoted considerable time to it, and conducted several scientific investigations to further its work. He experimented with illuminating oils for lighthouses and examined the phenomena of "dead" spots or null regions in the neighborhood of fog horns.

Henry was a member of many committees and associations. He was a Trustee of Princeton College, of Columbia University, and of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. He had been elected to the American Philosophical Society in 1835. He helped to organize the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which was evolved in 1847 from the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists. At its second meeting he was elected president. He assisted in founding the Philosophical Society of Washington and served as its president until his death. He took part with Lincoln in planning the National Academy of Sciences, was an original member of this body, was elected vice president in 1866, and was president from 1868 until his death. In the year of his death he was made a member of the American Electrical Society; and his last scientific paper, "Observations in Regard to Thunderstorms," was a contribution to its Journal.

During the Civil War the Federal Government made great demands upon the Smithsonian for advice and assistance. This work brought Henry into close relation with Lincoln. The

President took up with him the problems created by the Confederate destruction of lights and signal stations along the southern coasts. He participated with Henry in experiments to test new signalling devices. The contacts gave Lincoln an appreciation of Henry as a man as well as a scientist: "He is so unassuming, simple and sincere. I wish we had a few thousand more such men." Henry in turn said of Lincoln, "He is producing a powerful impression on me. It increases with every interview. I think it my duty to take philosophic views of men and things, but the President upsets me. If I did not resist the inclination, I might even fall in love with him."

This account has considered the achievements of Joseph Henry as an investigator and as administrator of the Smithsonian Institution, but it is impossible to close without saying a few more words about his personality. He was a serious and friendly man. An apparently slow and unruffled exterior concealed the energy that drove him in pursuit of his ideals. He believed in the unity of all knowledge, and felt that facts meant little without insight. In an era when Darwin's theory of evolution shook the religious faith of many, this great scientist accepted the new while retaining the old. He was an accomplished linguist, had an ear and memory for poetry, and was well read and keenly interested in political science.

Near the end of his days, speaking of his career, Henry modestly summed up the aim and purpose of his life: "[It] . . . has been principally devoted to science, and my investigations in different branches of physics have given me some reputation in the line of original discovery. I have sought, however, no patent for inventions and solicited no remuneration for my labors, but have freely given their results to the world, expecting only in return to enjoy the consciousness of having added by my investigations to the sum of human knowledge and to receive the credit to which they might justly entitle me."

Woodrow Wilson

[1856-1924]

BY CHARLES GROSVENOR OSGOOD

BOSWELL in his *Life of Johnson* reports that Oliver Goldsmith once proposed the addition of new members to the famous Literary Club to give it "an agreeable variety." Said he: "We have travelled over one another's minds." Where to Dr. Johnson, a bit angry, retorted: "Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you!"

Explorations of that vast expanse are still going on after more than a hundred and sixty years, and the end is not yet. Sufficient proof it is of greatness, and a proof which daily grows more and more impressive about the memory and name of Woodrow Wilson.

Voyagers and trippers by hundreds are lured to launch a venture upon the mind of Wilson and report their observations. Portraits, reminiscences both official and intimate, *Lives*, historical studies, estimates, and essays continue to multiply, and will no doubt so continue for a long time. We have had a film as well as a play based on his career and we shall probably have more. Most of these recordings present some true phase or phases of the man, but none has compassed his full measure. No one has yet travelled over his mind. Nor is any man now alive likely to see the feat accomplished.

The more vain and inept would it be, in the present compass, to attempt just another full-length biographical sketch. Furthermore, the biographers usually hurry through the Princeton scene of Wilson's life in their inconsiderate haste to come to the more conspicuous scenes which he enacted upon the great stage of the world. Yet for twenty prime years of his life, from the age of thirty-three to that of fifty-three, when he entered politics, he was an increasingly determinant part of the life of Princeton. He was a public figure for the less than fourteen remaining years—crowded, dazzling, exposed years, to be sure. Yet in the more limited academic scope and compass of these twenty years at Princeton, his measure is perhaps more easily

discernible than when the fierce light of publicity was beating incessantly upon him. And to those of us who by rare good fortune were with him in his reforms at Princeton his greatness was already so apparent that his later and larger achievements, and his disappointments, took none of us by surprise. I shall therefore rest content to set forth as I can the manifestation of Wilson's greatness in his ideas and convictions on education, and in certain of his efforts—*quorum pars minima fui*—to put them into effect. For to any case or proposal which engaged his attention, however limited or detailed the matter might be, he applied not a part, but the whole of his mind and attention. This characteristic may explain why experts in one field or other used to come away from a conference with him at the White House feeling that somehow he knew more about their subject than they did. It may explain, too, someone's remark, back in the Princeton days, that Wilson was an "educational statesman." Into each phase of his work entered the whole man, and there he may be perceived, if not wholly measured or comprehended. Usually his most specific remarks distill a certain energy of generalization which gives them both the force and pungency of wit and that expansive universality which is the mark of genius.

To Woodrow Wilson education was never a subject in itself, a specialty, a profession with its peculiar theory and technique. His dimensions exceeded those of a mere "educator." Education is but a part of something else. In this respect he was with Plato, Aristotle, and Milton, not as a mere disciple, but as men of transcendent common sense usually agree. His primary life-long concern was the theory of the state. Perhaps it was because the profession of teaching and university life gave more room for theory and thought on these and other matters of philosophic range, while it provided a modest livelihood, that he first slipped into the academic life.

But never, in education or in anything else, was he content with theory unauthenticated by life itself. At the age of thirty, while teaching at Bryn Mawr, he planned a study of constitutional law, which he felt unable to make without living abroad for at least a year. "I must know not only comparative constitutional law," he wrote a friend, "but also comparative constitutional life. And this last I cannot know without seeing foreign

systems and foreign peoples . . . without coming into contact with the living organisms of their governments."

It was the same with his ideas of education, incidental as they may have been to his larger thinking. As late as 1902, when at the age of forty-five he had become President of Princeton, he wrote to Mrs. Wilson: "Fortunately I never worked out the argument on liberal studies, which is the theme of my inaugural, before, never before having treated myself as a professional 'educator.' . . . I am quite straightening out my ideas!—and that amuses me." But he is not trifling. Rather his concept of education was enlarged, and exalted, and energized because he held it to be a part of the greater concern of politics. So had Plato and Aristotle, and Milton, also, whose familiar definition cannot be too familiar: "I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." And Wilson: "The chief glory of a university is the leadership of the nation in the things that attach to the highest ambitions that nations can set themselves, those ideals which lift nations into the atmosphere of things that are permanent and do not fade from generation to generation. I do not see how any man can fail to perceive that scholarship, that education, in a country like ours, is a branch of statesmanship." And again, with a truth more valid than ever in these times: "The service of institutions of learning is not private, but public. It is plain what the nation needs as its affairs grow more and more complex and its interests begin to touch the ends of the earth. It needs efficient and enlightened men. The universities of the country must take part in supplying them."

In more general terms he declares that education is an "enlargement of spirit and release of powers which a man shall need if his task is not to crush and belittle him. . . . In history and philosophy and literature and science are the experiences of the world summed up. . . . We shall extract from them the edification and enlightenment as of those who have gone the long journey of experience with the race." "I should wish to see every student made, not a man of his task, but a man of the world, whatever his world may be." "When you are preparing students you are preparing history for future generations."

With such pungent apothegms his utterance on education, and

indeed on all other subjects, abounds. What shrewd and ingenious soul will capitalize the pleasure of collecting Wilsonian apothegms from all his writings into a racy and stimulating booklet?

It is now plain enough that Wilson never thought of education in selfish terms as an end in itself, an adornment of the mind or personal bearing, a luxury, a resource of highly refined but selfish satisfactions; certainly not as technical training in a craft or profession, a mere fitting of a cog into a machine, a mere accumulation of facts. He loved to quote his rugged old father's plain saying that the mind is not a prolix gut to be stuffed with knowledge. The praxis of education is the only index of its value. Only that education is sound which is convertible into right living and action. "Citizens of the world" is a kind of theme phrase throughout all his utterance on the subject, and two of his most thoughtful discussions were entitled *Princeton in [for] the Nation's Service*.

Critical theorizing about education is an easy sport in which everybody can join. But theorizing on the basis of experience is another matter. When shall we learn not to trust a man with administrative responsibility in education who has never for a sufficient period taken off his coat and sweated it out in the actual toil and moil of teaching? This Wilson had done, and with a preeminent success to which his surviving students still bear eloquent witness. He had no patience with nostrums and specious innovations of the sciolist. "The educator has no business to be trying new things. It is his business to gather the best out of the past and present it in forms which have the sanction of time, instead of running after new fads and theories." Wilson's hard work as a teacher tempered his every criticism and proposal and a jet of his common sense sufficed to dash a specious "reform." When someone proposed to grant the bachelor's degree at the end of the second year in college, he remarked that obviously the sponsors of such a novelty had never really known a sophomore in the flesh.

Wilson's efforts to improve higher education arose out of present discontents, not his own merely, but those of the intelligent public, and indeed of most teachers in college who took their work seriously. Said he, in his famous Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in 1909: "We have fallen of late into a deep

discontent with the college, with the life and the work of the undergraduates in our universities. It is an honorable discontent, bred in us by devotion, not by captiousness, or hostility, or by an unreasonable impatience to set the world aright. . . . We would fain keep one of the finest instrumentalities of our national life from falling short of its best, and believe that by a little care and candor we can do so."

And what were the particulars of this discontent? The generation following the Civil War had grown too rapidly rich. It was becoming more and more fashionable among its young men to "go to college," less for learning than for social sophistication. The colleges became overcrowded with a far greater number of students than they were prepared to teach or care for. It was necessary to handle them in huge popular lecture-courses, and under the new license of a free elective system the student found it very easy, with a bit of periodic cramming and a syllabus, to "get by" and graduate with a thin and perishable veneer. With the disproportion between the number of students and the number of teachers, and the inaccessibility of the one to the other, the cleavage between teacher and taught grew wider and wider. The student's respect for learning declined as he sought more engaging if less significant fields for his eruptive energies, and devoted himself with all his heart to what is essentially play—athletics, amateurism in business and the arts and college politics, unguided and uninstructed; with the result that specious ideals and determinants of life displaced more valid ambitions throughout the mode of the undergraduate world.

On the other hand, more and more of the younger teachers were recently returned with their doctorates from Germany, deeply imbued with the spirit of impersonal and unhumanized *Wissenschaft*, which, in spite of all it did to mature and sophisticate us in scholarship, was, of itself, misapplied in the American college and inimical to cultural humanism. For it tended to throw all responsibility for specialized knowledge upon the teacher, but all responsibility for his intellectual welfare upon the student. Amid all this confusion and chaos, the sentimental and falsely democratic doctrine prevailed in some quarters that, since the teacher could not hope to reach many of his students, he must spend his best efforts on the dull and unpromising wittlings, for the bright fellows could take care of themselves!

Wilson summarized the case as "an almost hopeless confusion and an utter dispersion of energy." Lectures often seemed formal and empty; recitations "dull and unrewarding." The body academic was suffering from arrested circulation; the currents of its intellectual and spiritual life were not flowing freely; it was becoming atrophied and moribund.

How, then, could it be restored to health?

"It is perfectly possible," said Wilson, "to organize the life of our colleges in such a way that students and teachers alike will take part in it; in such a way that a perfectly natural daily intercourse will be established between them; and it is only by such an organization that they can be given real vitality as places of serious training, be made communities in which youngsters will come fully to realize how interesting intellectual work is, how vital, how important, how closely associated with all modern achievement—only by such an organization that study can be made to seem a part of life itself."

Like all great reformers, Wilson was not an innovator; he called only for a return to forgotten virtues and realities, a revival of early and forgotten energies, a lifting of the eyes again from the deep rut, the miry and sunken path, to the ancient and unchanging hills; and this out of no antiquarian sentiment for the "good old days," but with the sober intention of reinforcing and implementing the superb youthful energies of his own generation with those of the ages, for the saving of the nation and of mankind.

2

As a practical teacher, and as the responsible designer for one institution—luckily his alma mater whom he loved and knew so well—he conceived and proposed practical remedies. But springing as they did from a mind of such dimensions, they were remedies for American education at large which have in nearly half a century made themselves effectual in many an institution, mostly without recognition of their Wilsonian origin.

Twenty-five years earlier, Wilson had been an able, devoted, responsive undergraduate at Princeton. For twelve years as professor he had been observing, meditating, discussing with con-

genial colleagues the peculiar virtues, defects, and qualities of the college, and devising the means, not of making a new and alien Princeton, but of releasing her powers and virtues from the drawbacks of the time, so that Princeton might become an exemplar and model of a college of liberal arts, crowned by a graduate school in the liberal subjects. As early as 1894 he had foreshadowed the preceptorial method. He conceived of Princeton as "a community, a place of close, natural, intimate association, not only of young men who are its pupils and novices in various lines of study, but also of young men with older men, with maturer men, with veterans and professionals in the great undertakings of learning, of teachers with pupils, outside the classroom as well as inside of it."

But in what direction should these "various lines of study" lead? What are the proper subjects for reading and discussion in college? What the common media of a healthier circulation of ideas coursing throughout this little college world?

For one thing, the past. "The purpose of culture, which is the end of the university course, is the opening of the student's mind to what is best in the great minds of the past." Wilson was fully aware of the vast modern expansion of encyclopedic learning, and realized the new educational responsibility of keeping one's bearings in its maze. He knew that Greek could no longer be required, yet never lost his faith in it. Said he: "The men who put themselves through the Greek training put themselves through the training that produced the intellectual movements of the modern world. The man who takes Greek puts himself through the process that produced the modern mind." "Puts himself"—a wholly characteristic phrase; for it was his conviction, oft expressed or implied, that there is in truth no education but self-education.

But in the modern plethora of learning one must observe proportion. We seek "not universal knowledge, but the opening up of the mind to a catholic appreciation of the best achievements of men and the best processes of thought since days of thought set in."

There are, of course, the so-called "disciplinary" studies—mathematics, and grammar—but they deserve a better name, for the mind gets from them fibre, facility, strength, adaptability, certainty of touch "*when the teacher knows his art and*

their power." He remembered too well—as who does not?—certain pedantic rote-masters under whom he had wasted time.

In contrast with the ancient literatures, modern languages and literatures, he thought, "carry the modern Babel of voices," like our own contemporary literature. Yet English, "the intimate language of our own thought," our "universal coin of exchange in the intellectual world, must have its values determined to a nicety before we pay it out."

Among the sciences fundamental are physics, biology, and chemistry, with geology and astronomy to create some "comprehension of stupendous systematized physical fact." For "the sciences, taught as sciences, taught in their purity, taught as a body of principles, taught as exhibitions of the way in which Nature manifests herself, are nowadays indispensable parts of a liberal training."

To all of this add history, economic and political subjects, and philosophy, and the vast array imposes a choice—intelligent choice under expert guidance and wise synthesis.

Wilson deplored, as many still do, our helpless bewilderment amid the dissipation of modern learning. "We have so spread and diversified the scheme of knowledge in our day that it has lost coherence. We have dropped the threads of system in our teaching. And system begins at the beginning. We must find the common term for college and university. . . . Learning is not divided. Its kingdom and government are centered, unitary, single."

But how to redeem that kingdom from the anarchy into which it has fallen? Certainly not, as many pragmatists "educators" have done, by frequent and restless ripping up and revision of the course of study, with a chief concern for giving their clientele what it wants, or thinks it wants. Nor, as others would, by superimposing upon the formless array of academic learning an artificial mold in seven arbitrary compartments labeled "Trivium" and "Quadrivium" for archaic effect.

Said Wilson: "The final synthesis of learning is in philosophy." The cloistered refuge of college "is no place to dream in. It is a place for the conspectus of the mind, for a thoughtful poring upon the map of life." And he had the courage to declare what many citizens of Academe believe, but falter to assert by word or deed: "I do not see how any university can afford such

an outlook if its teaching be not informed with the spirit of religion, and that the religion of Christ, and with the energy of a positive faith. The argument for efficiency in education can have no permanent validity if the efficiency sought be not moral as well as intellectual."

College men are to become "citizens and the world's servants in every field of practical endeavor, and in their instruction the college must use learning as a vehicle of the spirit, interpreting literature as the voice of humanity—must enlighten, guide, and hearten its sons, that it may make men of them. If it give them no vision of the true God, it has given them no certain motive to practise the wise lessons they have learned."

Wilson nowhere gave higher expression to high thought on these transcendent matters than in his baccalaureate addresses to the classes that graduated during his administration. A beautiful book could be made—no doubt will be made—by collecting and reprinting these addresses in a single volume.

About the turn of the century a loud outcry rose against undue specialization. Wilson heard it, of course, but took no alarm. "The only specialists," he said, "about whom . . . the thoughtful critic need give himself any serious concern are the specialists who have never had any general education in which to give their special studies wide rootage and nourishment."

Every specialist or professional man, he maintained, serves the world better, and himself, too, if his special training rests upon a liberal education. "Engineers, doctors, ministers, lawyers would all alike be made, first of all, citizens of the modern intellectual and social world—first of all university men, with a broad outlook on the various knowledge of the world—and then experts in a great practical profession, which they would understand all the better because they had first been grounded in science and in the other great bodies of knowledge which are the fountain of all practice."

"The man who has not some surplus of thought and energy to expend outside the narrow circle of his own task and interest is a dwarfed, uneducated man. We judge the range and excellence of every man's abilities by their play outside the task by which he earns his livelihood. . . . The subtle and yet universal connections of things are what the truly educated man . . . must

keep always in his thought, if he would fit his work to the work of the world."

Such, then, was Wilson's critique of American higher education a half century ago; and such the form and semblance of a true and right education as he conceived it.

One may say—probably is saying—"All this is as obvious as daylight. It's nothing but plain incontrovertible, axiomatic common sense." So it now is. And so it was even then; it was no discovery by Wilson, and he was the last to consider it such. It was only the inspiring utterance of the discontents and hopes of hundreds of born and devoted teachers throughout the land. But all genuine reform is just such common sense awaiting the force of genius to bring it home to us.

3

By way of practical revival at Princeton, Wilson's first order of business was rebuilding, or rather building, the course of study. The number of courses was much reduced, their time extended to three hours a week, and they were so grouped that, after the more "disciplinary" work of the first year, properly broadened in the second year, each student chose a central subject with room about it for rightly related subjects, and his study was both extended in range and intensified in process towards his degree. Abler students had opportunity in senior year to read more freely under advice, following some special inquiry, and precipitating their findings in writing. As Wilson said, they can thus "graduate into manhood" and "have the sensation of standing on their own feet." If this has now become commonplace, it is only because, through the last forty years, such reforms have gone into effect in almost every higher institution. But the general public acclaim which greeted Wilson's reforms in the course of study is proof enough of their timeliness. The new course of study went into effect at Princeton in 1904.

But Wilson's real and practical concern was the personal reality in education. This intention took form in the so-called "Preceptorial System" which he had been meditating for at least ten years. The new order was neither a system, nor did it dispense

precepts. "Tutorial method" fitted no better. So, for lack of a better phrase, the misnomer stuck.

In 1905 forty-seven young men were appointed to the faculty with the rank of assistant professor, most of them on five-year appointment. The next year the number was increased to fifty-eight.

In spite of the scrupulous care and labor which Princeton gave to the selection, it is now a matter of wonder how, on order, so many were found in one summons qualified for the work Wilson had for them to do. He made it a point to meet each candidate in person. He was fond of quoting McCosh's leading question concerning a teacher—"Is he alive?"—and no doubt the question was in the front of his mind during every interview. But these interviews were highly momentous, for during them the spell of Wilson fell irrevocably upon the young aspirant, who went forth assured that he had found the man who could liberate all his talents and skill to their full exercise.

In his address at the presentation of the Davidson bust of Wilson, November 7, 1945, Dean Root recalled his first meeting with Wilson, when he offered himself as a candidate for a preceptorship:

"My interview lasted some forty minutes. Mr. Wilson asked me no questions about myself, but spoke with winning eloquence about his plans for Princeton. Before five minutes had passed I knew that I was in the presence of a very great man. Of course I was not sufficiently a prophet to foresee the scope of his subsequent achievement, that his great qualities of mind and spirit were to make themselves felt not only in academe but throughout the country and the whole circuit of the world. But I did recognize that I had never before talked face to face with so compelling a person. Before the talk was over my loyalties were entirely committed to him. Had Woodrow Wilson asked me to go with him and work under him while he inaugurated a new university in Kamchatka or Senegambia I would have said 'yes' without further question."

And by all accounts many another was moved in like manner.

Most of the new "preceptors" had been seasoned in the ordeal of attaining to a doctor's degree, or its equivalent. All of them had been teaching at various institutions scattered over the land. Some had been trained at English universities, but most of



WOODROW WILSON
From A Painting By Sir William Orpen

them, at first or secondhand, had partaken of German university training, and appropriated its virtues while aware of its shortcomings. Most of them came happy, even joyful, to escape the limitations and handicaps imposed by academic conditions in other places. Wilson not only shared their discontents, but embodied their remedial ideas.

Nor were they disappointed. They were greeted by colleagues already established at Princeton, with generous warmth and comradeship, and without a trace of such restraint as would have been entirely natural. Then, they discovered in Princeton a rare mental and social world. They surrendered at once to its subtle and irresistible charm. And they soon felt professionally at home here as perhaps they had never felt elsewhere before.

No other place could have been so favorable to the new experiment. Here at last was a retreat whose social and spiritual climate nourished not mere scholastic emulation and success, but the growth of the man-scholar, the genuine humanist, whose powers as a scholar should be constantly transmuting themselves into human values both in himself and in others. One found oneself in a new medium of conversation, not confined to sports and college politics and gossip, but ranging through books, plays, public questions, personalities, the countryside (for long week-end walks in two's or groups, usually in the delectable Delaware valley, were almost a habit), never self-conscious or "highbrow," always natural, spontaneous, spiced with impromptu wit, warmed with fun. A sophisticated group they were, in the best sense, not cynical, but ready and hard-working and happy.

In the few "courses" a professor lectured twice a week, and the preceptor met his men in groups of five or six for at least an hour to discuss the reading, but not to quiz or examine. These meetings were conferences in the best sense, designed to supersede the old fashioned recitation, "to give the undergraduates their proper release from being schoolboys, to introduce them to the privileges of maturity and independence by putting them in the way of doing their own reading instead of 'getting up' lectures or 'lessons.'" They called for all the Socratic skill a preceptor could develop or bring to bear, and were at best perfect examples of Alcuin's maxim: *Sapienter interrogare docere est.*

Wherever it was practicable—and in most cases it was—students came to our rooms or houses for conferences, often in the evening, where the setting and auspices were free from all academic formality or restraint. The discussions were partly like table-talk, in which each person felt a certain social responsibility; partly like poker, bluff and all, in which you played your hand to win. The best hours were likely to end with the question still in mid-air, winning to ground later somewhere outside, in another corner of the campus or at a club. It was the preceptor's business—and a lively business it was—to "clear the mind of cant," and steer the discussion with Socratic handling towards new and safe conclusions. We worked very hard, but without knowing it. For as preceptors to all the upper-class courses, and to the better lower-classmen, we had to make ourselves ready along the whole range of the department or subject. There was no cramp of specialization here. Nor was it long before the older professors, mainly attracted by the satisfaction of more intimate teaching, took their share in the preceptorial work, which made for even closer comradeship between colleagues of all ranks. "We are all preceptors," said Wilson, when the experiment was barely a year old, "our new method is taking its hold upon all of us."

One effect of the scheme upon which Wilson insisted was the steady day-to-day effort on the student's part, in contrast to the habit so prevalent of postponing any real engagement with his subject till the ineffectual cram under the lowering shadow of the examination. The advantage is obvious. To this end no preceptor gave tests, and the number and prestige of tests and examinations was much reduced. The preceptor gave no marks. At the end of the term he made an estimate of the value of the student's effort through the preceding weeks, which, by rule, counted for at least two-thirds in determining a student's final grade in the "course." He had also the duty of debarring from the final examination any student whose neglect of his reading and conferences during the term disqualified him from taking the examination. It is a matter of regret that some of these sinews of the scheme have since been relaxed.

As was expected, and indeed inevitable, intimacies developed between student and teacher; friendships to last for a lifetime took root. Every effort was made to bring congenial students

together with a congenial preceptor, and, where the congeniality proved deep and lasting, to continue the relationship in the successive terms, if possible to the end of the college course. One group, in fact, trying to perpetuate the happily discovered fun of reading and thinking, held itself together for many years beyond graduation, returning at stated periods to Princeton for "conferences" with its old preceptor. So fallen were the old guards between student and teacher that one lad artlessly recounted to his preceptor a mischievous prank which he thought would expel him, "if the Faculty should find it out!"

The function of a conference was not to impart information, nor to quiz, a fact which new preceptors have sometimes found it hard to conceive. Quizzing and "doping" are so much easier for teacher and student alike—until the student finds out in experience with a real preceptor what a real conference can be. For it is the preceptor's main concern to rouse the mental energies of the student, to guide him in safe and logical thinking, to show him how to read, to sensitize him to forces in books and nature and life—forces of which he had at best been only partly aware. And he soon finds from a foretaste that this is what he really wants. Forthwith he is no more content with dope and quiz.

To these ends you had to study your man and know where to begin with him. You had also to develop all the tact and sympathy and imagination you had in you, and practise yourself in every legitimate trick that a teacher can use, quicken your presence of mind and adroitness lest a unique occasion of making the right and timely stroke should slip. It was exciting, exhausting, but happy business. Here at last one found oneself in conditions ideal for teaching, of which one had dreamed but hitherto despaired.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!

Wilson made no claim of originality for his scheme. As he said, it was "based upon almost universal experience, upon what every teacher must have found out for himself, whether by way of interpreting his failures or of interpreting his successes; he always gets his best results by direct, personal, intimate intercourse with his pupils, not as a class but as individuals."

Furthermore, undergraduates are men growing, and should be so regarded and taught. "Teaching should have reality. There is too much lecturing and classroom work. Students should not be spoon-fed by textbooks and syllabi." The new scheme, therefore, is designed to set the student's mind in productive, self-propelled motion, to guide it into the habit of generating sound ideas of its own about his reading, about life in the world, about himself. And by a natural consequence, "the men will be using their mother tongue in careful writing, not for the sake of the language itself, but for the sake of releasing ideas and stating facts."

Of course, this new-old order of things, by this time irrevocably labeled the "preceptorial system," attracted admiring and wistful attention all over the land. Within a few weeks educators and journalists came running to "see how the system works." Of its subtler effects they could perceive little, but they were all aware of a strange generating power that permeated the whole place, and set every mind at all capable, whether young or old, tingling with new life and hope and effort. Scholarship went up, mischief and "discipline" declined, even sports and play improved in quality; and in due time graduates of Princeton under the "system" began to carry off top honors in professional schools elsewhere.

I have never found but one explanation of this mystery—for mystery it was. That was the vision and genius of Wilson. Only once or twice a year did he meet the preceptors in a body, but those were memorable occasions of free and friendly discussion. Otherwise most of us saw very little of him. But genius has subtler ways of imparting itself than by personal contact, and for the four great years from 1905 to 1909 the intellectual and spiritual pulse of the place rose to a quick and strong rhythm in response to his.

When you met the man in conference or in conversation, you at once felt a compulsion to be your best, not in self-consciousness nor to accredit yourself, but because something in him called for it, and anything but your best seemed unfitting. His personal presence was like the climate of a perfect October day—tranquil, genial, crisp, bracing, clear, and unveiled by the mists of mere "manner" or reserve or official caution.

It was perhaps this pervasive force which served as the chief

solvent of the wonted reserves between older and younger members of the faculty, as well as between teacher and student. And it thawed the barriers between specialty and specialty, so that many of us felt as never before the commonalty and family bond of learning; all of which immeasurably reinforced our teaching potential. Sometimes a shadow crossed the mind, a fear that anything so good, conditions happy beyond expectation, could not last—a fear, alas, too soon to be realized.

At the end of the first year of the "system" Wilson expressed his happy satisfaction with its early results. He was gratified not only by the new intimacies which it had created throughout the academic family, but also to find that the students were becoming "what every university student ought to be," reading men, and that they welcomed the change.

4

At the close of the second year of the new order a committee of seven trustees, with Wilson as its chairman, submitted to the Board the famous Report on the Social Coordination of the University, with an appended memorandum, whose immediate import was the proposal of residential colleges at Princeton. The report, bearing the unmistakable stroke of Wilson's hand in nearly every sentence, includes this memorable and momentous passage: "A university is first of all a place of study, a place in which to acquire a certain mastery in the use of the mind, in which to throw off crudities and gain a habit of thoughtful comprehension which is very different from a knowledge of set 'lessons' and a mastery of allotted tasks. . . . This is our chief thought and ideal for Princeton; and if we can in any considerable degree realize it every other good thing will come in its train—the companionships which stimulate and reward, the fun that clears the head and lightens the spirits, the zest of youth that is the true seed of real manhood. These things come only when a university is made a real community; its companionships academic and steeped in the atmosphere of a life so constituted as to feel all the deeper impulses of the place: a life in which teacher and pupil alike take a natural part on terms of spontaneous intimacy, and in which there is constant matter-of-course contact between men young and old. Contacts of mind

become the common accompaniment of social pleasure in such a community. Such is the purpose of the residential quads; and there is the abundant proof of long experience that they will accomplish it."

If this report does not become one of the permanent canons of education in this country, it will only be the fault of what Wilson used to call "historical accident." For we have seen, in the forty years since it was uttered, other great institutions than Princeton carrying its recommendations into distinguished effect, and the end is not yet. In these reforms Wilson had hoped to make Princeton a guiding precedent and example, which she was indeed already becoming by his edification. He said: "If we would give Princeton the highest distinction and that academic leadership in the country which she may now so easily gain, we must study at every turn the means by which to lift her intellectual life and achievements out of mediocrity not only, but also into such an order of naturalness and energy and distinction as shall make her by reason of her way of success a conspicuous model and example." To this end the student's experience in classroom and conference and his experience outside must interpenetrate one another. Sport is good. But "leisure ought to be enriched and diversified by the interests which study creates."

Thus in his usual philosophical way he proposed the so-called quads, not with the separate autonomy of the English colleges, but as a new segmentation of the university designed to break down the old barriers of classes and social adhesions which clogged the natural circulation of the mind in the body academic and made only for atrophy and degeneration. Such therapy was but corollary to the new life already quickening Princeton. "I have long foreseen," said Wilson, "the necessity of thus drawing the undergraduates together in genuinely residential groups in direct association with members of the faculty, as an indispensable accompaniment and completion of the preceptorial system and of all the other measures we have taken to quicken and mature the intellectual life of the university."

Each quad should be self-governing, with responsibility vested in the upper classmen. One member of the faculty at least would lodge and eat in the quad and preside over it, but the vertical circulation from top to bottom of the group should be as free as possible, giving the University "the kind of common

consciousness which apparently comes from the closer sorts of social contact . . . most easily to be got about a common table, and in the contacts of a common life."

It has often been said, even in print, somewhat sentimentally perhaps, that Wilson would have abolished the clubs because of their undemocratic social exclusiveness. It is a hasty inference which calls for sharp qualification. He was too respectfully conversant with human nature not to recognize that groups of congenial men would naturally form within a larger body, and indeed that such congeniality is a most useful medium for the impulses of mental growth. Said he: "Club life is based upon social instincts and principles which it would be impossible to eradicate. But these natural instincts and tendencies would, under the new order of things, undoubtedly express themselves in a different way, a much better way than at present—as they express themselves wherever men of congenial tastes find themselves in need of relaxation."

In spite of the renaissance through the preceptorial system, Princeton life, even in 1907, still tended too much to sever the social from the intellectual interests. "The social activities not only have no necessary connection with any of its serious tasks, but are, besides, exceedingly complex and absorbing; do in fact absorb the energies of the most active undergraduates in purely unacademic things."

It was not, therefore, their social exclusiveness, in the ordinary sense, which constituted the point of Wilson's real objection to the clubs as they existed in 1907, but their interference with the healthy and normal circulation of mind in Princeton. He urged not their extinction. Rather, he invited their cooperation with the new proposal by themselves becoming residential quads, admitting freshmen and sophomores, and so retaining their historical identity. "I cannot imagine," said he, "a service to the University which would bring more distinction, more *éclat* throughout the entire university world, or which would give to our present clubs a position of greater interest and importance in the history of academic life in America."

We should not forget that his vision included also the establishment in the midst of the University of a graduate college for advanced and specialized study of the liberal subjects. "We shall build it, not apart, but as nearly as may be at the very heart,

the geographical heart, of the university; and its comradeship shall be for young men and old, for the novice as well as for the graduate. It will constitute but a single term in the scheme of coordination which is our ideal." Thus it should be an active member of the academic organism, in constant, reciprocal, and lively intercourse with the rest of the academic body, under the same teachers and auspices.

Such was his vision for Princeton. Nor can any living man reasonably deny its glory. Perhaps it was too bright, too great, too manifold for the slower adjustment of ordinary focus to comprehend. With the bitter disappointment that awaited it, with those old, unhappy far-off days, we are not now concerned. It is enough perhaps for one who went through them, and who has for more than a generation, been, like Roger Ascham, "a looker-on in the cockpit of learning," to testify with others that the tremendous momentum and inspiration which Wilson gave to Princeton during the first decade of this century has not by any means yet spent itself. The preceptorial system has survived the vicissitudes of time, wind, and weather. Its seeds have germinated in other sheltered seminaries. The quads have gone elsewhere. But in mere systems and housings even of his own contriving, Wilson had no more faith than any other intelligent man. It is the human values alone, he insisted, which validate and authenticate any plan or method. And it was these values which he built up while he was here. Here lingers still much of his wisdom in the management and economy of the course of study; much of his contagion of learning, and his conception of teaching through intimate mutual understanding; much of his valuation of the individual student; much of his high Christian idealism as the synthetic focal point of all valid learning.

After the withdrawal of the proposal of residential colleges at Princeton, Wilson's utterances on education become more general in tone, and at times reflect a certain impatience with the myopia of American higher education. His essay, "What Is a College For?" which appeared in *Scribners* for November 1909 is a classic in the history of the subject. With unerring justice, prophetic authority, and crack shots of wit he traces the course and causes by which the colleges and universities have arrived at their present unhappy condition, and restates the remedies. In this essay appears the famous image of the circus and the

side show: "The side shows are so numerous, so diverting—so important, if you will—that they have swallowed up the circus, and those who perform in the main tent must often whistle for their audiences, discouraged and humiliated." And it ends with an aphoristic summary of his doctrine and effort in education: "Education . . . does not consist in courses of study. It consists of the vital assimilation of knowledge; and the mode of life—for the college as for the individual—is nine parts of the digestion."

In 1912 he wrote to his friend Robert Bridges: "I am very unhappy about Princeton." It is not surprising that at fifty-five he should review with disappointment the preceding twenty years, perhaps, as it then appeared, the high tide of his life. It might well seem to him that he had failed in his one great venture. It is an old story with a thousand versions in the history of the world, both remembered and forgotten. The power of his genius swept around and over the ruins of his immediate failure to a greater, less measurable success in its effect upon the education of the whole country. For most of the improvements which have come since his day are inherent in his criticism of our institutions, and in his admonitions and plans. The debt, unrecognized and unacknowledged—for so the old story always runs—is none the less real, though Woodrow Wilson would be the last to claim or assert it.*

* No finer portrait of Wilson exists than that by Bliss Perry in his book, *And Gladly Teach*. It is said that every good portrait-painter in painting another's portrait paints his own. Such a portrait of himself, unconsciously limned, Wilson has painted in his estimates of other men. When he says of Witherspoon, truly enough: "A certain straight-forward vigor in his way of saying things gave his style an almost irresistible power of entering into men's convictions," he unawares asserts the truth about Wilson. He notes in Jefferson: "a few simple convictions which really ruled his life and which always burned strongly within him, now in the gentle lambent flame of theory, again in the eager flame of action." Even at twenty-three, quite naively, he imputes to Gladstone his own "breadth of sympathy such as enables its possessor to take in the broader as well as the pettier concerns of life, with unconscious ease of apprehension and unfailing precision of judgment; to identify himself with interests far removed from the walks of his own life; to throw himself, as if by instinct, on that side of every public question which, in the face of present doubts, is in the long run to prove the side of wisdom and of clear-sighted policy; such a sympathy as makes a knowledge of men in him an *intuition* instead of an experience." Who will sift Wilson's writings for such shining fragments, and assemble them in an authentic portrait of Wilson by himself?

Paul Elmer More

[1864-1937]

A QUEST OF THE SPIRIT

BY WHITNEY J. OATES

THE figure of Paul Elmer More, as it appears in the annals of late nineteenth and early twentieth century thought and criticism, will always produce controversy. Some will dismiss him as a thwarted apostle of the "New Humanism" whose criticism ran into a sterile and rigid moralism, blindly insensitive to the aesthetic values of literature. Others will regard him as a literary critic who presumed to become a philosopher without benefit of the orthodox technical discipline of the profession. Still others will see in him a person who attempted to fashion a highly intellectualized version of Platonic Christianity. Perhaps alternatively it might be called a Christian Platonism—too heterodox to be accepted by Christian theologians, too refined to be available to many people, and finally too insubstantial in itself to compel its author to become a communicant in the church with which he professed his own complete sympathy. Another reaction can best be summarized by quoting a review in the metropolitan press of More's posthumous little volume, *Pages from an Oxford Diary*: "This measured, cultured voice, barely audible through the tumult and clangor of the day, reminds us of other religious messages—Santayana's 'Ultimate Religion,' some pages in Dean Inge's 'Vale'; learned disciples of the Savoyard Vicar—and of the Vicar of Bray. It is a comfort to know that such lives can still be lived; it is a pure joy to read such perfect prose; but not in such delicate hands shall we commit the care of our souls."

In limited ways these various strictures can be justified. But for each of these more or less unfriendly appraisals there is a powerful positive estimate to be made, each in turn reflecting only one aspect of this truly remarkable and many-sided man. And lying behind these aspects and fusing them indissolubly is the personality of a great human being—indeed, a man whom the genius of our specialized age finds it virtually impossible to

evaluate. The literary critic carps, the philosopher deplures, the theologian is suspicious, for More played all these parts, yet was greater than the sum of them.

Essayists and analysts of America's intellectual life have discussed in the past and will no doubt in the future determine accurately More's place in our tradition. It will be their task to consider specifically each of his critical and philosophical works, but they will err in their final estimate if they fail to take into account the personality behind the written work, and it is this personality which is revealed most clearly when viewed in its effect upon the life of Princeton University with which More was connected for the last twenty-three years of his life.

More's life was from his earliest days dominated by an unremitting intellectual and spiritual quest. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, of sturdy colonial stock, in the year before the close of the Civil War, he grew up in the midst of the rapidly developing Middle West which gave to the nation many of its great leaders in thought and action in the century to come. There is little of the extraordinary to be noted in the young boy and man. He passed through the public schools and obtained his undergraduate degree in 1887 from Washington University in the city of his birth. The varying fortunes of his family necessitated his taking an elementary teaching position before entering the university. He won his M.A. from his alma mater in 1892 and turned to Harvard where he received an M.A. in 1893 in Sanskrit and Pali. Thus to his already rich classical background he added training in the languages and culture of the Orient, which were destined to be influential on his later thought and which lent a distinctive character to his approach to philosophy and letters when compared with those whose cultural capital derived solely from the Occident.

At Harvard More met his lifelong friend and fellow ally in his quest, Irving Babbitt. During his student year at Harvard and in the next two when he was an assistant in Sanskrit, More saw much of Babbitt, and the two laid plans to form and develop a new humanism, which, they hoped, would eradicate the extravagances of romanticism in literature and criticism. They wished above all to reintroduce a culture whose base would rest upon the finest in our heritage from classical antiquity. The story of these two men, so alike in strength, feeling, and sense of goal, and yet

so different in temperament, quality of mind, and endowment, repays a more careful and detailed study than the limits of a single essay will permit. Suffice it to say that Babbitt reached early in his life a general formulation of his ultimate principles, lived them out and taught them throughout a long and brilliant career at Harvard without altering in any essential the basic features of this credo. More's pilgrimage in contrast led him from the academic life to the hermitage; to the hectic world of the newspaper, the weekly periodical, the everyday journalistic reviewing of books, the writing of literally hundreds of critical essays on a seemingly inexhaustible range of topics. Thence he turned to the life of scholar and teacher in a university and to the authorship of a multi-volumed magnum opus; and finally, with the wheel coming virtually full circle, he assumed the role of an eloquent proponent of the Christian position which perhaps had subconsciously sustained him through all the vagaries of shifting points of view.

Despite the apparent variety of his activities, More was and always remained a teacher—in a sense, a missionary who sought to find illumination for himself and for an age which to him was clearly out of joint. Unremittingly he struggled to share that illumination with his contemporaries through such means as were appropriate to his talent. In this and in the pervading spirit of quest, the unity and integrity of his life is to be found. In the light of these two basic characteristics apparent contradictions and oddities of behavior can be explained. For example, when he completed his two years of teaching at Harvard, he accepted, as a matter of normal academic routine, an appointment as associate in Sanskrit and Classical Literature at Bryn Mawr, a position which he filled with distinction for three years from 1895 to 1897. Here apparently another orthodox academic career was in the bud. But More felt then—and, be it said, more than a generation ahead of his time—the essential sterility of an unimaginatively applied, pseudo-scientific German method in the realm of literary scholarship. More knew that human values—the wisdom of the ages—lay deeply imbedded in the monuments of literature. Teutonic scientificism by its very nature and definition was incapable of laying hold on these values. Therefore on principle More refused to put himself through the Ph.D. mill. Because of this revolt from scholarly orthodoxy,

many an unfriendly critic in later years took delight in belaboring him for some technical inaccuracy or flaw in scholarship. Or when deep felt conviction led him to overemphasize some aspect of a poet or author which demanded attack, at the expense of a rounded presentation of his subject, a great hue and cry from traditional scholars inevitably arose. Perhaps More's writing would have profited had he been subjected to a more rigorous scholarly discipline. Whose would not? But in the main, such critics either resented More's academic nonconformity or else failed to understand the purpose of his polemic. In any event, the decision reached at Bryn Mawr not to follow the standard academic pattern led the young zealot to retire from the world, to live the life of a hermit, alone with a faithful dog, in a cabin in Shelburne, New Hampshire.

There is something delightful in picturing this supposedly stern arch-enemy of romanticism giving the loose to that most romantic of all impulses—to assume the mantle of a solitary meditator in the remote recesses of untrammelled nature. Professor Frank J. Mather has said, "One may surmise that a shrewd intuition of the incompatibility of teaching with his literary ambitions played some part in this retreat." Rather, it seems that More, self-excluded from the normal pattern of teaching, was using these years of solitude not only to deepen his understanding of what he would teach, but also to decide definitely upon the medium best suited to his talents and most effective for the dissemination of his ideas. To be sure, prior to the stay in Shelburne, More had tried his hand at verse. Though the poetry is creditable enough, and perhaps, as Mather has suggested, the one volume called *The Great Refusal, Being Letters of a Dreamer in Gotham*, "does not deserve the oblivion that has fallen upon it," More never seems to have taken himself too seriously as a poet. However, it is worth noting that at this time appeared his very best verse, in a volume of translations entitled, *A Century of Indian Epigrams Chiefly from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari*. But the real result of the isolation at Shelburne was the appearance of several first-rate critical essays. More had concluded that his medium should be literary criticism.

At the end of two years or so at Shelburne, More entered upon a decade and a half of the most intense literary activity in New York. At first he hoped as a free-lance critic to support

his wife, whom the financial proceeds of the writing at Shelburne had permitted him to marry, but in this hope he was doomed to disappointment. Hence in 1901 he became the literary editor of *The Independent* and two years later the literary editor of *The New York Evening Post*. Finally in 1909 he occupied the position of editor-in-chief of *The Nation*. During these years essays of distinction poured from his pen, and in addition to his own contributions he built the literary sections of the *Post* and *The Nation* into a position of literary authority in this country which has perhaps never been rivaled by any other organ since that time.

These were busy times for More. Not only did he perform the administrative functions of an editor but he also read vastly in connection with his own writing. He adopted for himself a rigid schedule of work. From Monday through Friday of each week he completed his editorial tasks, reserving each evening for reading on the particular critical problem on which he was currently absorbed. Saturdays and Sundays found him devoting twelve to sixteen hours each day to composition. He followed this routine unswervingly, and hence was able to extend his reading and at the same time to achieve the mastery in the writing of critical prose which all readers freely acknowledge. The eleven volumes of his Shelburne essays contain the fruit of this prodigious labor. Impressive they are, and yet they were bought at a price which More in his later years came to lament bitterly—a price that involved reducing to a minimum the human contacts with family and friends upon whose sustaining power he knew he ultimately relied.

2

A great day in More's life arrived when in 1914, at the age of fifty, he retired from *The Nation* and moved to Princeton to embark upon the great work of his life. A new epoch in the quest had come; a new medium for this irrepressible teacher was to be invoked. Consider his endowment at this crucial moment in his career. The literatures of Greece and Rome almost from his youth were his easy familiars. Ever since the Harvard days he had continually steeped himself in the poetry and thought of ancient India. English and American writing

from the grandest to the little known, as well as French, German, and Italian, the New York years had made his own. Here was a critic with a range greater than that of a Matthew Arnold, in whose tradition, as has often been observed, More follows. But at this point he no longer conceived his task to be that of a literary critic, but one whose obligation lay in recording a philosophy—a way of life. His purpose was to report, *in extenso*, his most satisfactory findings in his unceasing quest for those ultimate principles upon the basis of which, as he saw it, the good life must be lived. In 1914 More found these best expressed in Plato, and hence he chose as his vehicle of exposition a series of volumes to be called *The Greek Tradition*, the first of which was to be an introduction dealing with Platonism.

It may be impossible to define exactly More's attitude toward Christianity in 1914. Certainly it was not clarified as fully as it was in 1925, the most significant year of More's spiritual pilgrimage—the year of the *Oxford Diary*. In any event, central to the plan of *The Greek Tradition* at the outset was an examination of the relationships between Platonism and its derivative schools, on the one hand, and the development of Christianity in the early centuries of our era, on the other.

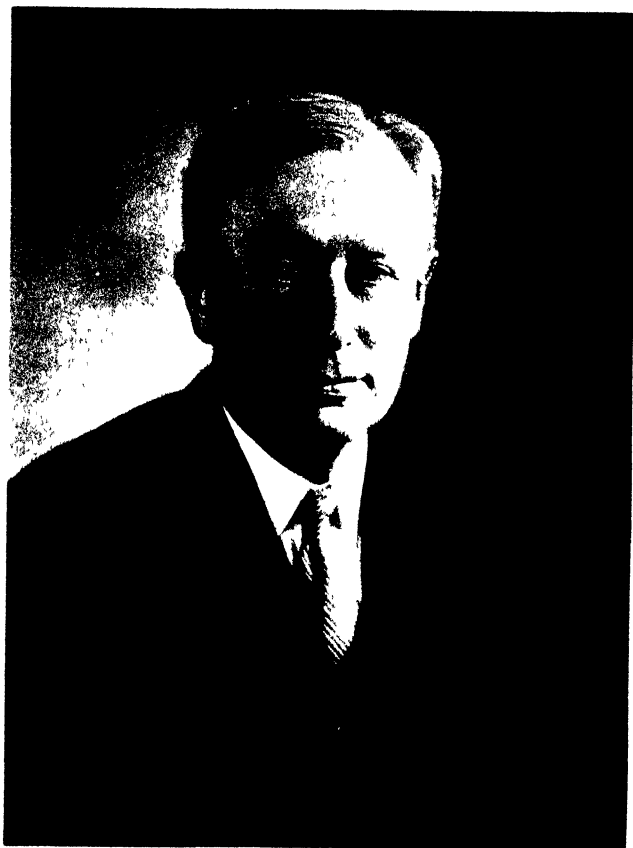
The work on the introductory volume proceeded rapidly, its first edition being published in 1917. The substance of the book was delivered as the Vanuxem Lectures at Princeton University in the autumn of that year. That More was not intending to make his study of Platonism and Christianity merely an historical analysis but rather a statement of a way of life is explicit in a sentence taken from the preface to *Platonism*: "It will be seen that my aim, in the present volume and in its projected sequels, is not so much to produce a work of history—though, of course, historical accuracy must be the first requisite—as to write what a Greek Platonist would have called a *Protrepticus*, an invitation, that is, to the practice of philosophy." Volume now followed volume in close succession. *The Religion of Plato* appeared in 1921, *Hellenistic Philosophies*, which includes remarkably fine chapters on the Stoics and Plotinus, in 1923, with *The Christ of the New Testament* and *Christ the Word* in 1924 and 1927 respectively. A second revised edition of *The Religion of Plato* was published in 1928, a third edition of *Platonism* in 1931, along with a complementary volume entitled *The Catholic Faith*

in the same year. This final work of the series consists of five long essays not strictly within the scope of *The Greek Tradition* itself, but rather in extension of some of its central theses. The most notable among these essays deal with Buddhism and Christianity, and with Christian mysticism.

More had clearly found in Princeton the ideal situation in which to carry on his quest. Soon after his coming to the community President Hibben invited him to become a lecturer in the Departments of Philosophy and Classics. Hence during the entire period up to his retirement in 1934 he lectured and held graduate seminars in one term of each academic year. Thus he was able to combine the requisite amount of time for his own reading and research with the immediate stimulation which he always found in the intimate contacts with younger minds. It must be said that with a few exceptions he found later in his life his most congenial associates among graduate students and the younger members of the University Faculty. These Princeton years produced much more than books. Not only were his colleagues stimulated—not to say irritated—by this Socratic gad-fly, but also numberless students benefited by an intellectual association which none of them will ever forget.

Of his later volumes, *The Sceptical Approach to Religion*, published in 1934, deserves special consideration. In a sense, this book, based upon a series of Lowell lectures delivered in Boston, epitomizes the author's mature religious and philosophical position, in that it distills the essence of *The Greek Tradition*. More, true to the model of his masters, Socrates and Plato, adopts the attitude of a healthy skeptic and, as preliminary to his whole argument, establishes as his point of departure the immediate feeling of approval or disapproval which all men experience following any moral action. With compelling logic, More advances from this datum, until he has constructed in its full form the particular version of Platonic Christianity which he believes ultimately satisfactory. But though More's Christianity is built solidly and unquestioningly around the doctrine of the Incarnation, the elements of Platonism in it are too strong to make it palatable to the orthodox among theologians.

It is illuminating to examine the background which lies behind More's "heretical" position. In the first place, philosophically he considered the facts of immediate experience to be valid in



PAUL ELMER MORE

some ultimate sense. To him these were data from which there was no legitimate appeal. Secondly, More, again in the tradition of Plato, honored the reason and rational process as the highest powers that have been vouchsafed to man, yet he never ceases to attack the abuse of reason, that is, pure rationalism that does violence to the immediate facts of experience. *Intellectus sibi permissus*, reason run riot, is a recurrent phase in his writing. To illustrate: many an aspect of immediate experience invites us to adopt the position of a radical dualism, and for More this was decisive; he was content, in the spirit of a Plato, to accept this dualism as something given, however insatiable is the demand of reason to reduce all things to a monism. The *intellectus sibi permissus* produces monisms that violate facts; and though it persuades, though it talks like an angel, though its seduction is all but overwhelming, for More it must be resisted with all the power of one's moral and intellectual integrity. Thus More could point to the ultimate emptiness of Aristotle's conception of God as delineated in Book XII of the *Metaphysics* as "contemplation of contemplation" or to the vacuity of Plotinus' Absolute, and say in effect, "Give rein to reason and this is the result." Or, as once happened in one of his graduate seminars, when a student was seriously advancing the claims of a rationalism that would reduce all to one, More remarked, with a combination of acerbity and good humor: "What? You're not another damned monist, are you?"

These two points, the validity of the facts of inner experience and the dangers of unbridled rationalism, must be borne in mind in order to understand More's Platonic Christianity. In the light of these two tenets, More regarded the brute fact of evil in human experience, whether at the cosmic level, or in moral terms, or in terms of human or animal suffering, as that element in reality which the theologian and philosopher alike must conjure with above all. Though obviously More recognized the insolubility of the problem of evil, believing it to lie beyond the powers of the finite human mind, deep in the mysteries of the universe, none the less he felt obligated to evolve, or adopt the best working theory of evil possible, one that was closest in accord with all relevant evidence. He therefore bluntly criticized some of the standard hypotheses concerning the nature and origin of evil. The Stoic theory, for example, which

a totally unjustified optimism denies the existence of evil was to More radically untenable. Nor would he tolerate any rationalistic attempt to apologize for evil as somehow the source of good. Common sense cried out too loudly to the contrary. In a way, the existence of animal suffering was curiously decisive in More's thinking on the problem of evil. Again and again in his conversation he would revert to this item of evidence and insist that any hypothesis must be tested by the degree to which it recognized fully the element of subhuman pain.

It is no wonder, then, that More found the Platonic theory of evil, as it emerges in the great myth of the creation in the *Timaeus*, most congenial to his own attitude and temper of mind. According to Plato, God undertakes the act of creation because He is good and because He wishes to make the world as much like Himself as possible. However, He does not create *ex nihilo*, for Plato postulates the existence of two other elements in reality which co-exist with God in eternity. The first is the whole realm of Ideas, those absolute entities outside of space and time, which function as norms or standards of reality and value. These are extrinsic to God, but in His mind He comprehends them completely and perfectly. The second co-existing element Plato designates in various ways. He calls it alternatively the "matrix," or "Necessity" or "disordered motion." In a sense, this element is the stuff, the raw material, which is molded by the Creator as He proceeds in His cosmic undertaking. Plato's powerful image is that of a great Artist fashioning His work of Art out of the stuff of Necessity but with His eye firmly fixed upon His models, the Ideas, the ultimate and fundamental principles in reality. But in the myth Plato accounts not only for the creation but also for the existence of evil in the universe. He answers the question *unde malum* by assigning to the "matrix," or "Necessity," or "disordered motion" a latent but stubborn resistance to the creative activity of God. God, of course, performed His task magnificently, yet the inordinate recalcitrance of the "disordered motion" was sufficiently powerful to prevent Him from completing it with absolute perfection. Hence human beings, when they observe those areas in the world which fall short of perfection, when they observe what one scientist has called "the inherent depravity in things," can identify the

source in "Necessity," and are consequently not compelled to assume that in some sense God is responsible.

Such basically is the Platonic theory of creation and its corollary theory of evil which More accepted and carried over into his version of Christianity. Without doubt he found it profoundly satisfying. Above all it allowed him to explain the stark factuality of evil without having to admit either that God's goodness was not complete or to fall back on the standard explanation that man's mind cannot fathom God's inscrutable ways and that evil is in our universe for a mysterious purpose which man can never understand. On the other hand, the Platonic theory appealed to More because in a sense it brings God nearer to man; He likewise struggles as man struggles. Also in the light of this theory man can see more clearly the work of God in all that is good in the universe. Thus More can react with strong emotion when he views the order and beauty of nature, and can feel that a truly benevolent and perfect God has wrought this wonder. As he writes so eloquently in an extended section in *Pages from an Oxford Diary*: "The final answer to my questioning was given in a vision of beauty one perfect day.—Before me lay the outspread valley of the Severn, divided by dark green lines of hedge and grove into squares of lighter green where the corn grew tall, and of golden brown where the new-mown hay was drying in the sun. It made a scene wonderfully calm and sweet and rich; 'earth has not anything to show more fair,' I said to myself, with better right than the poet looking over London.

"And from the present my mind turned backwards to the long ages, the incalculable years, of preparation through which the land had passed before it was made fit for this fruitful cultivation; the fiery convulsions that had tossed up the earth into a sea of mountains, the vast sweep of water that by slow attrition had scooped out this wide channel, and then contracting, had left it a fertile champaign. Earth and air and fire and water had all contributed their part, blindly and, as it were, reluctantly, to the fashioning of a perfect home for the sons of men." Then More looks to the "lust and greed and fear and hate" of men which like the elements of nature have functioned "in the unfolding order."

More passes in review the various philosophies which have

sought to account for this order. One by one he rejects them. Epicurean chance, Stoic law, modern Darwinism which seeks to combine chance and law—none of these systems can stand the test—nor does the Hindu reduction of this life to an illusion satisfy. So More concludes, "If we see plan or purpose, then there is no holding back from the inference of the theist.—As for me, the writing on the face of the earth is too clear to leave place for hesitation. I can read nothing but this: a will and intelligence working out a design, a person striving to accomplish some purpose through slowly yielding difficulties, a God." And finally he summarizes, with his last word significantly bearing upon the problem of evil: "So far we seem to see: that the materials, so to speak, of the animate and the inanimate realm, the brute elements and the brutal passions have in themselves no tendency to restraint and government, but rather a tendency to operate each in its own way to the ruin of harmony and peace and beauty and happiness. That is to say, the materials in which the plan of creation is wrought seem of themselves not to be evil in the sense that they have any malignant purpose or design, but to be evil in the sense that of themselves they are totally devoid of purpose and only imperfectly amenable to design. This is not to explain the why and wherefore of evil, or to evade its preposterous reality by calling it a pure negation. It is just to leave it there, as Plato left it: the dark Necessity."

In substance, in formulating his own religious position, More found himself faced with two alternatives. On the one hand, orthodox Christian theology presented him with its doctrine of an unlimited and all-powerful Deity, in terms of whose supremacy and power the fact of evil must be explained. On the other hand, there was the Platonic doctrine of a limited Deity, marked by complete goodness and perfection, whose character, when infused into the Hebraic-Christian God, fulfills all the needs of finite man as an object of worship and as a source of cosmic purpose. This God, though limited, was revealed in history through the Incarnation, and is the source of redemption and salvation for all men, but (and this was fundamental for More) not in any possible sense responsible for evil. At the end of his long quest More chose the latter alternative. The theological or rational satisfaction inherent in the doctrine of an unlimited

Deity could not outweigh in his mind the onus of evil which in More's mind this doctrine inevitably placed upon God. Far better it was to accept the theological liability, conceive of God as perfect love and be able to face, without attributing them to God, those evil features of the human predicament whose terrible existence man cannot doubt.

Such was More's position in 1925, when he wrote his *confessio fidei*, the *Pages from an Oxford Diary*, and so far as one can tell, he never departed from this central core of belief for the remainder of his life. Each successive essay or book as it appeared consolidated anew the defenses for the position or applied it freshly in areas which More had hitherto not touched.

3

During these years he became more closely bound up with Princeton University. In the University the vitality of his point of view, and the uncompromising manner in which he expressed it, either in lecture or in informal argument, won him devoted friends but many bitter opponents. In particular, disciples of romanticism were quick to attack. They kept insisting that More turned literary criticism into a moral enterprise, and, in turn, accused him of being incapable of aesthetic appreciation. Or again, when More chose to make a moral slogan out of the phrase, "the inner check" (perhaps more elegantly denominated "the will to refrain" by his friend Babbitt) the opposition made great capital of its negativism. In a way, More's critics have some justification for their views, but the justification lies often in their forgetting that for More, save in his very early days, literary criticism was rarely an end in itself. Almost always the work of literature under consideration in an essay served as the precipitant for a discussion of some ethical, religious, or theological problem. So far as the "inner check" is concerned, it merely restates, perhaps not too felicitously, a positive moral principle which has been at the heart of the Western tradition from Greek antiquity to the present.

A famous incident on the Princeton campus illustrates well one aspect of More's relation to the community. A group of the Modern Language faculty and students invited him in the hey-day of Marcel Proust's fame to address them on the great novel,

A la Recherche du Temps Perdu. More accepted, when he was given to understand that his audience would be small and the occasion informal. However, word spread abroad that the great local "neohumanist" was to speak on Proust and when More appeared the room was filled to overflowing, mainly with what might be called aesthetic formalists. After a somewhat cursory bow to the undoubted literary powers of Proust, More launched into a violent attack upon the view of life which Proust in some measure presents. In the controversy that arose More did less than justice to Proust's positive moral purpose in laying bare the degeneracy of French society. At any rate, it was many days before the reverberations of that evening died away. The accusations took various forms, and in so far as they asserted that More had given a distorted view of Proust, they were no doubt valid. The simple fact of the matter was that More had merely taken this occasion to elaborate his own position, which involved obviously the view that the *meaning* of art and literature is supremely important. He was insisting implicitly that in the perspective of a total view of life, traditionally Platonic and Christian, the artistic merits of Proust were not overly relevant. In private conversation afterward, More discoursed at length on these very merits, but he continued in his conviction that his task did not lie in that quarter, but rather in evaluating the comprehensive philosophical issues at stake. It is interesting to speculate on what the response to that same address might have been if it had been delivered a decade and a half later to an audience which had known its second World War, and thus did not take so seriously the doctrine of art for art's sake.

The opposition of romantically minded students and colleagues was only one side of More's influence upon the University. As he grew older, an ever larger number of graduate students and young faculty members, whose interest lay in literature, criticism, and religion, sought him out. Powerful minds always attract disciples, and in this respect it is interesting to contrast the experience of More with that of Babbitt at Harvard. Babbitt's dynamism brought to him hosts of followers, but many of them unhappily tended to parrot the views of the master. More's younger intimates, on the other hand, rarely if ever adopted his "dogmatisms"; in fact, often they were inclined to disagree sharply with one aspect or another of his general position. How-

ever, they marveled at his great range of learning, his fund of wisdom, and the strength of his convictions. And More, like the truly great teacher that he was, never attempted to impose his doctrines upon another, but rather realized fully the greatest principle in education: that each individual must forge for himself his conclusions, his convictions, his intellectual and spiritual integrations, if they are to be worth the name.

These were great years for the younger men who were fortunate enough to see More frequently. Anyone who knew him then could give the lie to his reputation for austerity and inaccessibility. The case was quite the contrary. More was always urbane and affable, full of good humor and wit, quite ready to make fun of himself, and to temper the sharp edges of his printed utterances, if his polemic became too extravagant, as it often did. During this period the regular habit of his days was divided between study and association with people. Each morning found him first spending fifteen to thirty minutes reading the Old Testament in Hebrew, a language which he began to study when he was about sixty. Then followed a period devoted to work on the writing project then in progress. After luncheon and a rest, he walked the mile and a half from his house to the center of town, where promptly at four o'clock he entered The Balt, the local twenty-four hour a day restaurant, to have his afternoon cup of coffee. It was here that his younger friends met him, and it was here that More, like a modern Dr. Johnson, dominated conversations of almost infinite variety. Contemporary trends in literature, the essence of Platonism, oriental mysticisms, methods of teaching, the theology of the Church Fathers, the poetry of Horace, the villainy of a rigidly inflexible Ph.D. system, the philosophical dogmas of science, social and economic problems, all were covered at one time or another. Nor did the group always consist of younger men. Not infrequently Dean Robert K. Root of the University Faculty was present or Professor Frank Mather of the Art Department, More's life-long friend with whom he waged an unending but amicable intellectual war.

Usually More spent his evenings with friends, playing bridge or in conversation, or playing the flute, very badly it must be added, with patient musical acquaintances. At one time, he organized a theological discussion group at which papers were

read by laymen and clergy of the Anglican and Roman Catholic communions. Distinguished people from this country and abroad were often guests in his house, and each visit was the occasion of stimulating conversation in which many of More's friends shared. For relaxation, More was an inveterate reader of detective stories, of which he had a special collection set apart in one section of his library, each carefully marked with his estimate of its merit. He used to say laughingly that he hoped to bequeath to posterity the largest and finest collection of mystery novels that had ever been gathered together, adding slyly that it was thoroughly appropriate for him, a critic who was always reducing literature to morality, to be devoted to the detective story, for in that form alone justice invariably triumphs.

As the years passed, more essays were composed, an imposing anthology of sixteenth and seventeenth century theological writers was edited in collaboration with F. L. Cross, and a new volume on Aristotle was projected as a supplement of *The Greek Tradition*. But suddenly in 1935 a severe illness forced him to undergo a serious operation which succeeded in extending his life for two years. After a period of intense suffering immediately following the operation, More rallied and for a time was able to resume his writing, but soon it became apparent that with each day his strength was failing. The conversations at the coffee hour now took place in More's living room. As the months passed and he was confined to bed, one or two of his intimates by turns would see him daily in his sick-room. Soon these afternoon visits were changed to brief meetings at noon when regularly his close friend, the Reverend John Crocker, then the Episcopal chaplain of the University, read the prayers for the day. Many remember More's inspiring spiritual and physical courage as he met each new onslaught of pain and each fresh inroad of disease. Fortunately his faculties of mind remained unimpaired. The body was wasted, his sight was all but gone, but the mind and, curiously, also his rich and resonant voice remained. If one were with him as the hour of twilight approached before the lights came on, it was impossible to believe that the voice which spoke such wonderful words was coming from a man near death.

More, for reasons never adequately expressed, did not choose

to identify himself formally with any Christian Church, though of course he felt closest to the Protestant Episcopal communion in his later years. He would often say that he felt he could help the cause more effectively by writing on its behalf as an outsider rather than from within, yet it is very doubtful whether More was really able to be convinced by this argument. Perhaps he could not enter the Church because of some vestige of the powerful individualism that was so dominant a part of his character. As his last illness advanced, the question again came up when an Episcopal bishop expressed the wish that he might be confirmed. More thought the matter over carefully for two or three days and then declined, stating that his life was a matter of record and for good or ill he would have to take his stand on it.

The last effort of his life was to prepare the *Pages from an Oxford Diary* for publication. Twelve years had elapsed since he composed it in Oxford, originally with the intention that it should be for no eye but his own, as a personal record of his thought on ultimate things. Two or three years later, he discussed the possibility of publication with his close friend T. S. Eliot, but no decision was reached, so the manuscript was filed away. It was not touched until it was discovered among his papers a few weeks before his death. More then asked two or three of his associates for their judgment concerning the advisability of its publication. Opinion was unanimously in the affirmative and so More set himself to the labor of revision. His friends and his daughter took turns in reading aloud the manuscript to him and transcribing his corrections. The sense of style and form that makes his prose a joy to read was with him still, and the last task of his life was speedily completed. Three days later the long pilgrimage of his life was over.

Those who were with him in the last weeks felt somehow a humble kinship with the companions of Socrates: with Crito, Phaedo, and the rest. For they knew that they had witnessed the death of a true philosopher, one who had lived his belief to the end.

David Graham Phillips [1867-1911]

VICTORIAN CRITIC OF VICTORIANISM

BY ERIC F. GOLDMAN

PRINCETON'S Class of '87 was sharply divided into cliques. Not many of the eighty-six members knew the chubby, pink-cheeked young man who came only for his last two years. Some of those who did admired the pungency of his conversation, the ease with which he quoted the Bible, Shakespeare, Byron, even Juvenal. Others were less impressed. One classmate, also struck by Phillips' fluency, dubbed him "Louis Philippe La Bouche." Another, of a Y.M.C.A. persuasion, decided he had enough of Phillips when he heard him remark: "I am an agnostic. At fifteen I examined all of the claims to the inspiration of the Scriptures and found them valueless." Phillips was undisturbed. He glided through his courses with no midnight oil and many an honor mark, got off a number of forceful speeches in Whig Hall, then glided out into the world.

If Phillips meant little to Princeton's undergraduate life, his Princeton years also meant little to him. Almost immediately after graduation, college faded into a casual, if pleasant, episode of his life; the membership which he was to maintain in the Princeton Club of New York City meant no more to him than his membership in two other New York clubs. The background that marked Phillips far more deeply was lovely old Madison, Indiana, nestled in a bend of the Ohio where the Indiana and Kentucky hills seem almost to meet. Once the steamboat had made Madison a bustling port on the routes connecting Cincinnati and Louisville, Pittsburgh and New Orleans. By 1867, when Phillips was born, the railroads had chosen other towns as foci. Madison was settling back into an unbus-tling comfort and would soon take something of a part in the Indiana literary boom that brought into national prominence, by the turn of the century, Phillips, Meredith Nicholson, Booth Tarkington, George Ade, and James Whitcomb Riley. In the Indiana of Phillips' boyhood anyone you met on the street was

likely to be writing a book, a poem, or, at least, an autobiography. "At Indianapolis," Meredith Nicholson recalled, "the end seemed to have been reached when a retired banker, who had never been suspected, began to inveigle friends into his office on the pretense of business, but really to read them his own verses. Charles Dennis, a local journalist, declared that there had appeared in the community a peculiar crooking of the right elbow and a furtive sliding of the hand into the left inside pocket, which was an unfailing preliminary to the reading of a poem."

The elder Phillips, a prosperous bank official, had no literary pretensions himself, but his two-story white frame house was filled with books and an atmosphere that encouraged reading them. Before David Graham was twelve, he had romped through all of Victor Hugo, Walter Scott, and Charles Dickens; he went over and over the Bible, which rested on the mantelpiece when it was not having its regular reading before meals. At vigorous little Indiana Asbury (now DePauw) University, his roommate and closest friend was another word-minded young man, Albert J. Beveridge. In the winter's dawn, Phillips would admiringly watch him make a path across the snows to strengthen his voice against the winds. In the evening the two would spend long hours matching points and phrases, Beveridge telling his friend again and again that anyone who talked so well could not fail as a writer. Beveridge was graduated in 1885 and started talking his way into the United States Senate and almost into the White House. Phillips shifted to Princeton for his last two years—apparently because his parents wanted to give his education an Eastern finishing—but he remained an Indiana boy following the influences of his youth and the advice of his friend. The day he was graduated he set out after a reporter's job.

From the Indiana background came also the matrix of Phillips' thinking. Except for a few years while he worked on Cincinnati papers, his permanent home was New York City and at one time or another he visited most of the capitals of Western Europe. But Phillips never became reconciled to the urban industrialism of his period. The grapple-and-grab of corporate practices, the brazen corruption of urban political machines, the numerous parvenus "dressed like prostitutes" and the numerous prostitutes themselves—these and other big city

phenomena seemed downright indecent to the product of smaller, poorer, Bible-reading Madison. With indignant disgust Phillips described a family that spent almost three-quarters of a million dollars in one year of living on Fifth Avenue; the phrases he helped to popularize, like "Park Avenue Parasite" and "The Interests," spoke his most intense social emotions. Had Phillips gone into politics, he undoubtedly would have stood beside his friend Beveridge in the senator's assault on raw industrialism and its by-products.

As a writer, Phillips became the muckraker incarnate. Like almost all the major figures in the muckraking movement, he came to it after striking success in conventional reportorial and editorial work. Three years in Cincinnati, seven years in New York, and Phillips had reached the pinnacle of journalism for his day—editorial writing for Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*. While he was working on the *World*, his name began appearing regularly in *McClure's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Everybody's*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and other mass circulation magazines that were featuring exposures of corruption in business and politics. "Swollen Fortunes," "The Power Behind the Throne," "David B. Hill," "The Men Who Made the Money Trust," "The Madness of Much Power"—Phillips' long list of magazine articles gave his name a sensational ring throughout the nation. None of the muckrakers, not even Lincoln Steffens, excelled him in a sense of where the muck could be found or in the flair for making each dirty detail carry a heavy onus of shame.

At the same time that Phillips was shocking his weekly readers, he began carrying muckraking over into novels. In 1901 he made his first try, under the pseudonym of John Graham. *The Great God Success*, a novelized muckraking of journalism itself, went so well that the next year Phillips resigned from the *World* to stake his career on free-lance writing. His meticulous, driving habits of work had long been the subject of wisecracks in the easy-going circles of Park Row. Now his concentration became still more intense, and took still more unusual forms. From about 11 p.m. to 5 or 6 a.m., seven nights a week, Phillips stood before a writing board in his Gramercy Park apartment. When he traveled, the soft lead pencils and the short sheets of rough yellow paper went along with him.

The words poured out at the rate of six to seven thousand every night—seventeen novels, averaging 100,000 words apiece, over fifty magazine articles, a play, and a book of nonfiction in the decade between his first novel and his death. Phillips' literary executor found in his desk the galley proofs of a two-volume novel and the completed manuscripts of four other novels and a dozen short stories. And his method was anything but slapdash. "People sometimes say that I write too fast . . .," he once protested. "They don't know anything about it. I don't believe any one ever wrote more slowly and laboriously. Every one of my books was written at least three times—and when I say *three times*, it really means nine times, on account of my system of copying and revision."

The result of Phillips' prodigious efforts was the same success as a novelist which he had enjoyed in everything else he tried. Most of his novels were serialized in mass circulation magazines, usually the *Saturday Evening Post*. When they appeared as books, they sold widely, often vaulting into the best-seller class. They were given extensive attention by the day's most prominent critics. Some of this attention was anything but flattering, but H. L. Mencken, in an unwonted burst of praise, flatly named Phillips the best American novelist of the period. Frank Harris went still further. Having declared Phillips "the greatest writer of novels in English, with much of the power and richness and depth of Balzac in him," Harris added: "I would rather have written *The Hungry Heart* and *The Light Fingered Gentry* than *Anna Karenina* itself." Today, when Phillips' novels lie untouched in second-hand stores, such praise sounds amazing. It leaves a reader of the novels incredulous, for the books are conspicuously mediocre in structure and style. They show a good newspaperman's sense of details and sometimes almost achieve a Zolaesque realism. But the plots are too often worked out by forced coincidences; the language is turgid even for the standards of the day; no character that Phillips created and very little of his dialogue is really convincing. Phillips could sound like the worst of the drug-store favorites of his time. There were many passages no better than the fatuous death scene in *The Second Generation*: "Lorry stood straight as a young sycamore for an instant, turned toward

Estelle. 'Good-bye—my love!' he said softly, and fell, face downward, with his hands clasping the edge of her dress."

Obviously the enthusiasm for Phillips' novels came from the fact that he offered vigorous criticism of the *status quo* to a generation avid for revolt. *The Plum Tree* and *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig* muckraked national political corruption; *George Helm*, state corruption; and *The Conflict*, municipal corruption. The insurance scandals that made the investigating reputation of Charles Evans Hughes also formed the factual and emotional basis of *The Light Fingered Gentry*. *The Second Generation* has quite accurately been called "an editorial in novel form" against the industrial ethics of the day. Other novels, notably *The Husband's Story*, *The Hungry Heart*, and *Old Wives for New*, blustered away at the institution of marriage as it existed among the rich. It is entirely appropriate that after five years as a novelist Phillips should have written a series of magazine articles which brought the whole literature of exposure the name by which it is known in history.

2

Early in 1905, Charles E. Russell, another Midwestern newspaperman turned muckraker, was sitting in the Senate press gallery watching the "row of well-fed and portly gentlemen, every one of whom, we knew perfectly well, was there to represent some private (and predatory) Interest." It occurred to Russell that he ought to write a series of articles based on "the fact that strictly speaking we had no Senate; we had only a chamber of butlers for industrialists and financiers." Russell quickly sold the idea to William Randolph Hearst, who had just taken over the *Cosmopolitan* and was still hopeful enough of the Presidency to be interested in reform. But Russell was soon off on a trip around the world for *Everybody's* and Phillips was persuaded to leave his fiction to take over the job.

The title of Phillips' series, "The Treason of the Senate," represented the tone of the nine articles. "The Senate," Phillips wrote, "is the eager, resourceful, indefatigable agent of interests as hostile to the American people as any invading army could be, and vastly more dangerous; interests that manipulate the prosperity produced by all, so that it heaps up riches for the

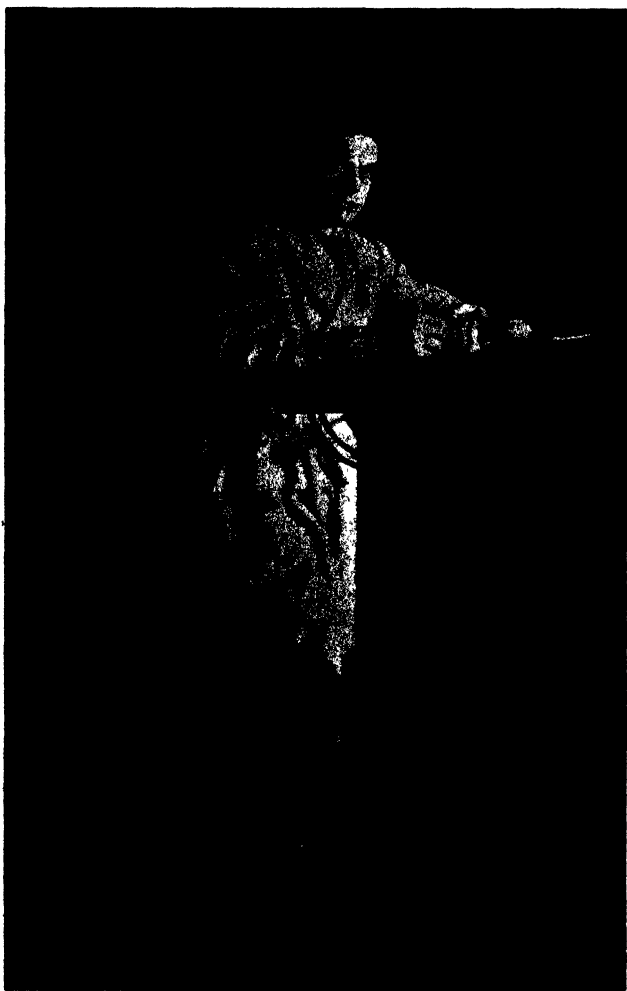
few; interests whose growth and power can only mean the degradation of the people, of the educated into sycophants, of the masses toward serfdom." Then, with a spectacular wealth of detail (Gustavus Myers, who was later to make his own reputation as a muckraker of the Supreme Court, did the research for Phillips), the articles went down the list of the Senate's biggest names and identified most of them with specific corporate interests. "The Treason of the Senate" was not always accurate; at times exclamation points had to serve for facts. But the series was accurate enough to infuriate conservatives more than any muckraking had done up to that time and to set off Theodore Roosevelt, who had heretofore been considered something of a muckraker's President. The first article assailed the President's old friend Senator Chauncey Depew as a well-paid servant of "the ignorant and greedy and criminal policy" of the Vanderbilts. Roosevelt claimed that he spoke out to comfort "poor old Chauncey," who was in the midst of serious personal troubles. Lincoln Steffens believed that Roosevelt was more influenced by a hunch that the public was growing tired of muckraking and a consequent desire to disassociate himself from a dying fad. Whatever the motivation, the President took the occasion of a Gridiron Dinner to deliver an attack on the whole school of reform-by-exposé. Such writers, Roosevelt said, always looked at the muck on the floor and never at the heavens above, like the man with the muck-rake in the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress*. And from then on the word muckraking was in the language to stay.

But muckraking itself, at least in the style of "The Treason of the Senate," was on the way out. Whether Roosevelt had guessed the fact or not, the public was sated, and the New York banks, encouraged by the favorable reception of the President's attack, began cracking down on magazines which featured muckraking. Phillips was so upset by the train of events he had started that Charles Russell spent many an hour trying to convince him that the effects of "The Treason of the Senate" series were not all harmful to the reform movement. Russell was certainly right in the sense that most of the senators Phillips had assailed were soon retired from the Senate. Moreover, "The Treason of the Senate" is generally considered a major catalyst of the direct election of senators, which came by constitutional

amendment eight years after the magazine series. But Russell's consolings and encouragements in 1905 did not accomplish much. The remaining five years of Phillips' life were dominated by a concern that had never been closely associated with muckraking. Somewhere in his thinking about the evils of a business civilization, Phillips' attention had been caught by the institution of marriage as it existed among the urban wealthy. He had touched upon this theme in some of his earlier novels. Now his more important novels were to focus on the "woman's problem."

It is one of those interesting futilities to speculate why Phillips, alone of all the important muckrakers, should have become so involved in feminism. One line of inquiry would certainly emphasize the fact that he was a bachelor, and the inseparable companion of an adoring sister. Women are most likely to seem the "woman's problem" to spinsters, bachelors, and others for whom the relationship between the sexes is not normal enough to let them forget the relationship. Minor details suggest how intricately Phillips' personal life was entwined with his feminism. Always inclined to be pudgy, he dieted rigorously, dressed meticulously—and, in his writings, reserved his sharpest barbs for women who permitted themselves to become fat and slovenly. Bordering on the neurotic in his own suspicion of doctors, he lashed away at "our idle, overeating, lazy women who will not work, who will not walk, who are always getting something the matter with them."

Without benefit of Freud, it is not difficult to see how Phillips drifted into feminism. Among all the causes pushing for reformist attention in the early twentieth century, none was more strident than that of the "emancipationists." A century of rapidly expanding industrialism had created thousands of leisure class families whose female members had time to think about how their time should be spent. In Phillips' novel-writing period the feminist movement had reached a particularly explosive stage—it had gone far enough to gather great force and not far enough to satisfy its zealots. The year 1900 was a long way from the 1860's, when ladies sometimes dined on roast beef in their boudoirs so that they might show a proper indifference to food at the table and when Lady Gough's *Etiquette* instructed: "The perfect hostess will see to it that the-



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

works of male and female authors be properly separated on her bookshelves. Their proximity unless they happen to be married should not be tolerated." But even in 1900, the suffragette movement had barely tasted its first American triumphs, women were barred by custom from most professional activities, and sex was still a subject for fantastic circumlocutions. In 1900 emancipating women seemed an exciting crusade, especially when the cause could be aided by blasts at the asininities of the newest newly rich.

Muckraker Phillips certainly managed to make his feminism emancipation by defamation. His favorite subjects were parvenus, and from them he generalized a picture of marriage among the rich that made it a gaudy restlessness for both wife and husband. The trouble started, Phillips was sure, from an education that prepared a woman neither for usefulness nor for genuine cultural interests. As a result, her adult interests were ramshackle and ridiculous, like those of Edna in *The Husband's Story*, who "took I don't know how many lessons a week for I don't know how many years. She learned nothing about music. She merely learned to strum on the piano. But, after all, the lessons attained their real object. They made Edna's parents and Edna herself and all the neighbors feel that she was indeed a lady. She could not sew. She could not cook. . . . She didn't know a thing that would help her as a woman, wife, or mother. But she could play the piano!" The Ednas had nothing to offer in marriage except their bodies, and hence were party to an essentially fraudulent attitude, "the pretense of superhuman respect and deference the American man—usually in all honesty—affects toward woman—until he marries her, or for whatever reason becomes tired and truthful. . . . Beneath 'chivalry's' smug meaningless professions [are] the reality, the forbearance of 'strength' with 'weakness,' the graciousness of superior for inferior."

After a few years of living with such vapidly, Phillips insisted, the husband inevitably began to find his business and his business friends far more interesting than his wife. "The American woman fancies she is growing away from the American man," he said through one of his characters. "The truth is that while she is sitting still, playing with a lapful of artificial flowers of fake culture, like a poor doodle-wit, the American

man is growing away from her. . . . He has no time or taste for playing with artificial flowers when the world's important work is to be done. So the poor creature grows more isolated, more neglected, less respected, and less sought, except in a physical way." To fill their minds and their days, wealthy women turned to money-squandering, feigned illnesses, vicious social climbing, bridge. And "if it weren't bridge," Phillips added, "it would be something else. Bridge is a striking example, but only a single example, of the results of feminine folly and idleness that all flow from the same cause."

So savage was Phillips' criticism of wealthy women that, standing alone, it would represent the very negation of feminism. But all the criticism was in a context that absolved women of guilt and placed it on a society which, Phillips emphasized again and again, was dominated by men. It was the men, his novels argued, who insisted that women be trained for perpetual childhood and banned from all experiences that might permit them to transcend their training; it was the men who then viewed with condescension, if not contempt, the products of their own demands. No feminine novelist of Phillips' day spoke more vigorously the feminist claim of mistreatment. To make the point more strongly, he usually picked not a boor but an intelligent, well-educated, likeable male to portray as an oppressor of his wife. The hunger in *The Hungry Heart* was created by just such a male, whose smile for his wife "was like a parent's at a precocious child. He kissed her, patted her cheek, went back to his work." When the wife grew restless, the husband had an easy explanation: "A few more years'll wash away the smatter she got at college, and this restlessness of hers will yield to nature, and she'll be content and happy in her womanhood. A few more children would have an excellent effect. She's suffering from the storing up of energy that ought to have outlet in childbearing. As grandfather often said, it's a dreadful mistake, educating women beyond their sphere." Like most reformers, Phillips had the social myopia which saw the issue reaching its climax in his own day. Mothers and daughters of the early twentieth century, he was sure, belonged to generations that were "perhaps further apart than any two in all human history." As a result the daughters were on their way "from vague restlessness to open revolt."

The emancipation these Phillips novels called for did not vary much from contemporary, middle-of-the-road feminism. He was demanding only a better education for women, the opening of professions to them, and, most important, the acceptance of women as persons capable of intelligent and mature action. The limitations of such feminism made it conspicuously dated in the short-hair enthusiasm of the 'twenties. If Phillips called for the opening of careers to females, he specifically condemned women who "look down on housekeeping, on the practical side of life, as too coarse and low to be worthy their attention. They say all that sort of thing is easy, is like the toil of a day laborer. Men, no matter how high their position, weary and bore themselves every day, because they must, with routine tasks beside which dishwashing has charm and variety. Yet women shirk their proper and necessary share of life's burden, pretending that it is beneath them. . . . It may be that woman will someday develop another and higher sphere for herself. But first she would do well—in my humbly heretical opinion—to learn to fill the sphere she now rattles around in like one dry pea in a ten-gallon can. I want to see a few more women up to the modern requirements for wife and mother." Similarly, in their handling of sex, Phillips' novels were a long way behind the four-letter words and single standard attitudes of a later form of feminism. They never questioned the double standard; indeed, most of what they said on the subject was a criticism of things that encouraged departures from the double standard. Their language carried a heavy aroma of the Victorian living room, the horrified titillation of phrases like "in frank invitation," "set him afire," "the bright, swift fading . . . flowers of passion." A prostitute was a "fast woman," and "her bloom was as evanescently tainted by her coarseness as is the bloom of the rose by the ugly worm that crawls across its petals and disappears." In tone, if not always in argument, the novels were a Victorian criticism of Victorianism.

But in a Victorian age, Victorian criticism can sound revolutionary. Phillips as a feminist excited almost as much controversy as Phillips the muckraker. Among the smart sets who were delighting in the ankle-revealing sheath gown or the first evidences of public smoking by respectable women, Phillips was hailed as an exciting new thinker. But to many a person along

the Fifth Avenues of the nation, whose way of life was being made to appear stupid and vicious, he was another Eugene Debs or Emma Goldman. Every time a new Phillips novel appeared, some more of the Blue Book saw its leading character in their mirrors.

In the summer of 1910, Phillips began receiving threatening letters from Fitzhugh G. Goldsborough, a member of a well-known Washington family who was a talented violinist but an unstable, brooding personality. Goldsborough especially brooded over his belief that his sister had been caricatured in Severence, the leading female character of Phillips' *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig*. The novelist was "trying to destroy the whole ideal of womanhood" and had to be stopped no matter what the means, Goldsborough shrieked in his letters. Threats had also come to Phillips after his "Treason of the Senate" series, and now he merely laughed them off again, with the remark that he had never heard of Fitzhugh Goldsborough or of any other Goldsborough. But this time the threats came from a man whose brooding was developing into a paranoiac hatred of Phillips. When his letters were ignored, Goldsborough rented a front room at the old Rand School of Social Science on Nineteenth Street, where he could watch the Phillips apartment across the street. He discovered that every day Phillips left his apartment shortly after his noontime breakfast-lunch. Usually he would walk over to the corner of Lexington Avenue and Gramercy Park and pick up mail in the Princeton Club of New York, then located in the building made famous by the sumptuous parties of its former owner, Stanford White. On January 23, 1911, as Phillips was turning toward the entrance of the club, Goldsborough walked up to pointblank range and fired six shots at him. Just forty-four and at the height of his career, Phillips died the next day. This melodramatic end to a career which was in many respects a melodrama made headlines in most American cities, and was widely noticed in Europe.

3

Three weeks before he was murdered, Phillips had mailed a huge manuscript to his old friend Joseph H. Sears, then head

of D. Appleton and Co., with a note asking Sears to telephone when he had read the book. The call came soon.

"What do you think of the story?" Phillips asked.

"It is terrible," Sears answered.

"Perhaps it is not as terrible as you think," Phillips said.

"Come to breakfast tomorrow and we will talk it over."

At breakfast, with the adoring sister giving her support, Phillips began pleading the case for a novel to which he had given more time, more thought, and more emotion than any of his writings which had been snapped up by publishers. For seven years he wrote and rewrote the two volumes of *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise*, working on it as a relaxation from his nightly stint of quickly published words. The book had been gradually taking shape in his mind ever since the 'nineties when, walking down the street in his home town, he saw a beautiful girl sitting disconsolate beside a country lout. From the town gossips he learned all about this girl, including the stories that she was an illegitimate child and that she had been forced to marry the farmer to get a home and a respectable name. If Phillips had carried this girl's story forward along the pattern of his earlier novels, her chief problem as a woman would have been to hold her husband's interest, especially after the family achieved economic comfort. But as Phillips worked and reworked *Susan Lenox* in the last years of his life, his thought moved ahead with an advanced wing of the woman's movement. In the final product Susan's problem is not holding her husband's interest and she does not reach respectable comfort until the last part of the novel. Quickly leaving the farmer, she tries to make a living by herself. Failing, she resorts to prostitution and gets embroiled with machine politics in a red light district. When she attempts to break away from prostitution, she is defeated by the lack of economic opportunities, and only finally emerges as a respectable and wealthy actress. This story, so different from that of earlier Phillips novels about women, also carries within it the argument of a further stage in American feminism.

The focus of that argument was no longer the parvenu woman; it was all American womanhood. Before she lived through the 964 pages of the novel, Susan Lenox ran into practical and psychological difficulties at every economic level and became a deliberate symbol of the "hundreds, perhaps thousands

of girls . . . [who] are caught in the same calamity every year, tens of thousands, ever more and more as our civilization transforms under the pressure of industrialism." At any economic level, the woman's problem now meant to Phillips far more than bad education, lack of professional opportunities, and male arrogance. It included a tying-in of the woman's problem with the conditions of all labor; an emphasis upon the joys of being a career woman; a more open, more belligerent insistence on the importance of sex and the open discussion of sex; an attack on the "hypocritical" double standard. *Susan Lenox* first appeared as a magazine serial, and the editors expurgated freely, but even in that form it divided public opinion like a manifesto. When Appleton finally published the book in 1917, *Susan Lenox* provoked one of the book battles of the century. It was taken up as a bible by the newest feminism, a feminism that had left the Victorian criticism of Victorianism for a Freudian and somewhat socialist criticism.

But the excitement over feminism was even shorter-lived than the muckraking era. In part, the explanation is the same. Feminism too had won enough notable victories to have the spring taken out of it, specifically in the Nineteenth Amendment and generally in every phase of American life. Yet success is hardly the entire explanation. *Susan Lenox* has a characteristic which might have served as a warning to its feminist enthusiasts—the same characteristic conspicuous in Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit*, which in 1945 aroused a comparable enthusiasm among reformers concerned with another social problem. Miss Smith took a thoroughly untypical Negro girl, put her through a number of unusual situations, and emerged with a conclusion that depends more on the untypicality of the people involved than on any general social situation or general social program. Hence, the message of the novel has, in long-term reality, little to offer to the ordinary Negro or to the reformer concerned with the ordinary Negro. Phillips told the story of an extraordinarily beautiful, talented, strong-willed girl, and came out with conclusions similarly interesting, moving, and irrelevant to the general problem. Feminists who were enthusiastic about *Susan Lenox* failed to note that Phillips, having shown all the difficulties of a woman in society, finally gets his heroine out of them by a program for the elite alone: "If you want to do right, be strong or you'll be

crushed; and if you want to do wrong, take care again to be strong—or you'll be crushed. My moral is, be strong! In this world the good weaklings and the bad weaklings had better lie low, hide in the tall grass. The strong inherit the earth." Susan was strong and she inherited the earth. Most of the feminists were not and they inherited a reaction from their ideas. As the Greenwich Village exuberance wore off, even strong women discovered that a single standard had its disadvantages, that a career meant a number of important sacrifices, that a woman was not simply a biological variant of a man and would not be too happy acting as one.

Depression and war speeded up the retreat from the extremes of feminism. The lean years of the 1930's shifted the attention of both sexes to desperately immediate problems of food and shelter and gave more than a tinge of the ridiculous to a movement that had never been entirely free of silliness. American entrance into World War II encouraged new laughter and some irritation at mention of the "woman's problem." War usually brings a reaction to older mores all along the line. Moreover, by increasing the seriousness of problems like juvenile delinquency, it reemphasized the traditional concern over the home and woman's place in it, while the departure of millions of males was arousing to a new high the instincts of femininity and of motherhood. As World War II ended, women of the most feminist of all professions, the social services, read approvingly works like Anna Freud and Dorothy Burlingham's *War and Children*, which emphasizes motherhood as much as any nineteenth century anti-feminist tract. Those who still talked of the "woman's problem" had, for the most part, reacted against the feminism of the *Susan Lenox* type except in its emphasis upon economic factors. They had gone back to a feminism better represented in the plea of *The Hungry Heart* and *The Husband's Story* for the treatment of woman as an equal, although still very much a woman.

But hardly anyone, feminist or anti-feminist, returned to *The Hungry Heart* or *The Husband's Story*. The reaction against the feminist crusade was no counter-crusade but a slow sliding back, and only a crusader's excitement could convert Phillips' novels into distinguished literature. So deficient is his writing in the qualities which make for literary perma-

nence that even *Susan Lenox* commands few actual readers today. This book was, quite consciously, his magnum opus and it has generally been accepted as his best novel. Certainly Phillips' sense of detail never showed to better advantage, and *Susan Lenox* at times loves and hates with striking authenticity. But essentially the novel is the same as everything else Phillips wrote. It is a tract for the times, an editorial thinly veiled behind a novel. Always the great newspaperman, Phillips wrote with the brilliant evanescence of contemporaneity. His muckraking hit men and conditions so specifically that it passed into history with them; his feminism defined two stages of feminism and did little else. No doubt Phillips would have understood. Posterity, he used to say, has to take care of itself.

F. Scott Fitzgerald [1896-1940]

THE POET OF BORROWED TIME

BY ARTHUR MIZENER

THE commonplace about Scott Fitzgerald is that he was "the laureate of the Jazz Age." If this means anything, it means that he was a kind of eulogistic fictional historian of the half dozen years following the first World War when there was such a marked change in American manners. In fact, however, Fitzgerald never simply reported experience; every one of his books is an attempt to recreate experience imaginatively. It is true that the objects, the people, the events, and the convictions in terms of which his imagination functioned were profoundly American and of his time. Even in his worst book, as John O'Hara once remarked, "the people were right, the talk was right, the clothes, the cars were real." The substance out of which Fitzgerald constructed his stories, that is to say, was American, perhaps more completely American than that of any other writer of his time. It is possible, therefore, to read his books simply for their sensitive record of his time; but there is a great deal more to them than this.

Fitzgerald's great accomplishment is to have realized in completely American terms the developed romantic attitude, in the end at least in that most responsible form in which all the romantic's sensuous and emotional responses are disciplined by his awareness of the goodness and evilness of human experience. He had a kind of instinct for the tragic view of life and remarked himself how even at the very beginning of his career, "all the stories that came into my head had a touch of disaster in them—the lovely young creatures in my novels went to ruin, the diamond mountains of my short stories blew up, my millionaires were as beautiful and damned as Thomas Hardy's peasants." He had, moreover, with all its weakness and strength and in a time when the undivided understanding was very rare, an almost exclusively creative kind of intelligence,

the kind that understands things, not abstractly, but only concretely, in terms of people and situations and events.

From the very beginning he showed facility and that minute awareness of the qualities of times and places and persons which is sharpened to a fine point in the romantic writer by his acute consciousness of the irrevocable passage of everything into the past. "He was haunted," as Malcolm Cowley has said, "by time, as if he wrote in a room full of clocks and calendars." A romantic writer of this kind is bound to take as his characteristic subject his own past, building out of the people and places of his time fables of his own inner experience, working his way into his material by identifying himself with others as Fitzgerald, in a characteristic case, made the doctor in "Family in the Wind" an image of what he saw in himself, a talented man who had achieved great early success and then gone to pieces. As a young man he identified himself imaginatively with his beautiful but less clever sister and practically lived her early social career; in middle age he entered so completely into his daughter's career that, as one of his friends remarked, "Scott, not Scottie, went through Vassar." Thus, always, Fitzgerald lived imaginatively the lives of those with whom, through family affection or some obscure similarity of attitude or experience, he was able to identify himself.

At its best the attitude Fitzgerald possessed produces an effect which is compounded of three clearly definable elements. There is in his mature work an almost historical objectivity, produced by his acute sense of the pastness of the past; there is also a Proustian minuteness of recollection of the feelings and attitudes which made up the experience as it was lived; and there is, finally, cast over both the historically apprehended event and the personal recollection embedded in it, a glow of pathos, the pathos of the irretrievableness of a part of oneself. "Taking things hard—" he wrote in his notebooks, "from ——— to ———: that's [the] stamp that goes into my books so that people can read it blind like brail[e]." The first of these references is to the first girl Fitzgerald was ever deeply in love with; he used his recollection of her over and over again (out of that recollection, for example, he made Josephine, who dominates a whole series of stories in *Taps at Reveille*). The second refer-

ence is to the producer who hacked to pieces his finest script. The remark thus covers the whole of Fitzgerald's career.

What develops slowly in a writer of this kind is maturity of judgment, for it is not easy to control what is so powerfully felt initially and is never, even in recollection, tranquil. Fitzgerald was three-fifths of the way through his career as novelist, though only five years from its start, before he produced a book in which the purpose and the form it imposes are adequate to the evoked life. With *The Great Gatsby* the "smoldering hatred" of the imaginative obtuseness, the moral vulgarity, and the sheer brutality of the rich—with its tangled roots in Fitzgerald's puritanical Catholic background, in his middle-class, middle-western upbringing, and in his early poverty—had emerged enough to serve as a dramatic balance for the wonderful freedom and beauty which the life of the rich had for him. "Let me tell you about the very rich" he began in one of his finest stories; and with the establishment of this dramatically balanced view of the rich in *The Great Gatsby* he had found his theme and its fable, for wealth was Fitzgerald's central symbol; around it he eventually built a mythology which enabled him to take imaginative possession of American life.

With this view of his material he could at last give expression to his essentially tragic sense of human experience without forcing that feeling on the material so that it ceased to be probable, as it does in *The Beautiful and Damned* where the characters drift without understanding into disaster and our conviction of their suffering is undermined by the inadequacy of its causes. Until he wrote *The Great Gatsby* Fitzgerald's ability to evoke the nightmare terror of disaster was greater than his ability to motivate the disaster. It is different at the moment in *The Great Gatsby* when we are confronted with Daisy's completely prepared betrayal, seeing her sitting with Tom at the kitchen table over a late supper with "an unmistakable air of natural intimacy," and then find Gatsby watching the house from the driveway, imagining that he is guarding Daisy from Tom. "I walked away," says Nick, "and left him standing there in the moonlight—watching over nothing." Here Fitzgerald's view of his material is completely adequate to his feeling about human experience in general, the life of the people he knows

has become the fully rounded particular case for the expression of his whole understanding.

Both his admiration for the wonderful possibilities of the life of the rich and his distrust of it probably go back to Fitzgerald's childhood. He was born in St. Paul on September 24, 1896. Very early in his life he began to weave fantasies around the Hill Mansion, only two blocks but a good many million dollars away from his home on Summit Avenue; and it was certainly Fitzgerald at Newman as well as Basil Lee at St. Regis who "writhed with shame . . . that . . . he was one of the poorest boys in a rich boys' school." But he was proud, too, of his family, which was not rich, particularly of the Francis Scott Key connection, and included his family among what he once called "the few remnants of the old American aristocracy that's managed to survive in communicable form." The Basil Lee stories, with their wonderful recreation of the emotional tensions and social conflicts of middle-class American childhood and youth, give a reasonably accurate impression of the life he lived as a boy and for two years at Newman.

In the fall of 1913 he went to Princeton, full of an intensified but otherwise normal American boy's ambition to succeed. There he plunged with characteristic energy and passion into the race for social prominence. But for all that he wore the right clothes, had the right manners, belonged to one of the best clubs, and was an important figure in the politically powerful Triangle Club, he neither was nor appeared to be a typical Princeton man. Of the highly competitive, socially subtle, ingrown life of Princeton he made for himself, with his gift for romance, an enormously significant world. The very imaginative intensity with which he took the normal preoccupations of a Princeton undergraduate distinguished him radically from his fellows. There was something unusual, almost flamboyant, even about his looks, which set him apart. Twenty-five years later that oddness of appearance was still before Edmund Wilson's eyes when he remembered their first meeting:

I climbed, a quarter-century and more
Played out, the college steps, unlatched my door,
And, creature strange to college, found you there!
The pale skin, hard green eyes, and yellow hair.

You can still see something of "the glitter of the hard and emerald eyes" in his pictures and, perhaps too, feel in Fitzgerald's personal history something of what Wilson meant by this figure.

Fitzgerald quickly discovered that Cottage Club was not quite the brilliant society he had dreamed of and presently turned to literature. "I want," he said to Wilson at this time, "to be one of the greatest writers who have ever lived, don't you?" But all this extracurricular activity—in addition to his social career and his writing there were the Triangle Club and a debutante in Chicago—was too much for his health and his academic standing. In November of his junior year he was forced to retire to St. Paul. He returned in 1916 to repeat this year, but his senior year lasted only a couple of months, for he left Princeton in November to join the army.

Before he left he completed the first of three versions of *This Side of Paradise*. This version appears to have contained almost nothing of what is in the final version except the early scenes of Amory's arrival at Princeton, and one of the few people who saw it has remarked that "it was actually flat, something Scott's work almost never was." One of the worst disappointments of his life was that he never got overseas but ended his military career as what he once called "the worst aide-de-camp in the army" to General A. J. Ryan at Camp Sheridan, near Montgomery, Alabama. Here he met and fell in love with Zelda Sayre, and here too, in the officers' club in the evenings, he rewrote his novel and submitted it to a publisher under the title *The Romantic Egotist*. This is the subtitle of Book I of *This Side of Paradise*, which presumably covers about the same ground. *The Romantic Egotist* was rejected.

When he was discharged in February 1919, Fitzgerald came to New York to make his fortune so that he could marry Zelda. He sold a story to *The Smart Set* for \$30 and bought Zelda a stylish feather fan; for the rest he collected rejection slips and began to realize that he was not going to make a fortune as a copy-writer at \$90 a month. So did Zelda, and sometime late in the spring she decided that the whole thing had been a mistake. At this Fitzgerald threw up his job, got drunk, and went back to St. Paul to write his book once more. By the end of the summer it had become *This Side of Paradise* and in the fall Scribner's

accepted it. Fitzgerald hurried off to Montgomery and Zelda. The nightmare of unhappiness was over, but he never forgot it: "The man with the jingle of money in his pocket who married the girl a year later would always cherish an abiding distrust, an animosity, toward the leisure class—not the conviction of a revolutionary but the smoldering hatred of a peasant. In the years since then I have never been able to stop wondering where my friends' money came from, nor to stop thinking that at one time a sort of *droit de seigneur* might have been exercised to give one of them my girl."

2

This Side of Paradise is in many ways a very bad book. Edmund Wilson's judgment of it, made at the height of its fame, is perfectly just: "Amory Blaine is an uncertain quantity in a phantasmagoria of incident which has no dominating intention to endow it with unity and force. . . . For another thing, it is very immaturely imagined: it is always just verging on the ludicrous. And, finally, it is one of the most illiterate books of any merit ever published. . . . It is not only ornamented with bogus ideas and faked references but it is full of English words misused with the most reckless abandon."

These charges could be documented at length, and some of them were; F. P. A. devoted a number of columns to the misspellings, and the energy with which Francis Newman supported the further charge that the book was imitated in detail from Mackenzie's *Sinister Street* stung Fitzgerald to reply. Nevertheless it is obviously true that the general idea and structure of *This Side of Paradise* were suggested by *Sinister Street* and that Fitzgerald had little realization of the importance for this episodic kind of book of unity of tone. The lack of unity of tone in the book is partly due to its being made up of stories written, over a considerable period of time, before the novel was contemplated. One of the reviewers called the novel "the collected works of Mr. Scott Fitzgerald" and Fitzgerald himself once remarked, speaking of his editorship of the *Nassau Lit*: "I wrote stories about current prom girls, stories that were later incorporated into a novel."

The quality which Mr. Wilson ascribes to the book's being

immaturely imagined displays itself most in the latter part and especially in the accounts of Amory's love affairs. Fitzgerald's lovers conduct their affairs by making speeches at each other, full of sentiment from Swinburne and of sweeping generalizations about "Life"; as lovers they show all the hypnotized egocentricity and intellectual immaturity of college freshmen. There is a sentence in *The Beautiful and Damned*, where Fitzgerald is describing the novels of Richard Carmel, which is an unintentionally eloquent comment on his own resources at this time. "There was," he says of Richard's novels, "a measure of vitality and a sort of instinctive technic [*sic*] in all of them."

Yet for all these faults the book is not essentially a bad one. There is in the writing something of the intensity of felt experience which is in the language of Fitzgerald's mature books. This is especially true of the first part, for the experience of Princeton life on which this part of the book was based was far enough behind Fitzgerald to have been to some extent emotionally distanced and evaluated. But even in the latter part of the book, beneath all the author's naive earnestness about the romantic cynicism and "philosophizing" of Amory and Rosalind and Eleanor, you feel something of the real suffering of unhappiness. Fitzgerald's judgment and technique are inadequate almost everywhere in the book, but the fundamental, almost instinctive attitude toward experience which emerges, even at times through the worst of the book's surface, is serious and moving. Sixteen years later Fitzgerald himself, still remembering Edmund Wilson's remark, said of it: "A lot of people thought it was a fake, and perhaps it was, and a lot of others thought it was a lie, which it was not."

This Side of Paradise was an enormous success, and Fitzgerald, in a way very characteristic of him, responded to success with a naïve, pompous, and fundamentally good-humored vanity. He gave interviews in which he told what a great writer he was; he condoled with Heywood Broun over the latter's lost youth (Broun was thirty); he condescended to his elders and betters. He and Zelda were married in April and plunged happily into the gay and strenuous life of New York. Fitzgerald rode down Fifth Avenue on top of a taxi, dove into the Plaza fountain, and in general displayed his exuberance in the ways which were fashionable in 1920. He also worked all night again

and again to pay for the fun and "riding in a taxi one afternoon between very tall buildings under a mauve and rosy sky . . . I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted and knew I would never be so happy again."

For a brief period of three years following the publication of *This Side of Paradise* the Fitzgeralds were figures around New York and their house parties at Westport and Great Neck were famous. It was all very gay and light-hearted; the house guests at Great Neck were advised in a set of Rules for Guests at the Fitzgerald House that "Visitors are requested not to break down doors in search of liquor, even when authorized to do so by the host and hostess" and that "invitations to stay over Monday, issued by the host and hostess during the small hours of Sunday morning, must not be taken seriously." There was a trip to Europe in the summer of 1921 and that winter they went to St. Paul for the birth of their only child. ("It was typical of our precarious position in New York," Fitzgerald wrote later, "that when our child was to be born we played safe and went home to St. Paul.") In 1922 there was another novel, *The Beautiful and Damned*, and a second volume of stories, and in 1923 a play, *The Vegetable*, written with the rosiest expectations of profits, for they were, as usual, out of money. But the play flopped dismally in Atlantic City, and there was no attempt to bring it to New York. In 1924, in order to live more cheaply, they went abroad.

The Beautiful and Damned is an enormous improvement on *This Side of Paradise*, more than anything else because Fitzgerald, though he has not yet found out how to motivate disaster, has a much clearer sense of the precise feel of the disaster he senses in the life he knows. The book is also a great advance on its predecessor technically, much more unified, much less mixed in tone. The tendency to substitute lectures for dialogue is subdued, though as if to compensate for this restraint Fitzgerald lets himself go in a scene where Maury Noble produces an harangue which, as *The Dial's* reviewer remarked, sounds "like a résumé of *The Education of Henry Adams* filtered through a particularly thick page of *The Smart Set*." The tone, too, is more evenly sustained, though Fitzgerald is still tempted by scenes in play form and once allows himself an embarrassing Shavian scene between Beauty and The Voice. There is still



F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

the curious shocked immaturity about sex. Fitzgerald obviously feels that Anthony's prep-school philandering with Geraldine is daring, and his lovers, pushing about menus on which they have written "you know I do" and describing each other as "sort of blowy clean," are childish.

Nevertheless, *The Beautiful and Damned* is much more successfully focused on a central purpose than *This Side of Paradise*, and much less often bathetic in its means. Of this central purpose Edmund Wilson wrote rather unsympathetically: "since his advent into the literary world [Fitzgerald] has discovered that there is another genre in favor: the kind which makes much of the tragedy and 'meaninglessness of life.' Hitherto, he had supposed that the thing to do was to discover a meaning in life; but he now set bravely about to produce a sufficiently desolating tragedy which should be, also, 100 percent meaningless." But the sense of tragedy is very real with Fitzgerald and his ability to realize the minutiae of humiliation and suffering seldom fails him. His difficulty is in finding a cause for this suffering sufficient to justify the importance he asks us to give it and characters of sufficient dignity to make their suffering and defeat tragic rather than merely pathetic.

Nor is it quite true that Fitzgerald did not try to give the disaster a motive and meaning. There is a fairly consistent effort to make Anthony the sensitive and intelligent man who, driven into a difficult place by his refusal to compromise with a brutal and stupid world, finds his weaknesses too strong for him. He is tempted to cowardice and drifting by his own imagination and sensitiveness; he cannot blame and fight others because of "that old quality of understanding too well to blame—that quality which was the best of him and had worked swiftly and ceaselessly toward his ruin." Over against him Fitzgerald sets Richard Carmel, too stupid to know he is compromising or that the success he has won by compromising is not worth having, and Maury Noble, cynical enough to surrender to compromise even though he knows the worthlessness of what he gets.

The trouble is that Anthony is not real as the sensitive and intelligent man; what is real is the Anthony who is weak, drifting, and full of self-pity. The Anthony who drifts into the affair with Dot under the momentary stimulus of his romantic

imagination, knowing perfectly well that he does not believe in the thing; the Anthony who is continually drunk because only thus can he sustain "the old illusion that truth and beauty [are] in some way intertwined"; the partly intolerable, partly absurd, partly pathetic Anthony who seeks again and again to sustain his now fantastic vision of his own dignity and honor; this Anthony is marvelously realized. But the thing that would justify this pathos, the conviction that here is a man more sinned against than sinning, is wholly lacking. *The Beautiful and Damned* is full of precisely observed life and Fitzgerald is often able to make us feel the poignancy of his characters' suffering, but he is able to provide neither an adequate cause for their suffering nor an adequate reason within their characters for their surrender. In the end you do not believe they ever were people who wanted the opportunities for fineness that the freedom of wealth provides; you believe them only people who wanted luxury. They are pitiful, and their pathos is often brilliantly realized; but they're not tragic.

With occasional interruptions, the Fitzgeralds remained abroad from 1924 until the autumn of 1931, traveling a good deal and living in a great many hotels but usually returning for the summer to the Cap d'Antibes. They came back to America in 1927, went to California for a while, and then rented a big old house on the Delaware "to bring us a judicious tranquility." But they were soon back in Europe where they remained, except for a short trip in 1929, until their final return. Fitzgerald later described the period quite simply as "seven years of waste and tragedy," but at the time their life, particularly the summers on the Riviera, seemed the life of freedom and culture and charm. The little group which made the summer Riviera its private style for a few years before everyone else began to come there was brilliant and varied. There were the rich and cultivated like the Gerald Murpheys, the writers like Charles MacArthur and Alexander Woollcott, and the musicians like Grace Moore. They led a busy, unconventional, and, as it seemed to them, somehow significant life; "whatever happened," Fitzgerald wrote later, "seemed to have something to do with art." They made private movies about such characters as "Princess Alluria, the wickedest woman in Europe," writing the unprintable subtitles on the pink walls of Grace Moore's villa and deliberately forgetting

to erase them after they had been photographed; they kidnaped orchestras to play for them all night; they gave high-comedy dinners; and they drank a great deal.

But all the time Fitzgerald's almost animal sensitivity to potential disaster was at work: "By 1927 a wide-spread neurosis began to be evident, faintly signalled like a nervous beating of the feet, by the popularity of cross-word puzzles. I remember a fellow expatriate opening a letter from a mutual friend of ours, urging him to come home and be revitalized by the hardy, bracing qualities of the native soil. It was a strong letter and it affected us both deeply, until we noticed that it was headed from a nerve sanitorium in Pennsylvania." Looking back at the period afterwards he could see its weaknesses clearly without forgetting its charm. "It was borrowed time anyhow—the whole upper tenth of a nation living with the insouciance of grand ducs and the casualness of chorus girls. But moralizing is easy now and it was pleasant to be in one's twenties in such a certain and unworried time."

It was a period during which Fitzgerald produced very little serious work. *The Great Gatsby* was written during the fall and winter of 1924 and he published no other novel until *Tender Is the Night*, ten years later. This was not, however, wholly the fault of the kind of life he and Zelda were living, even indirectly; it was partly the result of the extremely ambitious plans Fitzgerald laid for himself after *The Great Gatsby's* critical success.

3

The Great Gatsby was another leap forward for Fitzgerald. He had found a situation which would allow him to exploit without loss of probability much more of his feeling about his material, and he had arrived at the point where he understood the advantage of realizing his subject dramatically. He had been reading Conrad and as a result adopted the modified first-person form which suited his purpose so well. For Fitzgerald needed a form which would at once allow him to color the scene with the feelings of an observer and yet hold the feelings within some determined limits. In earlier stories he had splashed whatever colors he wished over the scene without much regard

for the structure as a whole or for the disruptive effect on the dramatic representation of the constant interference of the author's own person. But here, as later in *The Last Tycoon*, he selected a narrator sufficiently near the center of things to know all he needed to know, tied into the action by the affair with Jordan Baker which is, though muted, carefully made parallel to the affair between Gatsby and Daisy. By means of this narrator he was able to focus his story, the story of a poor boy from the Middle West who, in the social confusion of the first World War, met and fell in love with a rich girl. Daisy marries while he is in France, but he never ceases to dream of making enough money to be "worthy" of her, taking her from her husband, Tom Buchanan, and starting their life again exactly where it had stopped when he had gone to France. He therefore devotes himself to making money in whatever way he can, not because he wants money, but because he wants his dream of a life with Daisy.

Nick Carraway, the narrator, is equally carefully placed so far as his attitude is concerned. He has come East to be an Easterner and rich, but his moral roots remain in the West. In the most delicate way Fitzgerald builds up these grounds for his final judgment of the story and its people. In the book's first scene, Nick's humorous awareness of the greater sophistication of these people is marked: "'You make me feel uncivilized, Daisy,' I confessed. . . . 'Can't you talk about crops or something?'" But only a moment later, when Daisy has confessed her unhappiness with Tom, he has an uneasy sense of what is really involved: "The instant her voice broke off, ceasing to compel my attention, my belief, I felt the basic insincerity of what she had said. . . . I waited, and sure enough, in a moment she looked at me with an absolute smirk on her lovely face, as if she had asserted her membership in a rather distinguished secret society to which she and Tom belonged."

Nick's father has told him that "Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages you've had." Nick does not forget; when, at the end of the book, he meets Tom, "I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. . . . I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child.

Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace—or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons—rid of my provincial squeamishness forever.”

Nick goes back to the West, to the country he remembered from the Christmas vacations of his childhood, to “the thrilling returning trains of my youth, and the street lamps and sleigh bells in the frosty dark and the shadows of holly wreaths thrown by lighted windows on the snow. I am part of that, a little solemn with the feeling of those long winters, a little complacent from growing up in the Carraway’s house in a city where dwellings are still called through decades by a family name.” The East remains for him “a night scene from El Greco” in which “in the foreground four solemn men in dress suits are walking along the sidewalk with a stretcher on which lies a drunken woman in a white evening dress. Her hand, which dangles over the side, sparkles cold with jewels. Gravely the men turn in at a house—the wrong house. But no one knows the woman’s name, and no one cares.”

Thus, though Fitzgerald would be the last to have reasoned it out in such terms, *The Great Gatsby* becomes a kind of tragic pastoral, with the East the exemplar of urban sophistication and culture and corruption, and the West, “the bored, sprawling, swollen towns beyond the Ohio,” the exemplar of simple virtue. This contrast is summed up in the book’s title. In so far as Gatsby represents the simple virtue which Fitzgerald associates with the West, he is really a great man; in so far as he achieves the kind of notoriety which the East accords success of his kind, he is great about as Barnum was. Out of Gatsby’s ignorance of his real greatness and his misunderstanding of his notoriety, Fitzgerald gets much of the book’s irony. These terms, then, provided the occasions for all Fitzgerald’s feelings, so that he was able to say everything he had to say within the terms of a single figure and to give his book the kind of focus and freedom which comes only from successful formal order.

His hero, Gatsby, is frankly romantic, a romantic, like Fitzgerald, from the West, who has missed the girl on whom he has focused all his “heightened sensitivity to the promises of life” because he had no money. He gets it, by all sorts of corrupt means, and comes back five years later to find Daisy and to fulfill “his incorruptible dream.” “I wouldn’t ask too much of

her," Nick says to him once, "you can't repeat the past." " 'Can't repeat the past?' he cried incredulously. 'Why of course you can!' " But he could not repeat the past with Daisy, changed by her momentary passion for Tom at the time of their marriage and corrupted all her life by her dependence on the protection of wealth and the conventions of the wealthy life which have preserved and heightened her beauty, until in the end she lets Gatsby die for the murder she has committed. He dies waiting for a telephone message from Daisy, and Nick observes: "I have an idea that Gatsby himself didn't believe it would come, and perhaps he no longer cared. If that was true he must have felt that he had lost the old warm world, paid a high price for living too long with a single dream. He must have looked up at . . . a new world, material without being real, where poor ghosts, breathing dreams like air, drifted fortuitously about."

Against Nick's gradual understanding of the incorruptibility at the heart of Gatsby's corruption, Fitzgerald sets his gradual penetration of the charm and grace of Tom and Daisy's world. What he penetrates to is corruption, grossness, and cowardice. In contrast to the charm and grace of this world, Gatsby's fantastic mansion, his absurd pink suits, "his elaborate formality of speech [which] just missed being absurd" appear ludicrous; against the corruption which underlies this grace, Gatsby's essential moral incorruptibility is heroic. To the representation of this double contrast Fitzgerald brings all his now mature powers of observation, of invention, of creating for the scenes and persons the quality and tone the story requires. Because of the formal perfection of *The Great Gatsby*, this eloquence is given a concentration and intensity Fitzgerald never achieved again. The art of the book, in the narrow sense, is nearly perfect. Its limitation is the limitation of Fitzgerald's nearly complete commitment to Gatsby's romanticism. This commitment is partly concealed by Gatsby's superficial social insufficiency, and our awareness of this insufficiency is strengthened as much as Fitzgerald dares strengthen it by Nick's constant, ironic observation of it: Gatsby is, as a cultured "Oggsford man," after all a fake. But this is a romantic irony which touches only the surface; it does not cut to the heart of the matter, to the possibility that there may be some fundamental moral inadequacy in Gatsby's attitude. The world of Daisy and Tom which is set

over against Gatsby's dream of a world is beautiful and appealing but in no sense justified: Tom's muddled attempts to offer a reasoned defense for it are only a proof that it is indefensible. Fitzgerald's book is a *Troilus and Cressida* with an Ajax but no Ulysses.

4

After *The Great Gatsby* Fitzgerald set himself a task which, as Edmund Wilson once remarked, would have given Dostoevski pause. It was to be a story of matricide, and though an immense amount of work was done on it, all that appears to remain is the short story "Absolution," which was originally written as its first chapter. As if to mock his failure, and perhaps too his deep concern for the subject, Fitzgerald wrote a comic ballad about matricide which he used to perform with great effect as a parlor trick.

In 1930 Zelda, who had been working for several years with all her energy to become a ballet dancer, broke down, and late in 1931 the Fitzgeralds returned to America and settled in a rambling old brown house at Rodgers Forge, between Baltimore and Towson. Here they remained until Fitzgerald went to Hollywood in 1937. Meanwhile Fitzgerald had been struggling with *Tender Is the Night*; he managed, by a furious effort in the latter part of 1933, to get it into shape for publication in Scribner's in 1934; he revised it considerably again before book publication, and there is in existence a copy of the book with further revisions in which Fitzgerald has written: "This is the *final version* of the book as I would like it."

Much of this revision appears to have been the result of his having felt his theme everywhere in his material without always seeing a way to draw these various aspects of it together in a single whole. The war, the ducal perversion and ingrown virginity of the Chicago aristocracy which the Warrens represent—stronger and so more terrible than the corruption of the English Campions and Lady Sibley-Bierses; the hardness and lack of moral imagination of the rich in general, the anarchic nihilism represented by Tommy Barban, the self-indulgence of Abe North, destroyed, beyond even an awareness of his own destruction, as Dick will be destroyed; all these forces are beau-

tifully realized. But, though their general bearing on the situation is clear enough, their exact incidence and precise relation to each other sometimes is not.

The result is that *Tender Is the Night*, though the most profoundly moving of all Fitzgerald's novels, is a structurally imperfect book. To this difficulty must be added the fact that its central theme is not an easy one. We believe overwhelmingly in the collapse of Dick Diver's morale because we are made to see and hear, in the most minute and subtly shaded detail, the process of that collapse. It is very like the collapse of Fitzgerald's own morale as he describes it in "The Crack-Up." But it is not easy to say in either case what, in the immediate and practical sense, happens to cause the collapse. As do many romantics with their horror of time and age, Fitzgerald tended to think of spiritual resources—of courage and generosity and kindness—as he thought of physical resources, as a sum in the bank against which a man draws. When, in his own life, he realized "with finality that in some regard [he would] never be as good a man again"; when he began to feel that "every act of life from the morning tooth-brush to the friend at dinner had become an effort . . . that my casual relations—with an editor, a tobacco seller, the child of a friend, were only what I remembered I *should* do, from other days"; then he knew the sum in the bank was nearly exhausted and that there was nothing to do but to reduce his scale of living accordingly. "In a really dark night of the soul," he wrote in "The Crack-Up," "it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day"; and though the dazzling Mediterranean sun blazes everywhere in *Tender Is the Night*, the passage Fitzgerald chose to quote along with the title line from Keats' poem is:

But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

As always, however, Fitzgerald began not with a theme but with a body of material. Describing the life portrayed in *Tender Is the Night* in an earlier essay, he had written: "Charm, notoriety, good manners, weighed more than money as a social asset. This was rather splendid, but things were getting thinner and thinner as the eternal necessary human values tried to

spread over all that expanse." With this world in all its variety of corruption, hardness, sterility, and despair Fitzgerald confronts his hero and the fundamentally simple "necessary human values" which his father had given him—"good instincts," honor, courtesy, and courage." At the very beginning Dick Diver has to choose between becoming a great psychologist and a fully human being when Nicole, beautiful and schizophrenic, falls in love with him.

"As you think best, Professor Dohmler," Dick conceded. "It's certainly a situation."

Professor Dohmler raised himself like a legless man mounting a pair of crutches.

"But it is a professional situation," he cried quietly.

But for Dick it is a human situation; "wanting above all to be brave and kind, he . . . wanted, even more, to be loved." So he accepted the responsibility of being loved by Nicole and, gradually, of being loved by all the others whom his life drew around him. To them he gave lavishly of his strength, of his ability to translate into their terms the necessary human values and so remind them of their best selves. "My politeness," as he says, "is a trick of the heart." But the people he worked this trick for had no energy of their own, and gradually he exhausted his supply, spun out all his strength for other people until he had none left: "If you spend your life sparing other people's feelings and feeding their vanity, you get so you can't distinguish what *should* be respected in them."

Because he is proud and sensitive, Dick deliberately breaks Nicole's psychological dependence on him, aware that Nicole's love for him is bound up with her dependence and will cease with it, has already declined with the decline of her need for him; knowing that he has exhausted even his own power to love her in the process of making her psychologically whole again. By a terrible irony it comes about that what he had refused to treat as a merely professional situation is just that. "Dick waited until she was out of sight. Then he leaned his head forward on the parapet. The case was finished. Doctor Diver was at liberty again."

"That," says Baby Warren, speaking for them all, even for Nicole, "is what he was educated for."

Whether one accepts Fitzgerald's conception of the cause of this spiritual death or not, *Tender Is the Night* remains his most brilliant book. All his powers, the microscopic observation of the life he describes, the sense of the significance and relations of every detail of it, the infallible ear, and the gift of expression, all these things are here in greater abundance than ever before. And as never before they are used for the concrete, dramatic presentation of the inner significance of human experience, so that all the people of his book lead lives of "continual allegory" and its world is a microcosm of the great world. Its scope is such as to make *The Great Gatsby* seem small and simple, for all its neatness and perfection, and its dramatic realization so complete that Fitzgerald need not ever say what is happening: we always see.

In 1935 Fitzgerald had a recurrence of the tuberculosis which had first attacked him when he was an undergraduate and he was never entirely free from it again (he had a bad four months in 1939). In August 1937 he signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and settled down in Hollywood to write for them. He worked on a number of important scripts, including *Three Comrades*, *Gone with the Wind*, and *Madame Curie*; he produced a large number of short stories, mostly for *Esquire*; and he began to work on a novel, *The Last Tycoon*. He said himself that he had been thinking about the subject almost from the time of his arrival in Hollywood; he certainly had a great deal of work done on it by late 1939 when he apparently began the actual writing. About half the story was written when he died, though none of it in the final form he had visualized for it.

Thanks to Edmund Wilson's brilliant unraveling of Fitzgerald's notes, it is possible to see pretty clearly what his plans for *The Last Tycoon* were, how rich its theme was to be, and how tight its structure. Of what he planned to make of the book he said: "Unlike *Tender Is the Night*, it is not a story of deterioration. . . . If one book could ever be 'like' another, I should say it is more 'like' *The Great Gatsby*. But I hope it will be entirely different—I hope it will be something new, arouse new emotions, perhaps even a new way of looking at certain phenomena."

On the evidence of what he had actually written there is every

reason for supposing that, had he lived, he would have fulfilled these hopes. The material and the people he is dealing with are entirely new, yet his command of the tangled social, industrial, and creative life of Hollywood is so complete that there is no moment in what he has written which is not utterly convincing, at the same time that it exists, not for itself alone, but for what Fitzgerald wanted to say, about Hollywood, about American life, about human experience as a whole. The writing, even though none of it is final, is as subtle and flexible as anything he ever did, and so unremittingly disciplined by the book's central intention that it takes on a kind of lyric intensity, glowing with the life of Fitzgerald's feelings for everything he was trying to say. This intensity is a remarkable achievement for a man who thought—and at least on physical grounds had some reason for thinking—a year before he started to write *The Last Tycoon* that he had only enough talent left “to stretch out over two more novels” (and “I may have to stretch it a little thin”). Most remarkable of all, though less final, is the evidence that he was succeeding, as he never had before with so much to say, in holding everything within the focusing form to which he had committed his story in the beginning.

Around December 1, 1940, Fitzgerald had a serious heart attack. He went on working on his novel, however, with such persistence that on December 20 he put off a visit from his doctor in order to finish a draft of the first episode of Chapter VI. The next day he had another, fatal, heart attack. In some sense Fitzgerald's wonderful natural talent was always haunted by the exigencies of his life. This final exigency aborted what promised to be his best novel, so that it is possible to say of it only what can be said of his work as a whole, that it is very fine and that, with a little more—or a little less—help from circumstances, it might, such was his talent, have been far finer. As John Peale Bishop said in his elegy for Fitzgerald, when we think of his death we

think of all you did
And all you might have done, before you'd gone
By death, but for the undoing of despair.

5

Mr. T. S. Eliot once remarked that "art never improves, but the material of art is never quite the same." But this is a dangerous way for a writer to look at the matter, however useful it may be to the critic, because it tends to separate in his mind the material from the form and meaning; and whenever the meaning is not something that grows out of the particular circumstances which are the occasion for writing, meaning tends to become abstract, to develop independently of the circumstances, and in some sense to violate their integrity. The safest attitude for the writer seems to be a single-minded desire to realize his material, so that the meaning of the circumstances, the permanent values which emerge for the critic from the representation, are for the writer merely such a further penetration of the particular circumstances as will allow him to realize them more completely. Fitzgerald's difficulty was always of course that his characters and their circumstances were likely to be too much individuals and local habitations, too little what Dr. Johnson approvingly referred to as "general nature." But what general nature there is in Fitzgerald's books—and there is always some and sometimes a great deal—is there because he had found it a part of his knowledge of his world. Such an undistorted imaginative penetration of the particular American world Fitzgerald knew had hardly been made before. Like James, Fitzgerald saw that one of the central moral problems of American life was raised in an acute form among the rich, in the conflict between the possibilities of their life and—to give it no worse name—their insensitivity. So long, therefore, as one realizes that Mr. Eliot is not comparing the two men in stature, it is not too much to say of Fitzgerald's best work what Mr. Eliot wrote him about *The Great Gatsby*: "In fact it seems to me to be the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James."

After *The Great Gatsby* Fitzgerald produced only two books in fifteen years, one technically less perfect than *The Great Gatsby* and one unfinished. He did, of course, produce a large number of short stories, some of them as good as anything he ever wrote, but a considerable number of them only more or less skillful hackwork. All his life he worried about the hackwork and repeated over and over again a remark he made in 1924:

"I now get 2,000 a story and they grow worse and worse and my ambition is to get where I need write no more but only novels." It is easy to condemn him for not having realized this ambition; there was much extravagance in his life and, at the end, debts and unavoidable expenses. But the ambition was there to the end and, in 1939, sick, tired, and under the ceaseless pressure of tragedy, he was writing an editor to whom he proposed to sell *The Last Tycoon*: "I would infinitely rather do it, now that I am well again, than take hack jobs out here." The wonder really is, given his temperament and upbringing, the social pressures of his times and the tragic elements in his personal life, that Fitzgerald did not give in entirely to hack work, as so many of his contemporaries did, but returned again and again, to the end of his life, to the self-imposed task of writing seriously. For all its manifest faults and mistakes, it was in some ways an heroic life. But it was a life of which Fitzgerald himself, writing to an old friend, a lawyer, could only say rather sadly: "I hope you'll be a better judge than I've been a man of letters."

It is not easy at this close range to separate our opinion of the man from our opinion of the writer, particularly since circumstances combined to make the man a legendary, eponymous figure. But as the accidents of the man's life—and the lies about it—gradually fade, we may well come to feel about the writer, with his purity of imagination and his imperviousness to the abstract theories and intellectual fads which have hag-ridden our times, as Stephen Vincent Benét did when he remarked after Fitzgerald's death: "You can take off your hats, now, gentlemen, and I think perhaps you had better. This is not a legend, this is a reputation—and, seen in perspective, it may well be one of the most secure reputations of our time."

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